

COMFORT

MID-SUMMER, SHORT STORY

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE.
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COMFORT

The Key to

Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

Which is combined and consolidated

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Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

It never occurs to fools that merit and good fortune are closely allied.

A man need only to live like a swine and he will have hogs for company.

Mammon has enriched his thousands and damned his tens of thousands.

Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.

There is no gain so certain as that which arises from sparing what you have.

Trials teach us what we are; they dig up the soil and let us see what we are made of.

The chief value of bad manners is that they show thoughtful persons what to avoid.

An individual man is a fruit which it cost all the foregoing ages to form and ripen.

We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have as by those we affect to have.

Our distinctions do not lie in the positions we occupy, but in the grace and dignity with which we fill them.

It is shameful for a man to live as a stranger in his own country and to be uninformed of its affairs and interests.

The best government is not that which renders men the happiest, but that which renders the greatest number happy.

Slander is a vice that strikes a double blow, wounding both him that commits and him against whom it is committed.

The stomach is a slave that must accept everything that is given to it, but it avenges wrongs as slyly as the slave does.

Wine is a noble, generous liquor and we should be thankful for it, but remember that man made wine and God made water.

The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims.

Some say with the Bible that the beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord, and others say that the beginning of wisdom is the fear of man.

The greatest and the most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor is that which they exercise the least, the privilege of making them happy.

THE CRAZE for GOLD or The Wreck of Holman's Outfit

By W. S. Birge, M. D.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Wending its way through the unexplored wilds of the Arizona gold-fields the prospecting and mining expedition of twenty-four picked men fitted out and led by Cary Holman and known as Holman's Outfit, had on top of a small hill from which their astonished eyes discovered at the distance of half a mile a substantial house of hewn logs, stone and adobe brick standing at the foot of a high, precipitous cliff in a bend of the river called "Bill Williams's Fork," and surrounded by a strong stockade for defense against the Indians who were still a menace to the adventurous miners. Holman's expedition, with its wagon train filled with all the equipment for prospecting and mining, was proceeding cautiously to avoid being ambushed by the Indians, and at that moment Capt. Varley, formerly of the U. S. Cavalry, with two others was scanning a short distance in advance when four mounted strangers appeared, pursued by a large body of hostile Indians. Capt. Varley and his two brave companions joined the four strangers in their fight with the Indians until Holman with eight more of his best men came to their rescue, but meantime one of the strangers and one of Varley's companions were killed. The three strangers and Holman's Outfit then fought their way to the stockade and most of the teams and men got safely inside, the gate being opened by two young women who were the sole occupants. The gate was closed before Holman got in, leaving him in an apparently hopeless fight with the swarm of Apaches that surrounded him. The three surviving strangers, the elder Westfield, his son John and Percy Wetterman, were the proprietors of the strange establishment; they were just returned from a four days' journey and all the rest of their men had fallen victims to the Indians. Within the stockade was their wonderfully rich gold mine which they had operated for three years and gold beyond the dreams of avarice was stored in the strong room of the house. Westfield was a gentleman, and his two girls were his daughter Nellie and his niece Laura Paine, young ladies of beauty and refinement who had shared his hardships and were to share the profits. Wetterman had gone crazy and young Westfield nearly insane over their board of gold. Nellie Westfield begged her father to open the gate again and rescue Cary Holman from the Apaches.

CHAPTER III. (CONTINUED.)

BUT it may be that the stalwart and agile young commander had not been altogether foolhardy in his natural determination to be the last man inside the stockade, for as the waiting voice died away, he suddenly shook loose his heavy stirrups, sprang erect upon the saddle of his sinking horse, caught the pointed heads of the strong palisades behind him, and with one vigorous spring, vaulted clean over, and alighted safe and sound upon his feet inside the massive gates.

"Wonderful!"

Not a bit of it. Any ordinary gymnast could have repeated the feat all day long. The only wonderful thing about it was the unflinching pluck and presence of mind which made it possible in the face of those Apaches.

To do them justice, even the red men burst out into an involuntary yell of appreciation and approval. The leader of the white men who had so baffled them was evidently a "great chief," and tenfold stronger grew their determination to secure the scalps of him and his.

As for Holman himself, he did not seem to have a thought to spare for so mean a thing as self-glorification, but instantly began to busy himself in ascertaining the precise extent of his losses and the nature of the defenses which were to protect what he had left.

"You closed the gates too soon, sir," he stern-

ly remarked to old Westfield. "I understand your motives, but there was no reason for quite so much haste."

The old man's face colored, and he hesitated a moment, but his son interposed for him.

"I think we will do as we please with our gates. We might have shut you all out, if we had chosen to do so."

"Might you?" quietly responded Holman. And then, after a brief moment of thought, he added,

"Very well, seeing you have let us in, and you hold our lives so lightly, I think I will take command of this fort myself. Boys, do you understand? All orders are to come from me. It's life and death with us now, for we've only sixteen men left. These three here must fall in and obey, or we will throw them out to the Apaches."

A wise decision, truly, and worthy of a man who held himself responsible for the lives of others; but before even John Westfield could muster his passionate wits for a reply, one came from a singular and unexpected quarter, as Nellie and Laura pressed toward the speaker.

"How dare you—!" began the former, but her lips hesitated as she looked into the clear, deep eyes of the man whose recent peril had so shaken her, and Laura Paine added:

"Thank you, sir; it is full time we had someone here fit to be a commander. There is some hope for all of us now."

And then a pallid and ominous countenance was thrust forward besides those of the two girls, and Percy Wetterman hoarsely croaked:

"You may command the men, but I command the mine. There has almost blood enough been shed, already, to let us out with our profits. More won't hurt."

Holman glanced curiously at the last speaker, almost contemptuously muttering, "Crazy! Yes, gold crazy," and then turned, with polished politeness, to the ladies, saying, "I dare do anything which is right and best. My men will obey nobody but me, and so I am compelled to take command. Do I look as if I could not be trusted where such as you are concerned?"

"I could trust almost any man who had never been a miner," said Laura Paine.

"But I am a miner," smilingly responded Holman.

"He is and is not, Laura," interrupted Nellie. "Come away. He has better business on hand than talking to us. Come into the house with me."

Laura turned a puzzled look upon her friend, but silently complied, nevertheless, and the two strolled slowly away, arm in arm, while Nellie's father actually extended his hand to Cary Holman, saying, with something like an approach to seeming frankness:

"All right, sir; I understand very well that young men would never think of taking orders from me. So you beat off the Apaches for us, I do not see that we shall have anything to complain of. You will find the stockade strong enough, I think."

"I see that already," began Holman, but just then old Hedger grasped his right arm hard, and growled in his ear:

"This way a minute! I've been a scoutin' round this way!"

And Hedger was a man to whose counsels any leader might be glad to listen in an hour like that.

The Apaches had fallen back, for the present, from the sharp fire which had been opened on them through the loopholes of the palisades, and Holman merely added to his strange host,

"We will talk these things over by and by," as he yielded to the urgency of the veteran miner. Only John Westfield seemed to care to follow them, and that none too closely, as the two strode

away across the very moderate inclosure, toward the little river.

"Do you see that?" asked Hedger. "They knew what they were about when they picked their site. The other bank's a good fifty feet high, straight up and down, but the river's dreadful low. There's the boat—and it's a big one, too—hard aground, and I reckon the redskins could ride right in, up the channel, if they only knewed it."

"The river is rising," quietly returned Holman; "can't you see that?"

"I didn't see it, that's a fact, but it is," exclaimed Hedger. "That's worth something, anyhow."

"Worth everything," said Holman. "We've lost our provision-wagons, and, if the Apaches hang around, we can't stand a siege."

"That's so," dolefully returned Hedger. "They'll stay till winter, but they'll have our scalps now," added Holman. "Our mining trip is wound up, old man."

At that moment the ears of all the little "garri-son" was startled by a strange, hollow, triumphant, almost inarticulate cry; and the two adventurers by the riverside turned involuntarily in the direction from whence it came.

On the tongue of one of the wagons, from which the mules were not even yet cast loose, stood the lean, ungainly, scowling form of Percy Wetterman, peering keenly forward under the tilt, with the air of a man who had just made a grand discovery.

"I knew it!" he shouted, after his singular yell had died away. "I knew what must be there. Oh, if we'd only had 'em before! Tools, crushers, machinery, pumps, and there's a steam engine. It's a little one, but it'll do. We're all right now, only there's too many of 'em to divide with, that's all."

It was even so, for "Holman's outfit" had been of the completest sort, and that one wagon did not by any means contain all of its varied inventions and appliances for the work it had been meant to do.

The smile on Holman's face grew sad enough as he listened, and he muttered:

"But for the Apaches!"

"That's it," repeated Hedger. "But for the Apaches we could unload and go right to work."

"We will unload, anyhow, work or no work," exclaimed Holman, as he strode suddenly forward. "Old man," he shouted to Westfield, "where's your mine?"

"Wonder," replied father and son in a breath, and the latter added: "But what can you do with our mine, just now? It isn't yours, even if you could work it. We haven't abandoned it, if we did go off prospecting."

"You'll have to give it up for a while," was the calm response, "and we can hide our traps in it till we come again."

"I'll do first rate for that," said the old man, "and I'd as lief as not you'd deliver your goods to me."

"That's what it amounts to, I suppose; if we don't come back to claim it," replied Holman; but in another minute he had given the necessary orders to his men, and all who were not absolutely needed at the stockade—the wounded men answered for that—were speedily at work unloading and moving the heavy materials which had so stirred the enthusiasm of Percy Wetterman.

As for that ghastly gold-worshiper, not the strongest man of the whole train performed such feats of frenzied strength or worked with a more subtle and provident intelligence. The wagons were driven around to the very face of the bluff, and the ample jaws of the mine stood ready open to receive whatever might be fed to them, while, from time to time, the toiling men were granted stray bits of information as to the depth, extent and richness of the gloomy hole which their grand "outfit" seemed so unluckily to have "run to earth in."

"Like a hard-pushed coyote," snarled old Hedger.

"But the Apaches will hardly go for it there," responded Captain Varley, "if we close it up right."

"We'll do that," said Hedger. "I kin cork up that rathole in the bluff so the Apaches won't ever dream of it."

"But how will they ever get in here to hunt for it?" asked a soft, low voice behind him, and the old miner turned in his tracks to find himself face to face with Laura Paine.

"Why, bless your pretty face, miss," hesitatingly responded old Hedger. "We can't eat machinery. Even gold is the poorest kind of feed."

"I think I understand you," murmured Laura, as she dropped her eyes and walked away. "Can't be that even the Apaches are bringing me some hope of liberty?"

At that very moment, not many paces off, Cary Holman was standing, in a sort of brown study, gazing at the house, the rude but well-constructed smelting apparatus, and the strong walls of the storehouse. "It will go hard with them," he said, to himself, aloud. "They'll have to leave pretty much everything."

"Even the gold?" asked a clear, firm speaker, at his side, in a tone that made him start involuntarily.

"Perhaps not, Miss Westfield," he instantly replied. "If there is not too much of it. But what is gold compared to human blood?"

"And yet they said you were a miner," returned Nellie.

"A miner," laughed the young commander, "but not an idolater. The failure of my expedition costs me half I am worth, but what of it? I took all the risks when I made my plans, and I must say I did not count in the scalps of two young ladies."

Nellie never smiled, but, seriously, and almost solemnly responded:

"I don't know exactly what to make of myself, sir. For three long years I have thought of nothing but gold, day and night, and now it seems as if it were the most worthless thing in the world, and I am not a bit frightened either. Not since I saw you spring over the stockade."

A very unsophisticated girl was Nellie Westfield, for there are some things that cannot be learned among the solitudes of the Arizona mines, but the man she was talking to was just the one to comprehend her.

"She has no idea how splendidly beautiful she is looking," he said to himself, and then he added, aloud:

"Do you think you have courage enough to run the gauntlet of the Apaches in an effort to escape?"

"I have had courage enough to stay and work here, day after day, with no company but Laura's," simply responded Nellie. "The trouble will be to get father and John and Percy Wetterman to think of going."

"We will take their idols with us, and then they will come," laughed Holman. "How many of them are stocked away in that bit of a temple? Oh, I don't care to know your secrets; you need not tell me."

Nellie's evident doubt and hesitation seemed instantly to vanish, for she looked him straight in the eyes, and answered:

"You mean, how much gold is there? Well, I don't know; only there's more than you can safely carry in the boat, and carry anything or anybody besides."

"Whew!" whistled Holman. "That may make it bad for all of us. I must leave you now; it's nearly sundown, and we shall have another brush with the Apaches between this and morning."

Nellie hurried away into the house without a word, but she did not go without an errand, as Holman learned before many minutes had gone over his head. Long minutes they were too, and busy ones, for a man with such awful responsibilities on his hands.

"Creatures of Destiny"

or

"Where Love Leads"

This splendid serial story by Charles Garvice, the celebrated English author, will begin next month in September COMFORT and will run in large installments through the fall, winter and spring. Of thrilling interest from start to finish.

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Mr. Garvice needs no introduction to COMFORT readers, as his story "In Wolf's Clothing," which is included in this number, is one of the most popular serials we have ever printed.

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By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

will start in October COMFORT and run as a serial through the fall, winter and spring. Mrs. Sheldon is a prime favorite with our readers and this is one of her very best and most interesting stories of love, heroism, sacrifice and devotion; elevating in its tone and inculcating virtue and morality.

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CHAPTER IV.

Strange beings are the men of the Western mountains, and full of numberless queer and won-

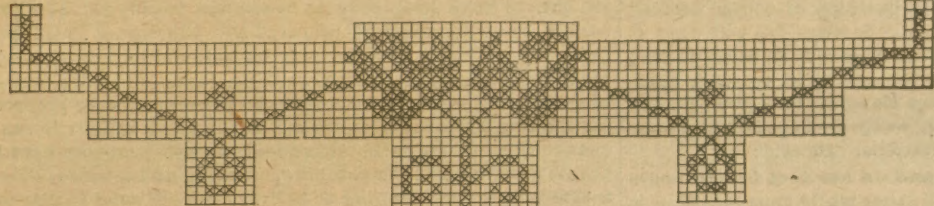
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.)

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

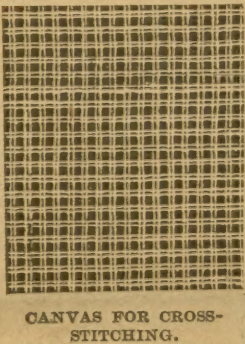
Cross-stitch Embroidery

WORKING on the square mesh is the oldest form of embroidery, and cross-stitching like everything else that is old has so revived that to be absolutely up-to-date this year, one's shirt-waists, tub dresses, bureau scarfs, sofa pillows, curtains and similar articles, must show a touch of just the



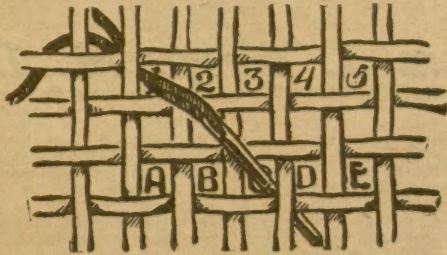
old-fashioned fancy work stitch that our grandmothers used in their samplers.

On a checked or coarse mesh goods this work can be done by simply counting instead of working over a pattern. On a fine plain goods it is necessary to baste canvas over the material to be worked. If the regular canvas which comes for this work cannot be secured, coarse canvas used for stiffening can be used, or a piece of starched mosquito-netting will answer. Any material of an open square mesh and stiff enough will serve as a foundation. Do the work through both materials, but be careful not to sew through any of the threads of the canvas but to always put the needle through the open meshes; this is very necessary in order to pull out the threads when the work is complete.



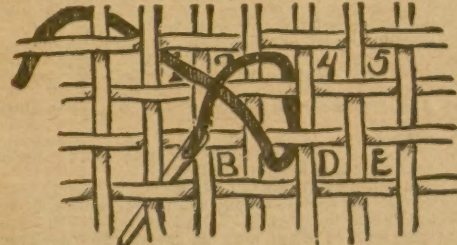
This illustration is a sample of the canvas which is used for doing cross-stitching on plain materials. This canvas also comes a grade coarser for working with heavy cottons and silk. After the work is finished the canvas is drawn out thread by thread.

Cross-stitching can be done by anyone but there are several little points to be observed in



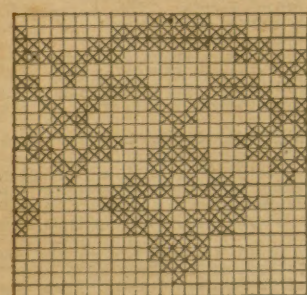
SIMPLE CROSS-STITCH. FIG. 1.

order to get the best results. If working on a sheer fabric, do not skip about on the back—that is, do not carry your thread from one point to another without regard to the fact that these stitches will show through and mar the effect of the pattern on the right side. By a little



SIMPLE CROSS-STITCH. FIG. 2.

thought one can plan to take the stitches in an orderly way; for instance, all the first stitches in each cross should be laid in the same direction, and the second stitches in all the crosses should be uniform, all in the same direction. See sketches Fig. 1 and Fig. 2. These represent the threads much enlarged.



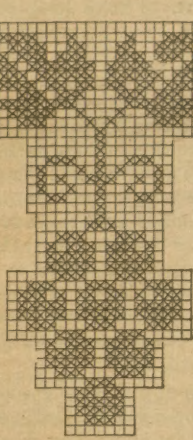
CONVENTIONAL DESIGN. FIG. 3.

This is the simple cross-stitch. After working the first pattern of a border it will be found quite easy to repeat without counting, simply going by the consecutive lines.

In drawing a design on material, do it very lightly with a lead pencil so that it will either be hidden by the embroidery or will easily wash out. When using very thin material such as lawn or net, it can be placed over and work through a pattern drawn on tissue paper.

A design can be made larger by working over more threads, that is, using a larger square.

Scrim is an excellent cotton material and



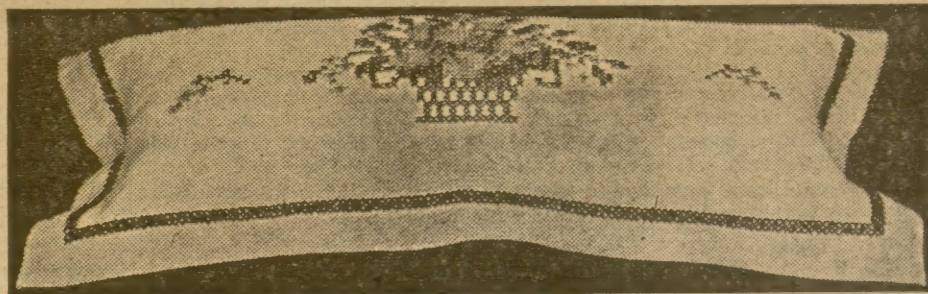
GRAPE DESIGN

serviceable to decorate in this way.

Handsome curtains may be made with cross-stitched borders and hemstitched hems, with a little drawnwork added to give a lacy effect if desired. As regards the thread to be used in doing this work one must be guided in the selection by the quality of the material to be worked, fine goods will require fine thread and coarser a thicker thread, or generally so. After materials and colors are selected then there must be accuracy in counting and skill exercised in the blending of colors and their shades. A little practice will enable one to do good work.

A rich and handsome design of a basket of roses is shown in the illustrations for a cushion and the ends of a bureau scarf. Fine unbleached linen was used and the design worked out in colors, soft old blues, pinks, and green being selected.

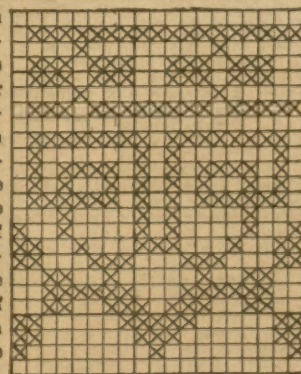
The pattern in actual size and key for coloring is given in our new cross-stitch book,—see notice. Patterns for this and other designs given on this page cannot be supplied otherwise.



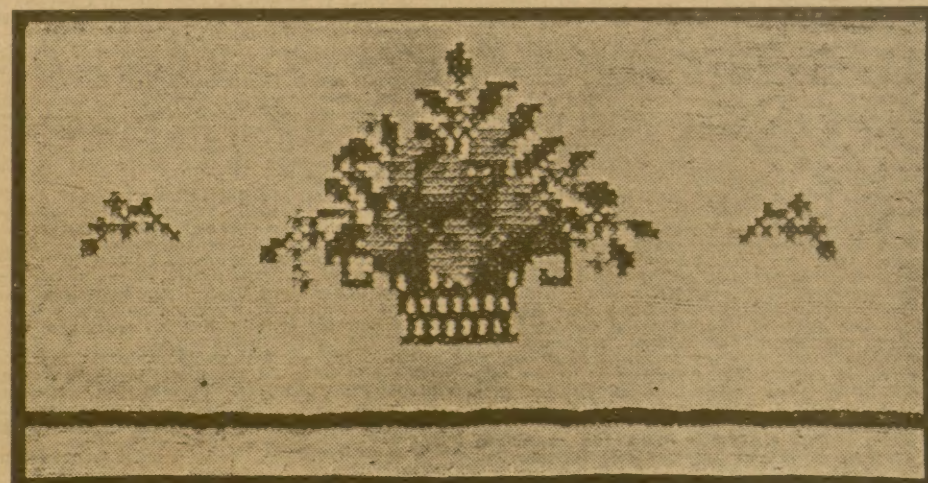
FLOWER BASKET DESIGN FOR CUSHION TOP.

The grape design given at the head of these columns is very rich and effective on natural or creamy linen worked out in greens and purplish blue. This can be used for a collar or a border and can easily be adapted and made more elaborate for the front of a waist by repeating the grape motif twice on each side of the waist.

The design would also be beautiful in Persian colors of delicate green, yellow, pink and blue on silk muslin or fine lawn.



CONVENTIONAL DESIGN. FIG. 4.



THE SAME DESIGN AS ABOVE WITH ADDED SPRAYS FOR SCARF END.

For a tailor-made waist more conventional patterns, such as Fig. 3 and 4, are more suitable the embroidery being done in the natural colors or in white, or in the same shade as the material worked.

garian national colors, or in blue or red alone.

Where several colors are combined a certain general scheme is carried out, that is some one color will be used for a center group of stitches a second color follows this, then the third and fourth so that the effect is not haphazard when the embroidery is finished.

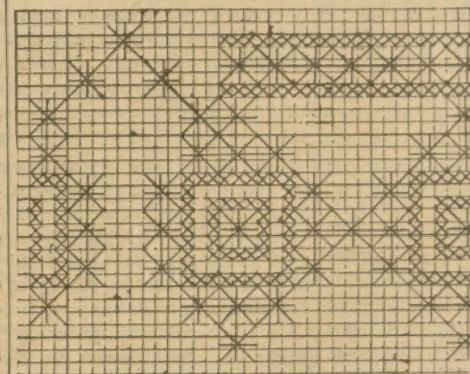
Fig. 5 is especially pretty, done in the Bulgarian colors on dark natural linen. First a flower of red, then blue separated by the leaf-like pattern which is green on either side and black in the center. Still another effect could be gained by using delft blue on white linen.

There is no end to the interesting color schemes that can be worked out, and either fine and lacy or coarse gorgeous effect can be attained according to the material and colors used.

A white linen shirt-waist worked in leviathan stitch in white is very handsome, and launders beautifully.

In leviathan stitch three or more squares are crossed from corner to corner as usual and then another stitch added from side to side.

Until this stitch is tried one has little idea of how quickly it can be done, and how showy the embroidery for the amount of work required. Almost any cross-stitch pattern can be copied,



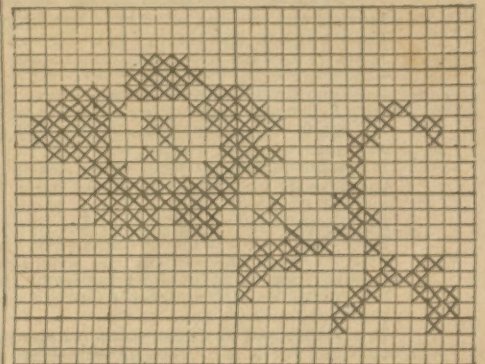
LEVIATHAN STITCH.

but rather large open designs give the best results. The one presented has been used very satisfactorily. Remember that the stitch is merely the cross-stitch with the lines from side to side added. It may also be used on cross-bar muslin or on any fabric in which the check is sufficiently well defined to allow of cross-stitching.

A Light Shawl

A light shawl to throw over the head or around the throat when out at night is something every woman should have in her wardrobe.

In the writer's opinion the shawls made by



WILD ROSE.

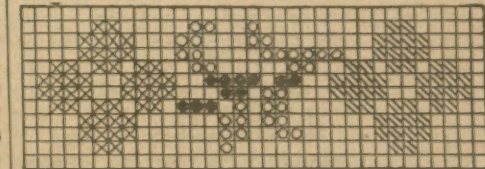
hand are of far more durability, as well as less expensive, than those bought.

To make a pretty little yard square one six ounces of zephyr will be needed, three ounces of pearl white, one of pale yellow, one of pink, and one of baby blue. The very lightest shades of these colors were chosen, in order not to make the contrast too great. With an ordinary crochet needle make a chain a yard long without stretching.

Then the shawl is all done in knot st., making it light and airy.

To make this stitch draw out a loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, and draw through these two stitches to form the knot.

First make six rows of knot-stitch with the white—two rows of yellow, two rows of blue, two of pink, then six of white again—and so on



INSERTION IN CROSS-STITCH. FIG. 5.

until the shawl is square. This makes six white stripes and five colored stripes, the white being at the outer edges.

A chain-stitch strand was put all around the three remaining edges to be used to hold the fringe. For the fringe take a piece of pasteboard three inches wide; over this wind the zephyr, then cut at one edge of the pasteboard, and you have your fringe just double the length it will be on the shawl. With your crochet needle punch through one stitch of the chain-stitch; have your cut strands doubled, take one on your needle, pull through the chain-stitch, then catch the two ends and pull them through the stitch, and your fringe is fastened. The colors as arranged in the fringe are white, yellow, white, blue, white, pink, white, and so on.

If darker colors are wanted, use black zephyr in place of the white, and let the colored stripes remain as it is, or substitute bright scarlet.

A Dainty Bed Set

Few articles of bedroom furnishing have a greater fascination for the dainty housewife than a handsome bedspread.

One which can be very easily made can be developed of three ruffled net curtains.

Join two of them along the plain edges on a piece of lace beading one-half an inch wide. You may lace ribbon through the beading to match the color scheme in the room. The spread should be used over color.

Rip the ruffling from the third curtain and cut to the desired size for a bolster-sham. Replace the ruffling covering the seam with beading to match that on spread, lace with ribbon, with full bows in the four corners.

These make an inexpensive but very dainty bed set. Either plain net or one showing a figure is pretty.

Still another is of dotted muslin working the dots in the color used for decorating the room. They are attractive and inexpensive.

Special Notice

If one lacks time or cannot make up their own designs it is possible to get a great deal of help from a little book of original cross-stitch patterns of all sorts, for all purposes, which we have just issued for the benefit of COMFORT readers. This book contains full-size pattern and key for working the handsome bureau set here illustrated, also grape design for waist front, grape, rose and conventional borders for children's dresses, deer, elephant, butterfly and birds for curtains, sofa pillows, table-cloths, etc. Directions are also given for copying any cross-stitch pattern in crochet and vice versa.

We will send one copy of this new Cross-stitch Instruction Book for only one new subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months if you address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Few Words by the Editor

THE First Baptist Church of Brockton, Mass., has issued the following prayer in pamphlet form:

"O God, we pray Thee for our sisters who are leaving the ancient shelter of the home to earn their wage in the factory and the store and the press of modern life. Save them from the strain of unremitted toil that would unfit them for the holy duties of motherhood which the future may lay upon them. Give them grace to cherish, under new surroundings, the old sweetness and gentleness of womanhood, and in the rough mingling of life, to keep their hearts pure and their lives untarnished. Save them from the terrors of utter want. Teach them to stand loyally by their sisters, that by united action they may better their common lot. If it must be so that our women toil like men, help us still to reverence in them the mothers of the future. But make us determined to shield them from unequal burdens, that the women of our nation be not drained of strength and hope for the enrichment of a few, lest our homes grow poor in the wifely sweetness and motherly love which have been the saving strength and glory of our country. To such as yearn for the love and sovereign freedom of their own home, grant in due time the fulfillment of their sweet desires. By Mary the beloved who bore the world's redemption in her bosom; by the memory of our own dear mothers who kissed our souls awake; by the little daughters who must soon go out into that world which we are now fashioning for others, we beseech Thee that we may deal aright by all women."

We feel sure that all our readers will say "Amen" to this prayer. There are a few things, however, a few more earnest petitions that might have been added with advantage to this prayer. Why not have implored God to have made inhuman employers more considerate in their treatment of the women, who, by their industry make factory and mill dividends possible? Ours is a man-made world, or rather a man-governed world. It is estimated that there are seven million women who support themselves (and there are still more millions dependent upon them) by their toil. Tens of thousands of these women have to work under conditions that are soul crushing, degrading, vile and unsanitary. God can, of course, put it into the hearts of mercenary, inconsiderate man, to stop the exploitation of women and children but we as a nation should have enough heart, pity and sympathy, and sufficient sense of justice to make the indecent exploitation of women and children impossible. God gave us the intelligence to do all things wisely and well for our own happiness and for His honor and glory, and if we would only use the intelligence that God has given us, the inhuman exploitation of the mothers and the future mothers of the race would cease. Though we should ask God to bless and prosper every worthy effort for the benefit of the race, we should not implore Divine Providence to do those things which God has a right to expect us to do for ourselves, and which we, in spite of our moral blindness, and lust for gain, know it is our duty to do. If men will not protect women both in the home and in the factory, then only a man dead to all sense of honor and decency would deny a woman the right of the ballot by which she can protect herself. Men, loving, tender and considerate of the welfare of their own womenfolk are too often harsh, inconsiderate and unfeeling, and at times even brutal and tyrannical in their treatment of women outside their own family circle. The woman toiler is not only the

victim of industrial conditions which sap her vitality, and blunt her finer feelings, but the hardship of her lot, and the craving for those pretty trifles so dear to the feminine heart, too often make her an easy victim of conscienceless scoundrels who prey upon those of her sex who are poorly clothed, underfed and underpaid.

The Supreme Court of Illinois made public a decision recently which speaks volumes for the good sense of that judicial body. There was a law in Illinois which limited the working day of a woman to ten hours. As usual the law was disregarded, as most of our laws are. When an attempt was made to enforce the law, a judge was found of course who promptly and obligingly decided that the legislature had no right to attempt to limit the number of hours mill and factory women workers should toil. The judge in question of course decided that the law was unconstitutional. Strange isn't it that it should be unconstitutional to protect women from being worked to death, and constitutional, lawful and right to work them until physically exhausted? Judge Hand of the Supreme Court of Illinois overruling this decision, recognized the fact that even a woman's endurance has its limitations. He said:

"To require a woman to stand on her feet for ten hours a day and perform severe manual labor while thus standing is likely to impair her health."

"And as weakly and sickly women cannot be the mothers of vigorous children it is of the greatest importance to the public that the state take measures to protect the women."

Thank Heaven there was one court in the land at least that put common sense, humanity and decency above constitutional bugaboos and legal theorizing.

To show how great is our necessity to put our prayers for the protection of womankind into deeds, the writer would like to draw the attention of Comfort's readers to an incident that happened in a big city in the State of New York. A young girl, anxious to help her father and mother in bringing much needed grist to the family mill, went to work in a canning factory. Here are her own words of what happened:

"I had worked from before eight o'clock that morning, and it was nine at night when I was hurt. My brain was numb and my body tired. I had been standing in front of that machine for thirteen hours, and my limbs ached." It appears the child's hand got caught in a machine and was mutilated.

"This would never have happened," she said, "if I had not worked so hard. I was weak and tired and my hand slipped. I did not know exactly what did happen then. I know I grew fainter and fainter and saw my finger hanging and bleeding from a shred."

It is interesting to know that the company which employed this child, wanted the child labor laws taken off the state statute books. Just how much protection these laws actually give can be seen from the fact that this child when injured had been working for thirteen hours and was standing all the time.

This incident will bring home to all with stunning force the necessity for not only praying for our women toilers and our girl toilers as well, but the necessity for the good of society and of the race, of forcing our legislators to make laws that will safeguard their health and welfare, laws that will give them living wages and prevent their vitality from being sapped by long hours of crushing toil.

There are marked signs of national physical degeneracy appearing on every hand. The mill, factory and sweatshop are the chief agencies by which the health of the nation is undermined. Our women need and must have protection, not only in the factory, mill and store, but in the home. There is too much tragic truth in the old adage "Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done."

A hospital nurse is on duty twelve hours a day, but she is allowed two hours off for rest and recreation. The vast majority of housewives are on duty from fifteen to sixteen hours in every twenty-four, and most of this time they are on their feet. Not even the night hours can be depended on for uninterrupted sleep. Few women with a family can count on many nights of unbroken rest. Hundreds of thousands of women have to leave their beds at five in the morning. The husband's breakfast must be prepared and the dinner pail filled. Later the children must have breakfast, and be gotten ready for school; then there is dish-washing, house-sweeping, scrubbing and dusting to be done, and the noon meal to be prepared for the home returning children. If the tired housewife has a chance to sit down in the afternoon, she will probably have to devote every moment to patching, mending and sewing. There is also washing and ironing to be done. Supper must be planned and cooked with more dish-washing to follow. In the majority of cases there is a baby that needs constant attention, and possibly there are children too small to attend school, eternally tugging at the tired mother's skirts. If the housewife is located on a farm there are many extra chores for her to do. Poultry must be fed, eggs gathered, and at times cows milked, and butter churned, etc.

So the prayer for the women who toil should embrace the housewife and mother as well as the factory worker. Let us pray that every man worthy of the name will provide his wife with all the labor-saving conveniences that the market affords. Let us too pray that the man of the house, instead of adding to his wife's labors will make them as light as he can, and render such assistance to the weary mother as lies in his power. There is much that man can do to lighten a woman's burdens if he only will.

Mother should have her rest hour whenever possible. An afternoon nap and complete relaxation for a couple of hours daily would be the salvation of tens of thousands of exhausted women, who are now from lack of rest, and the strain of incessant toil, too often broken in health and doomed to chronic invalidism, just at the time when they should be in their prime.

Let us then not only pray for the women who toil in the home, the mothers of the race, but do our best to lighten their labors, and make the dreary round and common task less exhausting than it is at present. Women are not only the creators of the race, but its inspiration. To pray for the women who toil and to work for the women who toil, is not only a duty that is incumbent on all true men, but it is also a national necessity, for only as we ameliorate and improve the condition of the creators of the race, can we improve the race itself. Let us hope this prayer will be read in every church in the land, and read with especial emphasis in those churches where wealthy exploiters of women and children occupy the front pews. We fear, however, that in the churches where this prayer is most needed, it is not likely to be heard, and for obvious reasons.

Comfort's Editor.

CAPTAIN FRANK By William S. Birge, M. D.

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CHAPTER I.

"THUNDER, a woman!" This ungallant exclamation was wrung from the lips of Sam Barber, the guide and leader of a small party that was about to start from Fisherville to visit what was then one of the wildest and least known portions of Northern California on a prospecting tour. The party numbered nine, and might well be called a "picked nine," as none but the best men among many volunteers had been accepted by the leader. They were armed and equipped expressly for the difficult and probable dangerous task before them.

The surprise of such a party may be imagined when a tenth person rode up, having the appearance of a man, and made this unusual announcement:

"I wish to join your party sir, and it is proper that I should inform you that I am a woman."

The surprise of Sam Barber amounted to consternation, and drew from him the exclamation above recorded.

"Yes, sir, a woman, but my name is not Thunderation. You may call me Frank, if you wish."

The amazement of the guide did not prevent him from inspecting her more closely.

She had the appearance of a good-looking, beardless boy, although somewhat above the usual height of woman, and was as well armed and mounted as any of the men of the party.

"It can't be done," said Sam Barber, finding his voice again. "Never heard of such a thing."

"You hear it now," she said, "and that is sufficient."

"We couldn't have a woman in this crowd. None but the best of men are fit for the work we want to do."

"It is absolutely necessary that I should go in the direction you mean to take."

"Why so? What's the matter?"

"My husband is out there somewhere, and he is sick or wounded, or in some terrible trouble, and I must go to him."

"How do you know that?"

"He came to me in a dream, and called me to him. I saw him stretching out his hands to me, and he begged me to come and help him."

"If you will tell us where to find him, we will look after him."

"But I don't know where to find him, and it's me he wants. I only know that I shall find him by going with you."

Poor Sam Barber was sadly troubled. He perceived that this woman meant what she said. Her nerve and determination were evidently enough. She really intended to accompany the party, and they could not, as Californians, be so ungallant as actually to drive her away.

He called upon the other eight men for their opinion, but they shirked all responsibility. He was the leader of the party, and he must decide.

The matter decided itself, or was decided, rather, by the persistent intruder. She did accompany the party, and proved herself an agreeable acquisition instead of a burden. They had not traveled many days before the entire nine, including rough Sam Barber, were glad that she had come; in fact, the guide was almost ready to declare that she was "the best man of the party."

She was really expert in the use of her weapons, and was equal to all the emergencies of the expedition. No danger daunted her, no difficulty discouraged her, no fatigue was sufficient to overcome her. She insisted on doing her share of all labors, or bearing her part of all perils.

She told her story, which was a simple one. Her name was Frances Bell, and she was the wife of James Bell, an "old forty-niner" who had gone prospecting, a month or so previously, into the very region which Barber and his party proposed to explore.

She had had a remarkable dream, or vision, in which she had seen him stretching out his hands and calling to her. Nothing, she declared, could have been more lifelike and vivid than that dream, and it was hard to persuade her, when she awoke, that she had actually been dreaming. It impressed itself so forcibly upon her mind that she declared that she knew that her husband was in some dreadful extremity, and that she must go to his rescue.

Making inquiries concerning guides and help, she learned that Barber's expedition was about to start from Fisherville. Leaving her house and children in the care of friends, she equipped herself as has been described, mounted her horse, and hastened to join them.

Captain Frank, as Mrs. Bell was called by her comrades, was so thoroughly in earnest in all she said and did, and was so completely convinced of the reality or prophetic nature of her dream, that her confidence communicated itself to her companions, all of whom finally became converted to her belief.

She declared that it was a peculiar place at which her husband had stretched out his hands to her, and that it had been so impressed upon her that she would surely recognize it as soon as she should see it. She described it to her comrades, all of whom became so filled with her faith that they kept a careful watch for it all along the route.

Time passed pleasantly with the expedition, in spite of peril and hardship and fatigue. Captain Frank was cheerful, because she knew that she was going to her husband. She could not be certain that she would reach him in time to relieve him; but she did not doubt that she was going to him, and bore up bravely under the uncertainty. As a pioneer of the early days, she could give her share of the adventures that were plighted related around the camp-fire. She had loved her husband with her whole heart, and it had been her pride and pleasure to share his

perils and aid him in his enterprises. The present was not the first occasion on which she had worn man's apparel and carried a rifle.

With her assistance James Bell had been a successful prospector, and an unlucky speculation had swept away the greater portion of his property and sent him prospecting.

Concerning such matters Captain Frank had a plentiful supply of anecdotes, and told them well, greatly to the satisfaction of her auditors.

CHAPTER II.

As the expedition progressed, the entire party "kept their eyes skinned" for the purpose of discovering that peculiar spot which Captain Frank described as having been seen by her in her dream.

Their efforts in this regard were unavailing, and it was too evident that Captain Frank was beginning, not to despair, perhaps, but to entertain a terrible feeling of doubt, that a serious question had arisen in her mind as to whether her dream had been a prophetic reality or a delusion.

Her comrades respected her mood, for they felt that they knew its cause, and they, too, rode on in silence troubling her with no unnecessary talk.

Affairs were in this condition when they came in sight of a deep and dark canyon, in the wildest and most rugged part of the Sierra. Near its entrance Sam Barber called a halt.

"I was never in this region before," he said, "but I judge, from what I have heard, that you are what is known as Bull Mouth Canyon."

"So, we must keep our eyes peeled, as it is the headquarters of Hernandez's gang of outlaws."

"It is an unlikely place for robbers," remarked one of the party, "as it is hardly possible that any travel comes this way."

"That ain't the point," replied Barber. "They go far enough away to do their devilish work, but bring their plunder here to hide and divide it. If the officers or the vigilantes get after them, they retreat to this place and consider themselves safe."

"What's that you are talking about?" eagerly asked Captain Frank. "Outlaws and robbers?"

"Yes—Hernandez's gang," replied Barber. "In there? In that canyon?"

"That is their headquarters, I believe."

"Let us go in, then; that is where my husband is. They have him. I now know what was the matter when he stretched out his hands to me. Come, my friends, it is all right now."

But the guide demurred.

"You might as well put your head in a lion's mouth," he said, "as to venture near old Hernandez and his cutthroats. For my part, I am willing to own that I am afraid of them, and that I had much rather not see the inside of that canyon."

"I must go alone, then. I must go where my husband is."

Others of the party declared that Captain Frank should not go without them, and the leader was compelled to yield, though reluctantly to the will of the majority.

It was a little after noon when they entered the canyon, but, although the sun was high in the heavens, few of its rays penetrated that tremendous gorge, and a feeling of gloom oppressed the travelers as they rode between those rugged

and lofty walls, carefully guiding their horses among the boulders and broken rock with which the bottom of the canyon was thickly strewn.

Captain Frank, however, pressed forward gallantly. She seemed to be animated by fresh enthusiasm, and kept urging her companions to make haste, as she wished to be sure of reaching her husband before nightfall. They went slowly and cautiously, however, in spite of her persuasions, keeping a scout in advance and carefully scrutinizing every point of rock and every crevice in the awful walls that overshadowed them.

Suddenly Captain Frank stopped, uttering a glad cry. "There it is!" she exclaimed; "the very place I saw in my dream! There is where my husband knelt and stretched out his hands to me. Oh, Jamie, my darling, where are you now?"

All the party looked quickly at the spot pointed out by her eager fingers. It was a broad ledge some distance up the cliff at the left, with a cavernous opening behind it. Nothing living was to be seen, and they shook their heads sadly, fearful that Captain Frank had made her journey in vain.

A sharp exclamation from Sam Barber changed the scene.

"Dismount, men!" he shouted. "Dismount, and get to cover as quick as you can! Horseholder, attend to your duty!"

As quick as lightning all were off their horses, with the exception of one man, who gathered the reins of the loose animals and galloped with them to the rear of what may be called the "position" of the party. The dismounted men made haste to get behind the rocks, where they awaited the further orders of their leader.

This movement was made none too soon, for several rifle-shots were fired from the rocks at the left side of the canyon just as the men "squared."

"Hernandez's gang," said Barber. "We've dropped on a nest of the villains, and have got to fight them whether we want to or not."

Under the directions of their leader, the men went to work in earnest, and no one was more active than Captain Frank. The horseholder, seeing what was going on, tethered his horses and came up to take part in the fight.

From rock to rock they crept, carefully keeping themselves under cover, and firing only when there was a chance to hit one of the enemy, who continued to empty their rifles as fast as they could load them.

In spite of this rapid firing, it soon became evident to Captain Frank's friends that they outnumbered their antagonists, and a whispered consultation resulted in an agreement to take advantage of this numerical superiority, and to charge the rocks behind which the outlaws were posted.

Still they continued to advance slowly and cautiously, until they were within a few rods of the position of Hernandez's men. Then Sam Barber gave the order to charge.

Captain Frank was the first to obey. With a fierce cry she sprang to her feet and rushed at the rocks, with a revolver in each hand. Her example animated the others, if they needed any encouragement, and in an incredibly brief time they were among the rocks, slipping around angles, squeezing through crevices, and tumbling over boulders, in their eagerness to get at the enemy.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

BOTH because of limited means and the fact I could not leave home for many hours at a time, I was forced to look for attractions about my own town for means of entertaining two friends who had come a long distance and were to spend a week's vacation with me.

I went at it by first finding out what strangers considered "points of interest," and right here let me say it was then I discovered how little I had appreciated my own town, and that it offered all I desired in the way of entertainment.

My home was made quiet and orderly without "fuss and feathers." I arose a little earlier than usual, and before the day grew hot my three meals were planned and all signs of confusion out of the way. The days were spent in short walks and drives, some boating, attending services in our pretty church, and our evenings made never-to-be-forgotten ones by hours spent sitting together under my little porch and recalling to mind the doings of our girlhood days, and again getting in touch with those whom we had lost track of because when grown to men and women our paths had separated.

After all, it is the simple things, those that cost the least effort that most please. Nothing is quite so disturbing to our visitors as to feel they have been the cause of extra labor. A few hours spent in the woods in search of wild flowers, intermingled with chats on topics of mutual interest, and the return to a delicious meal of toast, preserves and tea, with perhaps a bit of salad prepared early in the day, or a little cold meat, will long be remembered, and how much happier your guests will be than if you had directed them to go without you and returned to an elaborate dinner to find all the indications of the hard work this meal had cost.

Entertain simply, drawing on your resources nearest at hand, and your guests will depart singing your praises, and you in turn will have new thoughts and a rested mind.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
Well here I am again; just a year since my first visit to this happy band. I have made many dear friends through COMFORT.

Sisters we have had joy in our family as well as sorrow since my first letter, for the stork left to us twin babies; a sweet little boy and girl. Oh, how happy we all ought to be with our dear children, for they are the most precious things in this world.

On May 6th our darling Paul, aged seventeen, was shot by a boy and did not regain consciousness. It was a cruel blow.

I am very busy caring for my six children and not strong. Many a time I go to our dear paper for comfort. The Gulf is smooth this beautiful day and everything is green and attractive.

The following poem is in loving memory of twin babies.

Two Little Pairs of Boots

Two little pairs of boots tonight
Before the fire are drying.
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle bed are lying.
The tracks they left upon the floor,
Make one feel like sighing.

Those little boots with copper toes,
They run the livelong day.
And oft's the time I almost wish
That they were miles away.
So tired am I to hear so oft,
Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new plowed ground,
Where mud is plenty lies.
They roll it up in marbles round,
And bake it into pies.
And then at night upon the floor
In every shape it dries.

Today I was disposed to scold,
But when I look tonight
At those little boots before the fire
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk up-stairs I've laid
Two socks of white and blue.
If called to put those boots away,
Oh, God, what should I do.
I mourn that there are not tonight
Four pairs instead of two.

I mourn because I thought how nice
My neighbor cross the way,
Could keep her carpets all the year
From getting worn or gray.
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boots today.

We mothers weary get, and worn,
Over our load of care and toil,
But how we speak to these little ones
Let each of us beware;
For what would our friends be tonight
If no little boots were there?

I hope to hear from you sisters. God bless you all is my prayer.
MRS. DOLLY DRYMON, Osprey, Florida.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I have been a reader of COMFORT for three years and think it a splendid paper.

As I am a stranger I will describe myself. I have dark brown hair, blue eyes, five feet two inches tall, weigh one hundred and eight pounds. I have been married five years and have two sweet little boys; ages four and fifteen months.

I will give a few remedies and "best ways."
For poison oak use lime and buttermilk to bathe affected parts; one part lime to two parts milk.

I have found that a few drops of carbolic acid in a basin of warm water is just the thing for rusty nail wounds. It takes out soreness and prevents blood-poisoning.

Take a piece of broken phonograph record, melt and pour in the holes of your granite kettle or pan, and it will be good as new.

White of egg and lime makes a good cement for mending broken china and glassware.

The shut-ins have my sincere sympathy.

Happiness and health is the wish of your COMFORT sister.

MRS. MOLLIE STAHL, Richardsville, Warren Co., Ky.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I do so much to enjoy the nice letters in the Sisters' Corner that I beg to join you. I suppose I am a sister. I am twenty-three years old, have been married nearly three years. We have a little girl one and one half years old. We call her Jewell. I do so want to train her that she will be a jewel in the sight of God. We came very near losing her last winter from pneumonia and she is not over it yet, but improving.

How many welcome the coming of spring? To me it is the grandest season of the year when nature awakens from her long sleep to deck hills, valleys and meadows in her mantle of green and bids the flowers burst forth into life and loveliness. Dear sisters, the awakening of spring reminds me of the resurrection of Christ. The many little seeds that have lain dormant, giving no sign of life through the winter, when planted in the earth and acted on by the influence of spring showers and sunshine, wake to life and new growth. It is indeed one of the greatest wonders of nature, but so common and ever present that most people scarcely give it a thought; yet it is a miracle of the humblest form of nature.

Deep in every human nature there is a spark of the divine, a spark of Christ, and we have only to roll away the stone of greed, sin and indifference, and bid our spiritual forces to rise even as Christ rose from the sleep of death.

If one has anything to give, be it ever so little, pass it on to someone who needs it. Think of the millions given to foreign missions when it is needed so much here in our very midst.

How many of you believe in treating tramps with consideration? I often think "what if it were my boy away from home, friendless and hungry," would I not bless the hand that reached out to him?

Would like to correspond with sisters. With best wishes,
MRS. MINNIE JUMPER, Booneville, R. R. 8, Box 49, Miss.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Have long been a reader of COMFORT and like most of its readers, turn to the Sisters' Corner first.

I am the mother of three darling babies, one to four years old, so all the advice on the care of children is welcome. I am twenty-one and have been married five and one half years to one of the best husbands that ever lived. We are living on our homestead in South Dakota, but are proving up now, and intend to move to Sheridan, Wyo., where my husband has a position as fireman on the railroad. We are sixty-two miles from the railroad, and six miles from our post-office, but the stage passes our house three times a week and delivers our mail.

I am the youngest of eleven children, of which nine are living. I was just reading Mrs. Roderick McDonald's letter saying she "was forty-six years of age and a grandmother." I wonder what she would say to my mother being grandmother at the age of twenty-nine!

My husband started away to shear sheep today, May 27th. This is his eighth year at shearing, so you see he is no "green hand," but is counted the best shearer in the crew and shears fast. Has averaged a sheep every minute and a half, beside trying the fleeces. They pay eight cents per head and it is very fast money, but this will be his last summer at shearing for we will be living in our new home before shearing season comes again.

Our homestead is at the foot of the long pine hills of Montana. We can hear the music of the pines. We lived right in the deepest woods of the hills before we moved on our homestead. My brother owns a sawmill there, and another brother also owns one in the Elk Lake hills, forty miles from here.

Our town, Camp Crook, was named for General Crook who fought his last battle and was killed by the Indians on the spot Camp Crook now stands. We find lots of steel and flint arrowheads and stone war clubs, the latter being a round or oblong stone about the size of a quart measure with a crease cut around the center of it in which they would fasten a piece of buckskin and use as a slug.

Can any of the sisters tell me of a remedy that would do my little boy's leg any good? He has infantile paralysis in his left leg, which does not pain him, but that leg is round or oblong stone about the size of a quart measure with a crease cut around the center of it in which they would fasten a piece of buckskin and use as a slug.

I for one certainly think Mrs. James' plan a good one; it is exactly my view on the subject. If I am young, I have two sweet little girls I am anxious to rear right, and I hope you young mothers will prove to be good ones.

I should enjoy letters from all who would like to correspond with a Western sister.

MRS. LORA LIVINGSTON, Camp Crook, S. Dak.

Mrs. Livingston. I will tell you what was done for my neighbor's boy, a sufferer from infantile paralysis. This little fellow could not walk at all. One leg was considerably shrunken, and very sore and painful. He was regularly taken to specialists in Massachusetts where the progress of the disease was observed, and treatment given which was a form of kneading and rubbing. At the same time the mother was taught to do this rubbing. This was three years ago and now the boy uses his crutches very little and promises a complete recovery. The physicians tell the mother that the cure has been wrought by her, who with rare patience has each day worked on her boy's leg three hours. She used olive oil on her hands, otherwise the flesh could not endure so much friction. At first the tendons and muscles were so tender that only the most delicate touch could be borne, but gradually the soreness was reduced and more force could be used. Of course the circulation is cut off in a shrunken member, and massage appears to be the recognized treatment. This mother told me she could have done more harm than good if the rubbing had been improperly done.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a reader of COMFORT only a short time, about eighteen months, and have found so much valuable information through its columns.

Now I feel I can help the sister who asked for something to exterminate vermin and eggs on children's hair. This remedy is a sure one. From the drugist get ten cents' worth of quassa bark, and pour a pint of boiling water over it, and let steep slowly for one hour or longer, and if needed, add more water when done, but not more than to make one pint of liquid as it must be strong. Apply to scalp and hair morning and night. I have never known a case where more than one application was necessary, and as it is an excellent hair tonic as well, I would advise using it freely morning and night until used up. I am sure you will be delighted with results.

With best wishes,
MRS. GRACE GUNTHER, 873 Sheridan Ave., New York, N. Y.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I just read a sister's letter in regards to telling children the truths of nature. I agree with her in telling them before someone else does in a way we do not like. I told my little boy and girl all about things, and told them it was "God's beautiful secret," and they should not talk about it to other children. I disapproved of little children talking about such things among themselves as it often leads to wrong impressions. I told my boy at one time, and another time I told my girl, and they never say one word to each other or to any child about it.

A lady friend asked me if I had told them, I said "yes." She remarked they were wise; no one would ever suspect they suspected the secret.

Another thing is unclean talk on the school playground. My boy would tell me every night what improper things the boys would say. I told him to walk away on such occasions and not speak to them at all. Soon after he said to me, "Mamma, you sure

It is one thing to make soda crackers that are occasionally good.

It is quite another thing to make them so that they are not only always better than all other soda crackers, but always of unvarying goodness.

The name "Uneeda"—stamped on every one of them—means that if a million packages of Uneeda Biscuit were placed before you, you could choose any one of them, confident that every soda cracker in that package would be as good as the best Uneeda Biscuit ever baked. Five cents.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

knew what to do for the boys don't talk such things where I am any more."

My mother sent me COMFORT, but it is not new to me as I got a subscription club for it nearly twenty years ago, when I was just a small girl, and how proud I was of the premium which I gave as a present to my mother; a thirty-five piece crystal glass set.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. R. GARR, Garfield, Utah.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a new subscriber to COMFORT and I like it very much, especially the Sisters' Corner.

I have been married five years and have two children, my little boy two years old has just begun to talk, and he is the most stubborn little boy I ever saw. He won't say anything that you want him to, preferring to do without rather than say he wants a thing. I have tried for half an hour at a time to overcome this. It makes me very impatient sometimes, but I try to avoid it as much as I can. I wish you COMFORT sisters would give me a little advice; tell me how to correct this stubbornness.

Success to COMFORT.

MRS. NORMA G. POWELL, Weldon, Halifax Co., N. C.

Mrs. Powell. Just a few words about your little boy, and I hope many will give you their help. At the age of two years, a child is in its earliest stage of associating sentences with its ideas, and at this period I would not call him stubborn, but wait a few months. I should never try force because he will get the wrong idea of your attitude toward him. He isn't old enough to willfully be stubborn, and so I should ignore it all, trusting he will drop this attitude in process of development. You have my best wishes.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for less than a year, but the Sisters' Corner alone is worth to me the subscription price, for I just love the real, homey, cheery, helpful letters you all write.

I am a mother of thirty years, been married twelve years, and have four children, three boys and one girl. My husband was born in Denmark, but was only four when he came to America. I was brought up on a farm in California where we were married.

California is a grand state. Women have the right to vote there now, and I hope will right many wrongs. I believe it won't be long till Oregon women can vote, too. I am a W. C. T. U. woman, and that means I stand for purity and prohibition and every other good cause.

I am an isolated member of the Dunkard Brethren church. If there are any of our sisters who belong to my church would be very glad indeed to hear from them. Our nearest Brethren church is in Sunnyside, Wash.

I have read quite a few letters from Oregon sisters, but none from eastern Oregon, except Mrs. Fell of Pendleton, so will try to tell you something of the country here. We have high altitude, which gives a fine, dry climate, beneficial to those with weak lungs. We have no fogs, severe cold, hailstorms or blizzards, and in summer the nights are always cool so you can sleep. We have fifteen inches of rainfall, plenty for farming by the dry farming method; that is, by summer fallow. The land is rolling or with what we call "coulees" running through it. The soil is a volcanic ash loam, very fertile, and easy to farm.

We came to Oregon four years ago to take up a homestead, and have a good quarter section with no coulees in it. We raise wheat and rye, have our homestead all in rye this year. We also have three other quarter sections rented, and farm them. Squirrels are destructive to crops here, but we poison them and can thus save our crops.

There is lots of railroad land rented to sheep men, who run bands of sheep over it to graze on sheep grass. Sod land is covered with small sage brush. We have no wells nearer than four miles so we haul our water in a wagon tank with six horses. We have three good cisterns to keep it in and pump it out. We have a good three-room house, large barn, blacksmith shop, two chicken houses, land all fenced and inclosed garden. My husband has a horse power threshing machine and threshes for miles around each fall. Farms are far between, at least a mile apart.

We live on the historic Old Oregon Trail, established in 1843. The only things one can complain of are the brisk west winds which sometimes bring dust in summer, and the hauling of water. Of course we are fourteen miles from Echo, our nearest town, but neighbors are close (one mile) and we have learned to buy in large quantities. Then at our schoolhouse, six miles away, we have daily rural delivery. We had a good eight-month term of school, which just closed May 3rd. We have preaching at schoolhouse once a month.

Clara Bell. I feel just as you do about second mothers for I had a stepmother who never treated me like her own, and I pray I may never be taken from my little ones.

You girls who have had an own loving mother's care till you were grown and could keep house, thank God that she was spared to you that long. I only know my mother by her pictures and what people told me of her, for I was scarcely four when she died. All hail "Mother's Day!"

Mrs. James. I have long believed just as you do about teaching children the truth. Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M. D., in "Child Confidence Rewarded," tells how to impart this knowledge to children. I have read all her books and they are an inspiration. The story has in its simplicity a beauty and tenderness that moves the heart of both young and old, and the child who has received its first impression concerning the origin of life in this way from its mother's or father's lips, will never be able to jest coarsely about motherhood," says Mrs. Wood-Allen.

I should enjoy letters from you sisters,
MRS. RUBY C. NELSON, Echo, R. R. 1, Box 54, Oregon.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Having received so much help I would like to give a little if I can.

One sister asked for a remedy to cure corns. Here is one I have tried successfully. Wet a piece of cotton in linseed oil, bind on the corn two or three nights in succession, then take a knife and cut the skin off and put more oil on the corn. This will effect a cure in a short time.

For a sore throat or tonsillitis, put one teaspoonful of boracic acid in a pint of hot water, let cool and gargle several times a day.

How many of the sisters know that your irons will become smooth if rubbed over cedar bark? The way to adopt a little boy, between the age of five and twelve years. If any of the sisters know of such a child I would like to hear from them. Our little boy died one year ago last October and we are so lonesome without him. We have four children in heaven, and one living, a girl of seventeen.

With best wishes to the sisters, I am, your sister,
MRS. O. M. ELSTON, Quinlan, Okla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit a young housewife from dear old Mississippi into your noble band of coworkers? Where is there such another family? I have been a reader of dear old COMFORT for a long time, used to read it at home before I married and am a subscriber myself now. I used to turn to Uncle Charlie and the cousins' page first, but now I always look for the Sisters' Corner.

I married a little over three years ago; was just sixteen, and too young wasn't I? Oh, such a pity that young girls are so blind that they can't see the necessity of finishing their education. Why, they can marry any time. The day has past for girls to have to marry to make a living. They can earn their own living and I think it is better to do so than to marry a poor man, and it is strange why girls won't believe this. They think they are getting the ideal husband and it won't take long for them to climb the hill to prosperity; but alas! how do two thirds of them turn out?

Would like to hear more from the sisters on the rearing and training of children as I have a dear little boy that is pretty hard to manage and of course am anxious to do my best by him.

Mrs. Courtney, your question as to how the hired man should be treated long the home, will say that if he is an honest, upright fellow, he may be treated as one of the family; if vice versa the children should not be allowed to come in contact with him as he might leave wrong impressions on their minds. But I think we should keep in consideration that every man is some mother's son, taking it home to ourselves. Do you sisters ever make any investments? My father gave me a cow before I married and I swapped two of her calves for a nice heifer that has a heifer calf now, and not long ago I sold my first cow and her third calf and invested the money in heifers; paid fifteen dollars for one nearly full-blood Jersey that will give milk pretty soon, and I bought two smaller ones with the balance, so I have five now, counting the young calf, and you see they will be increasing in number all along, and a good cow and calf can be sold at most any time and then you are ready for another investment, besides having plenty of milk and butter for your own use.

I think we sisters should take advantage of our "think boxes" a little. You know we don't like to be too dependent on our John, do we?

I am one of the COMFORT sisters.
MRS. P. R. WILLIAMS, Chunky, Miss.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Hearts Are Dangerous Playthings

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By Mary Carolyn Davies

"WELL, HELEN," Mrs. Letheridge's tone rang with an "I told you so" expression, "now we are here. I hope you're satisfied." She stared balefully at the gray desert of sagebrush around the forsaken station. "Where can your Uncle Dick be?" She set down her silt case despairingly. "How you ever got the idea of this mad chase after local color—I wish you had kept on writing other things, and never thought of writing a cowboy book! When I think of what we have gone through!"

Helen's laugh rang out gleefully. "Why mother, that stage ride was splendid! and the old stage driver! It's all just what I want. How could I write about cowboys in the East? Why, I'm



SUDDENLY TWO ARMS WENT ROUND HIS NECK, AND A TINY VOICE WHISPERED, "I LOVE YOU, NICK."

about as familiar with their habits as I am with the Hottentots! I had to come and observe the ways of the animal in its native haunts! No picture post-card cowboys for me! No moving-picture melodramatic personage in a flaring red handkerchief and chaps, with a surrounding halo of cigarettes and six-guns! I want to copy from life. Here, with a wave of her hand, "is the atmosphere. All I lack is the hero. And now," she dramatically, "enter the hero—oh!" Helen clutched her mother's arm in sudden change of attitude as round the corner sauntered a typical cowboy. His buckaroo hat was set well back on his wavy hair, and the eyes below were what Helen, if he had been the hero of one of her stories, would have called "blue and fearless."

"Thank goodness, he was too far off to hear me," she thought fervently. He had been sent by Uncle Dick to drive them to the ranch. As they came in sight of it, they saw, over by the corral, a group of horsemen, while from the clouded mass descended the smoke of the branding iron. Suddenly one of the cowboys wheeled his horse and dashed over to meet them.

"Well," ejaculated Mrs. Letheridge, "if that cowboy isn't Dick!" Surprise and indignation were in her cultivated tones.

"Why, mother," laughed Helen, "what did you expect? Uncle Dick in a Tuxedo? with a Derby hat?"

"My, but it's good to see you!" exclaimed the horseman as he reached them. "And so this is Helen! Well, are you the same little tomboy that used to cut up with your Uncle Dick?" Helen responded to his mood. She threw grammar to the winds. "You bet I am," she laughed, and from that moment the spell of the East was as if it had never been.

Helen began her campaign for local color next morning. "Uncle Dick," she opened fire at breakfast, "can't I have a horseback ride today?"

"You bet you can!" he assented heartily. "You can have anything on the place. Why?"

"But, Helen," interrupted her mother, "you never were on a horse in your life. You can't ride!"

"I know it," admitted Helen calmly, "That's why I want to." "Of course she'll have to learn," backed up Uncle Dick. "I wish I could go with you myself, but I'll have to let one of the boys look after you."

Helen nonchalantly raised her coffee-cup, but her eyes smiled. He might just hit on the cowboy she wanted to study, but she believed in helping fate along a little. "How about the cowboy who drove us out yesterday?" she said lazily.

"Just the one," decided her uncle, enthusiastically. "There isn't a finer young fellow on the ranch than Nick Lester."

In a few minutes the cowboy led the two ponies up to the door. "Oh," groaned Helen, "I don't dare! That horse looks so—so Sulphuric!" "Aw, you've got cold feet!" jeered Uncle Dick. Helen glared at him in silent wrath. Then, with the dignity of an empress, she approached the animal.

"The other side," suggested the cowboy respectfully. Helen froze him with a look, moved to the other side, and mounted.

"What on earth do you say to start him?" she thought. After a wait, she addressed the beast. "Well, go on," she said.

Uncle Dick howled with merriment, and even the cowboy smiled.

Helen looked at the reins helplessly. "How do you work the steering-gear?" she asked.

As her horse broke into a long, swinging lunge, she instinctively clasped the saddlehorn with both hands. She was instantly furious with herself. Shyly she stole a glance at the cowboy beside her, to see if he had noticed it.

"That's nothing," he encouraged her. "Everybody pulls leather at first. You'll learn quick."

"Oh, do you really think so?" Helen glowed with delight. Then she suddenly remembered she was in search of copy. "Won't you please teach me just how?" she said.

It is a dangerous thing to let a member of the opposite sex undertake to teach you something. Sooner or later a lesson creeps in that wasn't in the curriculum. And when the teaching is done on the range, with those leagues of sky above, and the feel of good horses beneath you, there is an irresistible exhilaration about the learning of that lesson.

Day after day they rode together, and each night Helen's light burned late as her ink-stained fingers flew, all too slowly, over the pages. The story was good—she felt the mad thrill of exultation that she knew meant success. Up to a certain point. Beyond that she was baffled. She could not make the love scenes convincing. "I'm not doing this part from life," she thought, "and it shows. It's wooden, lifeless, Bromide."

One afternoon they rode up to the "Rim-Rock." Its curious formation had lured Helen from the day she saw it first. The long, flat top, with its straight, sheer, vari-colored ledges supporting it, piqued her curiosity. There was only one

place where it could be scaled; there they guided their horses carefully up the rocky trail, and at last reached the top.

"Oh," cried Helen, "it's wonderful! Oh, I'm glad we came!" "Don't go near the edge," warned Nick. They rode on slowly. Suddenly he saw a fissure ahead. "I'll go and see if we can cross it," he said. "You wait here," and, digging in his spurs, he was off.

Helen turned her horse's head, and wandered over to the edge. "I don't believe it's dangerous," she thought rebelliously. She knew the perpendicular rocks extended downward there for sixty feet. "But I'll be, oh, so careful," she promised herself.

She went to the edge, and peered over. Suddenly a stone slipped under her horse's foot. He lurched over the edge. Helen grew cold with the only fear she had ever felt. Then, just as she thought she was gone, with one great effort the horse recovered his balance.

Weak and trembling, she guided him a few steps from the danger, just as Nick pulled his panting horse back in its headlong gallop, and threw himself off beside her.

He tried to speak, but no sound came. As his eyes met hers, her heart stood still with something bigger than the peril just over.

He was the first to recover himself. "Well!" his lips were white still, but his voice was steady. "That was sure a narrow shave."

"Let's go home," said Helen faintly. She wanted to be alone to think out the problem that had just come to her.

That night the lamp did not burn, and her pen lay untouched. In the darkness she sat at her window, and gazed out at the black hills against the starlighted sky. "But all she saw was one face, with eyes that said, 'I love you.'"

The problem throbbed and pounded itself through her brain, relentlessly, fiercely. To make her book a success, could she let him go on? Of course she could never love a cowboy. She ought to stop things at once.

"I know it's wrong," she thought. "But oh, I must win, I must! Without this, my summer here will be wasted. I can't give it up!"

After that the story grew apace. And she knew it was good. Nothing was said between them concerning the accident. Summer was nearly over, the book was nearing completion.

One afternoon Helen overtook the stage-driver, and pulled up beside him. "Oh, Mr. Scoggin," she begged, "won't you let me open our sack and get my mail? I just can't wait till it gets to the ranch. Oh, thank you!"

She was off like the wind, but finally drew rein and let her pony amble along. She opened her letters with a hair-pin, and settling herself easily in the saddle, started to read the first one.

Suddenly she sat upright. "Aunt Emma ill," she cried. "Oh, we must go at once." She made some quick calculations. "It's no use to leave till Thursday," she decided.

Suddenly, as she turned a corner of the road she saw, down by the river, the red neckerchief and the white chaps of a familiar figure.

He caught sight of her, waved his hat, and galloped up to her. "Wait a minute," he shouted, "I'm going home, too. Ain't the river pretty today?"

"It's great," assented Helen, enthusiastically. "and the sky was never so blue before! I just



Before she had finished she was back to her pony like a flash.

can't leave it all," she added quickly, a sudden note of remembering in her voice.

"Leave it?" he echoed, and his horse stopped with the sudden involuntary jerk he gave the reins.

Helen did not notice. "Yes," she said, and told him the reason.

He was silent, until they came to a rocky cliff near the farmhouse. "Let's go up and see how the river looks from there," he said abruptly.

They guided their horses up the rocky hill and stopped, silent. She looked away to the curves of the river winding far below. He looked at the girl on the horse beside him. The wind was blowing her hair about her face, but she did not feel it. How splendidly she sat her horse! What a picture she was, this girl with her quirt and spurs and careless cowboy hat, and through it all such womanly sweetness. He caught his breath sharply.

"Helen," he said suddenly. There was a curious break in his voice. "I have two things to tell you."

"Oh, don't, Mr. Lester," broke in Helen nervously. With an impulsive movement, she started to slide from her saddle, but somehow her foot slipped and she fell, only to be caught in his arms. Her hair brushed across his lips. He drew her closer.

"Helen, I love you. Didn't you know it? There is something, too, that I must tell you."

She was still, her heart seemed to stop with the knowledge that in that instant suddenly came to her. She must tell him what she had done, that was clear. But the telling had suddenly become a bitter thing, for in that instant

she knew that she loved him. She loved him and she must make him despise her, for she had to be honest—in her pain she felt that quite clearly—no matter what it cost, she must be honest with him.

She wrenched herself free from his arms and faced him bravely. "Oh, you don't know," she cried. Her lips quivered, but her eyes looked bravely into his. "You don't know how all these weeks I've used all you've said and done and felt for my story, how even your love was just so much copy!" She flashed forth the whole scornful story. Before she had finished she was back to her pony like a flash, leaped in the saddle, and bringing her quirt down sharply, was off before he could catch his horse and follow.

He swore softly but wholeheartedly. "I've got to see her in the morning," he muttered, "or it's all day with me."

As he reached the bunkhouse the "old man" met him with, "Nick, you'll have to take a band of cattle up to the Horse Heaven first thing tomorrow."

"Sure," said Nick nonchalantly. But his eyes were wistful beneath his low-drawn hat. It was tough waiting.

As he rode back in the evening, it was only to be met with the stunning information that "the old man's sister and niece had left." "Gone!" he echoed blankly.

"Yep," responded his informant. "They got a chance to go sooner than they expected to. Ranch folks seem kind of lonesome without the women-folks, now we're used to them."

Nick did not hear him. He turned his pony's head slowly. All the glory had suddenly gone out of the sky and the river, and it was a gray old world that the cowboy's eyes looked out upon.

Things weren't very noticeably bright that day, either, to a winsome face gazing out from an Eastern bound Pullman window. Last night she had deliberately burned all the pages of her book—the work of many weeks—the book from which she had hoped so much. It was the least she could do, she reflected bitterly, as the flames slowly curled round the close-written pages. Of course he despised her and she didn't blame him a bit. But the world was going to be a pretty lonesome place, she thought with a rueful smile.

For several weeks, in the social life of her old circle, Helen had been trying to forget. One day, when the spell of the sage-brush was particularly strong upon her, a sudden invitation to dinner with an old school chum was a welcome diversion.

"I wanted you to meet a friend of ours while he's in town," explained Mrs. Waring, on Helen's arrival. "Two literary persons like you ought to be congenial. His new book of verse is just out. He calls it 'Buckaroo Ballads.' He went West to get material for it, and masqueraded as a cowboy all summer. Oh, it's quite exciting! There's the door-bell, he must be here now. Excuse me a moment," and the next instant Helen heard their voices in the hall.

Before they reached the room the telephone jangled insistently. "Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Waring, "you'll excuse me!" and from the adjoining room, with the receiver to her ear and her hand over the mouthpiece, she laughingly called, "Please pardon an informal introduction. Helen, let me present Mr. Lester."

For an instant they stood silent, stunned with the wonder of their meeting.

Then with one stride he had her in his arms. "Helen," he whispered, "Did you think you could run away from me?"

"Oh, how can you," her voice came muffled

from his shoulder. "How can you ever forgive me for what I did?"

"Why, you foolish little buckaroo," he laughed. "I love you, didn't you know? I want my answer now. You know now what else I wanted to tell you—that I was only playing cowboy to get life into that dope I wanted to write. I'm sorry dear," he added apologetically, "I'm afraid you can't love anyone without the chaps and lasso rope and spurs. I don't wonder that you despise me now."

Suddenly two arms went round his neck, two soft arms, that were still browned with the sun and wind of the range. A pair of sky blue eyes were raised to his, and a tiny voice whispered, "I love you, Nick."

They heard Mrs. Waring's voice as she neared them. "You'll pardon my rudeness, won't you? I hope you've not been bored. You're both from the West, so you ought to be interested in each other." She stopped thunderstruck.

"We are," said the cowboy drily.

The Craze for Gold

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

derful expeditions, taught them by the varied agencies of their wild and wandering life, and handed around from man to man among the gulches and around the camp-fires. It is not easy to imagine a "corner" out of which some of them have not "found a way or made one."

Thoroughly posted as was old man Westfield,

however, he was puzzled to the last degree, as he stood in front of the house watching the proceedings of a squad of his guards and defenders. "What can they want of such a quantity of mule-beef?" he muttered. "One of 'em would have fed the lot of us for three days, if we only had feed for the rest. Ah, yes, they mean to jerk it and keep it. Not so bad an idea. But what are they doing with the hides and with those wagon-tits?"

A curious piece of work it was, to tell the truth, for, as mule after mule was ruthlessly slaughtered, till a whole team had been sacrificed, their hides were stripped off with marvelous celerity, the strong hickory tilts, or frames, of the wagon-covers were torn down and clapped into them at their upper edges, as a kind of stretch until so many mule-skin bowls, so to speak, had been manufactured by lacing the edges of the skins roughly and tightly to the tilts.

"What's all that for?" he mechanically inquired of one of the busy mountain men.

"Ask Cary Holman," was the curt response. "I'd take off my hide in this yer stockade, if he gave me the word. Them things'll float, won't they, old man?"

A gleam of light flashed across the countenance of old Westfield, but just then the hawk-like face of his son was thrust into his, and the latter hoarsely exclaimed:

"They mean to desert us, and carry 'the girls and the gold away with them!"

"Not so bad as that," calmly and sternly interrupted Cary Holman himself, as he slowly approached. "If the Apaches give us a chance, we will be half-way to Bill Williams's Fork before sunrise; but we don't mean to leave anybody behind us, and I'll give you my word to bring you all back again."

Just as that moment, however, a fierce, all but animal, yell from the rear of the house was followed by the sound of angry contention, and the voice of Percy Wettersman shouting:

"John, old man, this way! The villains are walling up the mine, machinery and all!"

"Your friend is crazy," said Holman. "That's the only thing to do in the fix we are in. How long can such a mere squad as ours hold this place without a hope of help, and without ten days' provisions, except mule-beef? Our only chance is to move at once."

"And rob us!" roared John Westfield, as he put his hand on his revolver, menacingly.

"None of that, now," quietly interposed one of Holman's men, as the muzzle of his repeating-ride rose to a level with John's head. "No nonsense, mind yer, just now, if you please."

The grasping hand came away from the revolver, but the shouts of Percy Wettersman were changing into yells of such frantic and desperate ferocity, that the whole of them rushed forward toward the mine, as if impelled by the same instinct.

The strong-armed miners were, indeed, rapidly closing up the entrance to the shaft with such a mass of slabs and boulders of rock, as to give very good warrant that no lazy redskin would ever take the trouble to remove them; and at a few paces distant stood, or rather danced up and down, the lean, ghostly form of Percy Wettersman, restrained now from any violent interference, strange to say, by nothing more or less than the small sunburned hand of Laura Paine herself laid upon his arm.

"Be quiet, please, Percy," she said, in a low and steady tone. "Do you not see that the mine cannot get away, nor the machinery either?"

"Of course it can't," hoarsely responded the ghastly miner; "but how are we to get any more out?"

"We shall lose all we have, and the machinery, too," said Laura, quietly, "unless we drive away the Apaches. Don't you see it's nearly sunset?"

"We can mine just as well—" began Wettersman.

But his frenzied will was fast yielding to the magnetism of the fair girl beside him, and she seemed all unconscious, as she led him away toward the house, of the admiring glances which were turned upon her by more than one pair of manly eyes.

"She's no ordinary girl," muttered Captain Varley to himself; "but how she has changed since three years ago. I must have changed, too, for not a soul of them all appears to remember me. Perhaps because they have had something more interesting to think of this busy afternoon."

"Varley," just then growled the voice of old Hedger in his ear, "this way, if you please. The captain says he'll be ready for a move as soon as ever it's good and dark. The rise is a-comin' down right smart."

With but a dim comprehension of his comrade's meaning, it must be confessed, the ex-officer of cavalry turned away and followed, as he was bidden, toward the bank of the river.

Here indeed, gazing out through the fading twilight over the rippling and glancing water, stood the stalwart leader of "Holman's Outfit," and by his side, as if joining in the same silent sort of occupation, was no less a companion than Nellie Westfield herself.

Cary Holman's "gazing," however, like whatever else he might do, was likely to have a meaning in it, and he quietly remarked to Hedger:

"The boat's nearly afloat, old man. Half an hour more of this, and we'll be all right. I only wish I knew more about the navigation below."

"We came up when the river was quite low," said Nellie, "but not so low as this. There are some sand-bars between this and Bill Williams's Fork."

"Of course there are," growled Hedger, "but a good rise'd kerry us over 'em. I ain't afeared of no bars if once we kin git clear of them 'Paches.'"

"We'll do that," said Holman, cheerily. "Captain Varley, Miss Westfield tells me she has met you before."

The last remark was made in an abrupt and somewhat singular tone of voice while the speaker looked steadily in the eyes of the ex-officer of cavalry.

"I am happy to be recognized," firmly and politely responded the soldier-miner, with a slightly heightened color on his bronzed cheeks; "but I would like to ask if the recognition includes the other members of her family?"

"Not till I told them; but it does now," responded Nellie, with something of a tremor in her voice. "And I must know if Captain Varley is still our enemy?"

"Your enemy!" exclaimed the captain, with a hearty ring of surprise in his voice. "I was never your enemy. Never mind what John did, or Percy. All of my wrath has long since been worked out of me. Tell them I will keep their secret even from Cary Holman—even from yourself. As for Miss Paine, she knows it already."

"So do I," faltered Nellie; "but if you will keep it."

"Keep it!" exclaimed Varley. "I'll keep that as carefully as they seemed to have kept my—well, never mind that. Tell them to come right along with us, and save their scalps, and their gold, too; I want none of it."

"You always was a good fellow," here broke in the hoarse, metallic voice of John Westfield. "I don't ask you to forgive me, Varley, but I'll promise to make everything right and square."

"And Cary Holman and the rest of us'll try and help ye keep yer promise," growled old Hedger. "I don't want to know yer secret but yer come the boys with the mule-hides, and yer fellows had better trot out yer bullion short order. The redskins won't wait till long arter dark afore they turn on that music. Go in, now, and do yer level best. The boat's all stowed and trimmed a'ready."

A glance was enough to assure all concerned of the truth of this assertion, and Nellie Westfield gazed anxiously on the toppling and frail-looking bows which the miners were launching at the water-side, securing them firmly together with their hide lariats.

"When they're all fastened together in that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

Now here is something that will surely interest all of you, and it is clipped from the high-toned Boston Advertiser in which it appears as a news item: "New York. A Chinese luncheon was given in the Hotel Vanderbilt by Mrs. Arthur L. Holland of 134 W. 81st St. in honor of her pet Pekinese spaniel, Vi Sin of Aldebourne. Seven of Vi Sin's most intimate friends attended, properly chaperoned, of course, by their mistresses. Covers were laid for sixteen, each dog occupying a separate chair. Vi Sin received his guests in the main foyer of the hotel and attracted considerable attention by his costume, which consisted of a huge pink ribbon bow and a beautiful pink carnation. The menu: Consomme en Gelée, Ouen-Toufang, Truite de Riviere, Sautée Broad Oak Beetle, Pigeon-eau Roti, Chur-Erh of Aldebourne, Salade Yangtse-Kiang, Glaces Fantaisies au Dragon, and Gateaux Assortis a la Koto, Cafe." The cost of the luncheon for the seven dogs was seventy-five dollars.

A number of these disgusting dog dinners have been reported in the papers of late. Of course you can't blame the dogs, dogs don't know any better, though I've no doubt any decent dog trotted out and feted in this manner must have a big chunk of contempt for its owner. I have, however, a pretty good idea of what your opinion will be of the women, or rather the individuals dressed in skirts who nauseate and turn the national stomach upside down with these public exhibitions of loathsome degeneracy. I know there are a lot of sexless people who find intense joy and unbounded pleasure in canine cuddling and dog worship and other low-down tomfooleries, but people who have perverted tastes, might at least engage in these degenerate stunts in their own homes and not make a public exhibition of their degeneracy in a fashionable hotel, and allow all the details of their revolting performances to get into the newspapers. Anything more degrading and disgusting than these dog lunches I cannot conceive. I'll wager that the female owners of the dogs who participated in this performance couldn't muster three babies of their own to save their necks. If there is a baby in any of the homes owned by these female dog worshippers, I'll wager it is tucked away in a nursery, garret, cellar, or maybe a stable, while his lordship the dog is occupying a gold bed in the front parlor with a diet specialist to attend to its meals, a maid to curl its tail, and a veterinary surgeon to feel its pulse and take its temperature every few minutes. Now don't condemn all women because of the indecent antics of these female parasites. As I have often told you there are three sexes, men, women and things, or freaks. Blame rather conditions which make these exhibitions possible and blame the men who permit their wives to outrage public decency in this disgraceful manner. What is the cause of all these mad antics of the over-gorged idle rich? Simply this! They have too much money to spend and entirely too little to do, except make idiots of themselves, and indulge in such riotous luxury, that even the putrid rottenness of Rome when it was tumbling to its fall; plunging to ruin from over indulgence, corruption, sensuality and bestiality, seem commonplace in comparison with their degenerate antics. Rome was ruined owing to the fact that its world-wide conquests gave to its privileged, patrician, idle rich class, more money than it knew what to do with. Abraham Lincoln said that no nation could exist that was half free and half slave, and the mighty Roman Empire was seized with dry rot, and wiped off the map by lusty barbaric tribes, because most of the people were virtually slaves, while the ruling class were idle, rich voluptuaries. What happened in Rome some two thousand years ago is happening here today. History has a habit of repeating itself. You will say we have improved a great deal since the days of Rome and savagery. So we have. But wait a moment. At a certain feast given by a wealthy Roman, while the gladiators were hacking each other to pieces, a hundred semi-nude girls were serving the guests of the wealthy host with wine and refreshments. At the conclusion of the feast, the girls were herded together, drugged with wine and then burned to death. This was the star feature of the entertainment, and the host and hostess of course received the congratulations of their guests, and were warmly thanked for the enjoyable time that had been provided for them. Horrible! horrible! you will scream in unison. What is a dog dinner in comparison with such horrible barbarity as that? Wait a moment, dear friends. Our idle rich dare not publicly burn their serving maids, as was done in ancient Rome, but a good part of the money that pays for these dog dinners, cat suppers, reptile repasts, lizard luncheons, baboon breakfasts, comes out of the very life blood of hundreds of thousands of underpaid workers, who are speeded and sweated and at times driven to death itself, that dividends may be paid on watered stocks, and mighty fortunes built up from the streaming brows of men, women and child workers, whose happiness, health—and alas, in too many cases—lives are sacrificed, that golden streams of wealth may be accumulated for a privileged, parasitical few to dissipate in every possible form of disgusting luxury and debauchery.

The world shuddered at the loss of the Titanic, but in the coal mines of the United States alone last year more than twice as many lives were sacrificed as on the Titanic. If at a society function in Newport a hundred girls were burned to death for the amusement of our Four Hundred, the nation would gasp, but who cares about the 83 miners who died not long ago at Jedd, W. Va., the 100 miners at Briceville, Tenn., the 250 miners whose lives were snuffed out at Jacob's Creek in Pennsylvania, the 87 mine workers slaughtered at McCurtain,



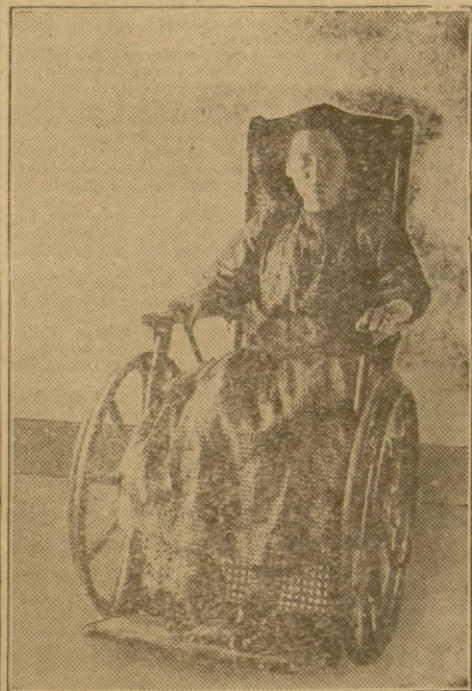
MAY E. WILLIAMS, 405 FAIR ST., PETALUMA, CAL.

Okla., and the 265 luckless souls entombed in the mines of Cherry, Ill. What about the 146 girls whose bodies were made into a funeral pyre in the Triangle Shirt-waist Factory in New York? Does anybody care about these human offerings on the altar of greed? These nine horrors are nearly all due to the failure of those who own mining property, to protect their working men. Do you think if the Titanic had been an ordinary ship without any millionaires and prominent society people aboard, and had gone down with 1,600 immigrants, common people in search of work in the New World, that the whole universe would have been racked from one end to the other? No, indeed. In a day or two the newspapers would have ceased to have mentioned the matter. Within a radius of two miles of where this particular dog luncheon took place, thousands of human beings exist who would have been glad to have gathered up the crumbs that fell from the platters of these over-gorged canine pets. Hundreds of thousands of people in these United States haven't even the bare necessities of life, and millions more live on the hunger line, while countless once happy homes are now haunted by the specter of want and worry owing to the high cost of the necessities of life. And the cost of living is made high because the idle, unscrupulous rich want billions for every form of extravagant luxury, including dog dinners and poodle pink teas, and it is you who have to be pinched and half starved to pay for it all. The Committee of Fourteen that made a thorough investigation of the social evil and the white slave traffic in Chicago, reported that numberless victims of the traffic were dragged hellward, not by passion nor love of clothing, nor pleasure, "but by the overwhelming force of actual physical want." Under these conditions then, is it not revolting, disgusting and horrible with so much human misery, want and suffering abroad in the land, that women who might be ministering angels, and who could relieve hundreds of cases of poverty, want, disease and physical anguish, squander the ill-gotten wealth of their husbands in the degrading and disgusting way mentioned above.

In conclusion, let me ask you not to remark, as many doubtless will: "Oh, I guess that's some of those suffragettes that were mixed up in and were responsible for, all that business." It may please you, or if it doesn't please you, at least you ought to know, that woman-suffrage has done and is doing more to broaden woman's point of view, deepen her sympathies and give her a higher conception of life and her duty towards not only her own sex but all human kind, than all the preachings of the centuries. The women who indulge in these disgusting dog dinner episodes are not interested in the uplift of their own sex or anything else. They are just butterflies of fashion, parasites of pleasure, gaudy moths that flit eternally round the candle of wantonness, wasteful money burners who reap what others have sown, and who drag the fair name of womanhood in the dust, and who make our great republic a laughing stock, and the butt of all the jests and sneers of the envious and critical of the nations of the world. Don't forget, it is the stupidity that you, the masses, have shown at the ballot box, and in electing your legislators, that have made the idle rich and dog dinners possible, and forced you to support the one and pay for the other.

Summer is waning, we are on the threshold of fall. Next month we celebrate Uncle Charlie's birthday, and there is no better or more appropriate way to celebrate it than by securing a copy of his wonderful book of poems, the best 160 page book of fun and inspiration ever published, beautifully bound in lilac silk cloth, sent free for a club of only four fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each.

You should also send in a club of only two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at only twenty-five cents each and secure Uncle Charlie's beautiful song folio which contains twenty-eight



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of the most enchanting musical numbers ever written. Full music for voice and piano. Both books free for a club of six. For further particulars see end of this department. Work for them today.

The new correspondence list is now out. Send a stamped addressed envelope and give your League number if you want a copy.

I know you will be grieved to hear that the surgeons at the great Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md., could do nothing for poor Lee

Mabry. His spinal column is severed, and his case is a hopeless one. You did your part nobly but his case is beyond help. It will interest those of our readers who live in Baltimore and its vicinity to know that the only help that came to Lee Mabry came through COMFORT and its readers. The Baltimore newspapers got interested in his case, and gave him quite a lot of publicity, in fact from what our readers wrote me one would think that Baltimore was spending millions to put Lee Mabry on his feet. Baltimore tried to hog the credit that alone belonged to COMFORT and its readers. One wealthy merchant was supposed to be paying Lee's carfare, etc. I wrote Lee and asked him what it all amounted to, and he replied that the Baltimore help was all "hot air". The money you sent this poor soul is helping to make him comfortable now, and he is just as grateful to you as if you had given him back his health and strength.

Now for the letters:

Station A., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: It's all your fault, I have been reading your letters all the afternoon, and have had to dodge pillows, books, and dear only knows what all for doing so. Shall I tell you why? Suppose you can make a shrewd guess. Just because I laughed and these old sober-sided were trying to sleep. They insist I roared and howled, and according to them I must have done so.

You dear Uncle Charlie if I were near you I would give you a big, big hug and just a bushel of kisses. Uncle Charlie, I think you are a scream. You write some of the funniest things. You take a letter and turn it upside down, inside out, and poke all kinds of fun at it.

In regard to myself, I'm an orphan, nineteen years old. I work in a suit and cloak factory. Am a skirt hand and in the busy season can make on an average ten dollars a week. I am blessed with perfect health and cheerful nature; always hope for the best, enjoy all kinds of outdoor sports, also dancing. I have no thought of marriage, as I'm perfectly content as I am. Suppose if Mr. "Right" comes along, might change my mind. But at present boys are the least of my worries.

About two years ago, three other girls and I decided to quit boarding houses and "homes," and start up housekeeping on our own account. We leased a five-room cottage with good, deep yard, for five years, at ten dollars a month. Went to second-hand stores and bought our furniture, just what we had to have for our immediate needs. Spent one day washing and polishing it and fixing up our home. Our first outfit of home furnishings was paid for by the rent. Went out to the Infirmary and got a dear old lady to come and live with us and be our own "Muzzie," which she gladly consented to do. Now after two years we have a dear, plain but oh, so cozy home, awaiting us after a hard day's work at the shop, and dear "Muzzie" always has a good, hot dinner for us. When we take from home, we paid four dollars a week and no lunch or laundry work, and had a tiny poke of a room. (You would have had to pay six dollars to eight dollars a week for that accommodation in New York City. Uncle Charlie.) Now we have a real home, and it does not cost us quite four dollars a week each, and "Muzzie" gets her living out of it, and our lady we take from home, and every two weeks we have a woman to come in and do the washing, sweeping and heavy work. Dear "Muzzie" has her garden, chickens and flowers and does all the mending and cooking and she is happy and content, as she is not dependent, but—*independent*.

So you see dear Uncle, we four girls solved one of the poor girl's alone-in-the-city problems. If only girls would do as we did, how much misery and heart aches they would be spared, and think of the hundreds of dear old ladies to whom it would be a perfect Godsend to have a nice, quiet home, and I assure you they would more than pay for their board and clothes.

Well, Uncle, really I did not intend to write such a long letter, and I'm sure you will call me "Rabbling Kitty." But please forgive me this time.

Praying God will give you strength to continue in your good work of spreading sunshine, I am,

Your loving niece, KITTY RYAN.

Kitty, yours is a most delightful and entrancing letter. It made me happier than you'll ever know, and I know all of COMFORT's readers will be deeply interested in your masterful solution of the working girl's greatest problem: how to get a real home in a big city on small wages. Your wages are above the average of the ordinary working girl, but there is always a big but in such matters. I fear your employment is not regular and steady all the year round. Nearly all trades have their slack seasons, and if a girl can get employment nine months out of twelve she is lucky. If you are idle three months in the year your wages would only average \$7.50 per week, and unless you had hit upon this cooperative plan of running a home, all the happiness that now is yours in that dear little nest of yours, with your dear old "Muzzie" would have been denied you. Kitty, your experiment proves the value of what I consider life's most vital principle, and that is cooperation. Alone we can do a little, but when we band together, stick together and pull together we can accomplish miracles. If some man or woman of wealth would send women who understood the cooperative principle and explain to girls who are eking out a miserable existence in so-called "homes" how they could by cooperation and renting a house of their own, have a real home, they would be doing noble work and would bring happiness to thousands who now live miserably. Many working girls have made a success of this cooperative plan of living and thousands more could make a success of it if they would only try it. It only requires a little enterprise and industry to bring schemes of this kind to successful fruition. Working girls' homes run by well-meaning people are generally stiff and uncomfortable places. There are so many rules and regulations that a girl feels more as though she were in a prison than a home. The board, too, is generally poor and an aggressive matron rules the ranch with a rod of iron. A girl after a hard day's work needs the atmosphere of a real home, needs freedom and relaxation to make her forget the cares and troubles of the day, and this atmosphere is entirely lacking in an institution run by a bunch of well-meaning but misguided church people who think that scriptural texts and iron rules, tough steak and thin soup, are all that are necessary to make a tired, harassed, homesick working girl, entirely happy and comfortable. Kitty Ryan evidently has had her experience of boarding houses and "homes," and coined that experience into comfort and happiness. Think too, of that dear old lady being rescued from an institution, restored to usefulness, and smothered with that love for which the mother heart ever hungers. Kitty you have done nobly. I congratulate you, dear, and hope that thousands of others will follow your example. God bless you and Muzzie. I'm sorry you didn't give us your street number—your complete address as thousands will write to you and when they receive no replies will swear you don't exist, and that I have faked your letter, and evolved it out of my own fertile brain.

MELROSE, WIS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a subscriber to COMFORT and have been for years and am in good standing. Now what I want to ask you is: Who is the best man to elect President of the United States?

You read a great deal more perhaps than the average man, and so have a better chance to form an opinion. My husband and several of his men friends wish for you to decide that question regardless of party.

How are we to know if our man is elected that he will do as he agrees, and not favor the idle rich?

What do you know of Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey? La Follette of Wisconsin? W. J. Bryan of Nebraska? Champ Clark of Missouri? I for one do not believe in W. J. Bryan as he has run too often and as often been defeated. What's the matter with Taft being re-elected? Hasn't he done a great deal of good? or has he done harm? Why wouldn't Teddy do for another term?

Please let us know through COMFORT. How can we know or anyone else know if the same tricks that are now being played in regard to the mileage system is still carried on or stopped? (The mileage system is a law not a trick. Uncle Charlie.)



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Beautiful Catalog Free.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY
Department E, Boston, Mass.

I do not belong to the League of Cousins but intend doing so when I renew my subscription this fall. We all enjoy reading the cousins' letters and Uncle Charlie's witty answers.

I will close wishing you long life and same to COMFORT, too. Yours for a reply and the truth as COMFORT isn't afraid to speak the truth.

MRS. SADIE DEWOLF.

My dear friend, I would be the happiest man on earth if I could answer your letter in the way you would like it answered, and in the way I would like to answer it. There was one thing, however, you forgot when you made this request of me, and that is that COMFORT cannot discuss such questions as the one you wish me to advise you on. Of course it is a very unfortunate thing that such matters cannot be discussed without causing acrimony, bad blood and ill feeling, but they simply cannot. If I were to say one word in praise of Teddy, I would have ten thousand letters within a month from people who do not like that gentleman, and who would inform me that Teddy was an egotistical swashbuckler, and a hot air distributor. All of these people would also request that their names be removed from COMFORT's subscription list, and possibly fifty thousand who didn't write at all would say: "I'm through with COMFORT, now it's attempting to give us another dose of Roosevelt and 'my policies'." If I were to say a word in favor of Taft, Roosevelt admirers would be down on me like a dozen of bricks. If I were to knock Taft for failing to keep the solemn pledges he made at the time of his election, to give the country tariff reform, then all the standpatters would smite me hip and thigh, and COMFORT would lose another fifty thousand subscribers. If I were to say that Woodrow Wilson was a silk stocking and had aristocratic affiliations, and would never be thoroughly in sympathy with the masses, though it would tickle the Bryanites to death, and the Champ Clark followers would scream with delight, the Wilsonites would be ready to tar and feather me, and away would go another mighty batch of the COMFORT subscribers. If I told you I thought Underwood, La Follette, or Champ Clark infinitely superior men and more desirable leaders than Taft, Roosevelt or Wilson, there would be a racket you could hear from Maine to California, and COMFORT would have to close up shop, and Mr. Gannett would be forced to retire to the bankruptcy court, while I would become a public charge, and would have to take up my abode in the nearest dog's home or city hospital. Every public man is connected with a certain party, and to praise this one or disparage that, is to arouse fierce fires of partisanship, and once you light these fires you'll

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

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EDIE SUNSHINE

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"H-O-HO, HO-HO, HO-HO!" trilled Edith shrilly from the kitchen, peering through the bedrooms to the parlor. "By-by, mumsie, I'm going."

A portiere was drawn aside in the parlor doorway revealing Mrs. Evans's smiling face.

"By-by, girlie, I thought you were gone. Dear me! Edie, shall I ever get used to these dark rooms? All I can see out there is a sort of blur."

"The blur is me, mumsie, throw a kiss at it. There—I caught it, by-by." With a ripple of laughter the blur vanished. Out in the gloomy hall the ripple ended in a sigh.

"No, you will never get used to them, mumsie, nor shall I," breathed the girl, tripping down the steep, narrow stairs. "Oh! Their dense, noisy, 'little old New York' isn't what it's cracked up to be. You up by the roots from your dear old village garden and transplanted you into a cramped little pot here in this dirty, bustling, hateful city!" She halted inside the street door to dab her eyes with a lace-edged square, then passed out and down the stone steps murmuring: "It's just do the best you can, now, Edie girl."

She turned the corner and walked swiftly along the clamorous avenue, wincing at the squeaking, rushing elevated trains and the clanging square cars whizzing dizzily past, gladly turning away to the quieter street that held the church of her choice. Inside its spacious vestibule she hesitated a moment, then descended the few steps and passed through the swinging doors into the Sunday schoolroom, there to stand in a tremor of abashment, gazing out the aisle to the platform from which the primary superintendent was surveying the sea of bobbing heads.

The superintendent did not notice Edith, although she had solicited her help in the Sunday school when they had met at prayer-service. The girl was about to retreat in embarrassment when she discovered four teacherlessurchins on a rear seat. They hunched each other, cying her closely. The superintendent raised her hand and Edith slipped tremblingly over and sat down beside them.

"Gee!" came an audible whisper, "pipe the outfit!"

"Cheese it," snickered another, "she's a push from the school."

"Aw—, shut up!" commanded still another. A teacher in front turned to administer a stare so cold it sent a chill down Edith's spine. She reached out a slim arm and gently endeavored to incline the nearest heads reverently, but the small necks stiffened obdurately. Her brief experience with the New York youngster impelled the harassed girl to produce a nickel and display it alluringly. The boys grinned and sat through the remainder of the prayer in uneasy silence. At its close three hands were held out simultaneously.

"When the session has ended the best behaved liddle gets it," whispered Edith, smiling appealingly into the expectant faces.

"Aw—!" grunted one, slouching doggedly down into his seat. Two others grimaced, whilst the fourth, a mean little fellow of eight years, edged toward her whispering:

"You don't have to buy me, teacher, I'll be good."

When the services were over Edith tarried awaiting recognition from the women she had worshipped with for several Sabbaths. One in passing gave a curt nod that dashed a wave of timidity over the girl. She opened hurriedly through the doorway. Out in the open she drew a long, relieved breath.

"Dear Mrs. Barry," she murmured, thinking of an old home-friend. "Edith, childie, she would say, 'a smile for a frown, dearie; a warm hand for a cold shoulder'; but oh, I can't, they're so formal."

Tears trickled down the pink cheeks and the girl turned to gaze into a store window whilst she stealthily wiped them away.

"Oh, mumsie precious," she breathed, "I dare-n't let you guess else you would wilt entirely, but I'm so homesick! We're no better off financially and not half as comfortable. The difference in a teacher's pay seemed great; but I didn't understand city expenses. Mumsie precious, your Edie is a little ignorant."

A cold little hand was thrust within her own and she found her smallest scholar walking beside her.

"I waited for you, teacher," he announced. "Say, I ain't going to be bad at all. I like you, teacher," he confessed boldly.

"I'm so glad you do, dear," rejoiced Edith. "I had almost given up winning friends here; but—'A little child shall lead,' she quoted. 'You don't understand that, do you?'"

"No'm. You don't think I'm the worstest kid, do you teacher?" he queried wistfully.

"I think you're the bestest," declared the girl quickly. "Tell me your name."

"Walton Amory," teacher, do you want to know why I like you?"

"I'm not sure," hesitated Edith. "though truth is best even if it hurts," with a heart-lowering twinge remembering the nickel he had just won, which, in taking him at his word she had bestowed upon another. "Poor little Mr. New York," she murmured whimsically, "pointing one way and leading another. Couldn't bear the other fellow getting the graft—after all."

"Well, first, teacher," began the child gravely. "I love you for you. Then, next, I love you for mamma. You're like her, teacher, only you're a girl," he concluded.

Edith whisked the child back to avoid a terror on roller skates, then, oblivious of observation, she turned his round, cherubic face up between her two palms and kissed him on willing, responsive lips.

"Scored one, Wallie," she said happily; "but you can't understand, darling." It then to herself reproachfully. "Edith Evans," is possible that New York has made you skeptical of the integrity of even her little ones?"

"You called me darling, teacher, just like mamma did," cried the child tremulously.

"Like mamma did," repeated Edith, sadly comprehending. "Oh, Wallie dear!" She stooped to again kiss the full red lips.

"I live on this street, teacher," said the child, still clasping her hand.

Edith glanced out the street with its somber, old-style dwellings.

"Whom do you live with Wallie?" she questioned, gently patting the small, clinging hand.

"Mis' Vogel, teacher, pa an' me—we boards. And, teacher," grasping a plait of Edith's blue skirt, "Mis' Vogel ain't purty; her hair don't curl, and her dress ain't ever like this."

"You flatterer," laughed Edith, tweaking a pink little ear, "don't you want to go home with me and see my mumsie?"

"I'd like to, teacher, but pa's waiting for our walk," he explained pensively.

"Run along, then, I'll hunt you up some day," promised Edith cheerily.

"Teacher," he asked timidly, clasping his bare hands around a gloved one and gazing up shyly. "Are you a girl-boy when you kissing up folks?"

"You're the most delicious morsel I've found in this big, heartless city, even if you are a girl-boy," cried Edith joyously giving him a vehement caress.

On an opposite corner a man was loitering, wonderingly observant of the scene. Sauntering up the avenue as they came down he had noted them and paused when Edith thrust the child from the pathway of the roller skates. He was a tall man, finely proportioned, about thirty years of age, with a gentle, scholarly, clean-shaven face, and grave gray eyes looking earnestly out at the world through gold-rimmed glasses.

As Edith walked swiftly down the avenue she heard the patter of hurried feet and the breathless call:

"Wait, teacher, wait a minute." She whirled around quickly, to laughingly catch the running boy in her arms.

"Oh, teacher," he panted, "I can go with you, if you'll tell me where it is, so papa can call for me at six o'clock."

"Why, you haven't been home already, Wallie?" she asked in surprise.

"No'm, teacher, but my papa—oh, he's caught up!" pulling her back to meet the man in gold-rimmed glasses smiling benignly upon them. Grabbing his hand the boy dragged them together, jubilantly announcing: "This is my papa, teacher, an' he's a regular Cracker-Jack!"

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Cracker-Jack papa," greeted Edith in a gale of laughter. Then blushing, "pardon me, Mr. Amory, but this small boy is too much for my risibles."

Reed Amory raised his hat, bowed politely, murmured "thanks," choked back a gurgle of responsive mirth and said reprovingly:

"Wallie, I fear you are too impetuous; and you've not told me your teacher's name, son."

"That's beyond his power," declared Edith, fumbling for a card. "And don't quench him, I beg of you, he's delightful! Oh, here, I thought I had one—address and all. I'm a newcomer," she exclaimed, seeing a perplexed expression upon his face. "Also an economist, you see! I drew a line through the old address and wrote the new one above it."

"Is it possible that you came from Owego?" he queried, beaming upon her. "Why, I'm from that vicinity myself—from Binghamton."

"What joy!" cried the girl impulsively, extending a cordial hand. "How tickled mumsie will be; you'll go and see her, won't you?"

"If I may," he replied, clasping the welcoming hand closely. "I should enjoy it hugely."

"I know it isn't the New York way," excused Edith tripping along at his side. "But—'home-folk'—have you been away long enough to vibrate at those words?"

"Have I!" he exclaimed, "why, there's been times I'd have hugged even a mongrel pup from home!"

The boy gambled ahead until they reached the flat-house where Edith lived.

"Come, Wallie, you've passed the goal," she summoned gayly, as they approached the door. Inside she raised a playful finger, shaking it solemnly.

"Not one word about murder, fire or thieves within these mock-mahogany portals," she adjured. "Mumsie's mind is haunted by the morque whenever I'm late home. She lies awake nights sniffing for smoke, and if a hungry mouse ventures to search for a possible crumb, she imagines a big, bold burglar is after the jewels of the Vere de Vere's."

She ascended the stairs lightly, crowded beside Wallie, his glad hand held close. At the second landing she produced a second key.

"See, I'm quite a maid of affairs, carrying latch-keys. It saves mumsie a scamper through the flat, for she spends most of her time gazing down into the street, wondering where all the people are going and if the cops are after them. Mumsie cannot fathom the New York hustle."

She inserted the key, but the knob turned from within, the opening door revealing a sweet old face, with blinking eyes endeavoring to pierce the gloom without.

"It's you, at last, Edie girl," she cried joyously. "Oh, you're not alone!"

"Mumsie precious, you'll never guess," beamed Edith. "This little lad is in my class and this big lad," casting sparkling eyes on Reed Amory, "is his father, and—mumsie, just think—a Binghamton boy!"

Mrs. Evans drew a long, astonished breath, grasped Wallie, kissing him heartily, and caught Reed's hands in a tight, genial clasp.

"Well, if ever I was glad to see anybody in my life I'm glad now to see someone from home!" she rejoiced. "Come right through this way. It don't seem fit, to me, to go traipsing through bedrooms to get to a parlor, but that's the way they do here. Back home our bedrooms are decently tucked away overhead. Didn't Edie come in? Well, throw off your coat and sit down. If Edie told me your name I was too excited to catch it."

"I rather think she didn't," laughed Reed. "It is Amory—Reed Amory."

"Dear me! Why, I've known Amorys all my life, and Reeds, too. Was that your mother's name?"

Reed acknowledged that it was and there followed a matching up of acquaintances that placed them on a truly familiar footing. From the kitchen came ripples of laughter and answering giggles that were tantalizing to Reed, but unnoticed by the homesick old lady gloating in his companionship. She would not listen to his leaving, but insisted that he should have tea with them.

Reed Amory cherished forever the memory of that long, pleasant evening. The hospitable table, the delectable home cookery, the jest, the laughter, the music, the song. It wafted him back to the days of his happy younger manhood, ere death had robbed him of his wife and despair had driven him into a rush of life and work to drown the devastating memories. Somehow, that night the memories ceased to sting. They came to him like the faint fragrance of withered roses, whose thorns had died and dropped away.

"The city is no place for children," he told Mrs. Evans. "If my mother were alive I never should have come here. Mrs. Vogel is good to the boy, though I found it hard to believe at first, when I came home nights to find him wandering on the streets. I much has to do, she explained frankly, 'so I bats him out voice.' When I remonstrated she clinched the matter by hauling me to the door and pointing out swarms of children. 'They all bats 'em out,' she assured me. 'Tain't so many as lives in boardin's, they lives in homes, but they bats 'em out—see? I was obliged to own that she held the truth in her hand.'"

"My goodness!" exclaimed his hostess, "don't you worry! The cars, the autos, the teams, the deadly perils of these dreadful streets!"

"Yes," Reed acknowledged, "of course I do; and I feel selfish, also, in keeping the child with me to ease my loneliness."

"He's a dear little chap," said the old lady, "and he's completely taken up with Edie."

Thus it came about that Wallie ceased to roam the crowded streets. The Evans's flat was a delightful place to run to after school. It was so nice to be petted by the kind old mother and stuffed with real country cookies and big red apples; to go with teacher on her frugal marketing trips; to have papa call for him evenings and stop to join in the music and games. Wallie's ties took on jauntier twists; his buttons no longer hung by one thread or were absent entirely; his shoestrings ceased dangling broken ends; his finger nails were filed and cleaned; his small, grimy chapped hands were cleansed and healed; altogether he became a different boy.

"Papa, ain't teacher most as good as a mamma?" he asked one day.

"My son, Miss Edie is an angel!" Reed Amory replied, with a tenseness which had claimed him since Mr. Brooks had taken to walking home with Edith from church and calling on her evenings. Mr. Brooks's interest in church work had appealed to the girl.

"He isn't like most of the boys you see here," she explained to Reed. "He's thoughtful and interesting and seems to have an aim in life."

"Yes—yes," moaned Reed Amory's heart, "and that aim—oh—my Edie sunshine—is to steal you away just as my arms were reaching out. For your dear sake I must stifle—not desire—that

was impossible—but the look, the tone, the touch, Edie, that would tell you my secret—making your tender heart ache because of that you cannot give."

Winter passed, spring came, summer followed. With each succeeding month Reed Amory's calls at Edith's home were shortened. It seemed to him that Mr. Brooks was always there. The old lady clung to Reed. She begged him to come often and stay long.

"New York is the loneliest place on earth!" she explained pathetically. "I don't know how I ever stood it before I had you and Wallie. Edie has her school and her church—I think she's contented—but I can't get used to the people. I shall never feel at home here, never! I don't complain to Edie, there's no use to fret her. We can't go back, that's certain, for it cost us almost our last dollar to get here—so here we've got to stay," she quavered.

Reed Amory soared away in a cloud of dreams. He saw a rose-embowered cottage on a quiet, shaded street, where happy birds nested in the giant maples and hopped over the velvety lawn. He saw Mrs. Evans scampering about as of old. He saw Mrs. Evans rocking serenely on the broad porch—without a pang for what once had been—gazing at his Edie sunshine flirting joyfully among the flowers. His dream cloud descended and dissolved in the reality of the little teacher's trill of laughter in the hall, mingling with a much needed bass.

Reed Amory was walking up the avenue from the elevated station, thinking of Wallie with their good friends and wishing that he might join them without the infliction of the alien presence that so ruthlessly tortured him. Particularly distasteful was the thought of Mrs. Vogel's cookery; wretchedly dingy and smelly the boarding-house parlor; scathingly hot the stuffy rear room which was quieter, of course, than a front one, but made thoroughly unattractive by the outlook upon a swaying mass of dripping washery on the pulley-lines of the flat-building facing the next street.

On the opposite sidewalk a slight girl and a small boy were hastening along laden with numerous packages.

"Oh, there's papa!" cried the child, dashing across the hazardous roadway, speedily followed by the terror-stricken girl.

There were shouts and screams, and a little form cast headlong at Reed Amory's feet. There was a hubbub of excited men and hysterical women, and a huddle around a slender, blue-clad figure lying prone and senseless near the curb. There was the too-too-too of a frenziedly driven automobile.

Reed caught up his son, gave a quick glance into the bruised face with its conscious eyes and sobbing mouth, handed him to a man who had run forward proffering aid, and thrust himself violently into the noisy, surging crowd, beating them back heedlessly, forcing his frantic way into their midst, to kneel there and gather into his strong arms a white-faced, helpless burden—his Edie sunshine.

"Ach Gott! The poor lamb!" someone was saying. "She reach him no more an' she push him—an' down she go under—Gott in Himmel!"

Through the portiered doorway the doctor came, drawing on his gloves. Reed Amory turned from the window where he had been gazing unseeingly out.

"Must you go?" he asked appealingly. The doctor nodded, biting his lips.

"I can do no more," he said. "She may regain consciousness just before—or—perhaps—not at all."

"Is there nothing—nothing?" agonized Reed. "All possible has been done," declared the doctor gravely.

Someone tapped at the hall door and Reed opened it to display his quivering, grief-stricken face to Mr. Brooks.

"How is she?" queried the young man solicitously.

"There isn't any hope," Reed answered dully. Then he stepped out into the hall. "It isn't my affair," he said lowly, "but, if there was anything—if Miss Edie—if you, Mr. Brooks, had an understanding—" he could say no more.

Mr. Brooks nodded sadly. "I had hopes," he faltered, "and, I believe encouragement."

"Then it is your right to remain here. I will call Mrs. Evans," Reed turned away, the agony scorching and tearing his soul.

Afterward the old lady clung to Reed out in the kitchen.

"Edie never told me," she sobbed. "I almost believe she didn't understand. And I hoped—oh—how I hoped—Reed! My poor boy! As a quick indrawing of his breath drew her gaze to his suffering face, "Well, it doesn't matter now," she wailed.

"No," replied Reed bitterly, "nothing matters now."

The two men kept silent vigil in the parlor that night, whilst in the adjoining room the nurse and the grieving mother watched the flickering breath that seemed, at times, to have ceased. In the first faint flush of dawn Mrs. Evans beckoned to Reed from the portiered doorway.

"I wish you to raise her," she whispered, "so we can arrange the pillows. My boy, it seems right that it should be you."

Reed slipped his arms underneath Edith's shoulders and raised the dear, sweet face upward. There was a flutter of the white lids and the brown eyes gazed into the gray ones almost joyously. It seemed, at first, then an expression of horror overspread the fragile face.

"Wallie!" she murmured brokenly. "Wallie?"

"He is safe, my darling—my beloved," Reed whispered soothingly, his hot cheek against her cool, clammy one.

She turned her head weakly and her soft lips brushed his face in a gentle kiss. When Reed had tenderly lowered her upon the pillows, Mrs. Evans passed into the front room.

"You have been very kind, Mr. Brooks," she said in a tone of polite dismissal. "We will let you know if a change occurs."

A week later Wallie crept in where Edith lay. Awakening she beheld him seated upon his father's lap. She smiled at them, pouting out her lips for Wallie's kiss.

"My dear little boy," she joyed, "and my dear big boy. Oh, Wallie, he's getting stronger every day. Soon we will be going back to the land of flowers and sunshine, singing birds and golden happiness. Has papa told you, darling, that he has given the little boy I saved for him to me—to keep forever?"

"Oh, teacher," cried the child, "are you going to be my really, truly mamma?"

"Yes, your really, truly mamma," she laughed.

"And my Edie sunshine," murmured Reed lovingly.

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"I see," said Nellie; "and you men to keep the boat for the human part of your cargo."

Just then their ears were saluted by a piercing cry, and they turned to see Percy Westerman struggling in the grasp of John Westfield and his father.

"Robbers, robbers!" he screamed, at the top of his voice. "Varley has come for his money. I saw him out there. They are carrying it all away, now they've shut up the mine. Let me go."

"The Craze for Gold"

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"Percy, please be quiet," answered the steady tones of Laura Paine. "How will the ingots ever be coined unless we have them carried to the mint? Ingots are not money."

"They are gold, though," said the crazy miner not less excitedly. "Not a counterfeit among them. Varley needn't be afraid to take 'em this time. Twon't hurt him to have them bars found in his quarters. Nobody won't ask him to resign for buying them. It's all right, Varley, my boy; take 'em to the mint. I'll go with 'em. Do you s'pose old Linderman would let them coin me? I've worked in that vein till I feel as if I was all pure gold—all but my head. Put 'em in, boys—put 'em in. I'll ride right along on the top of the load."

"I'm glad it's getting dark," muttered Holman. "That fellow'll throw away all our scalps if we can't keep him still."

"Let him ride on the gold, then," said Laura Paine. "I'll tell him he mustn't say a word, or he may lose it."

In a moment more an utter hush in the direction of Percy Westerman announced the success of Laura's stratagem, and "on the gold" was not by any means an unsafe place to ride, now the strongly made bowls of mule-hide were so heavily ballasted.

No danger of upsetting now, and they swung out into the stream as steadily as any boat could have done, while in one of the central floats covered the emaciated form of the gold-lunatic.

Pitch-dark, and the increasing roar of the torrent, no less than its steady climbing of the low bank, told how fast the flood was coming down from the mountains to the northward.

"All ready now, Hedger?" asked Holman.

"All ready," responded Hedger; "but it's all-fired queer that ain't no sign of the redskins."

"Cast off then, as soon as the raft gets well out. Silence all!"

Silence it was, in the crowded boat and in the abandoned stockade; but the miners of "Holman's outfit" had no doubt in their own minds, that their trip was likely to be "a good thing," for they had emptied the Westfield treasure-house with their own hands, and what were a few mules and wagons to a haul like that?

If they got away with it, but where could all the Apaches have gone to?

"What? Gone? Not gone at all, perhaps—or what could be the meaning of that shadowy line of dusky figures slowly advancing into the torrent just below the stockade?"

"If the rise hadn't come," exclaimed Holman to Nellie Westfield, "they'd have had all our scalps in ten minutes. Pull well out, boys, now, down stream."

But, as the latter order was obeyed and the well pulled oars seconded the swift strength of the current, the night became suddenly hideous with savage yells and fierce shouts of anticipated triumph, as the Apaches discovered their intended victims, and urged their horses forward through the water.

Not deep enough to swim in, truly, but quite deep enough to impede the motions of even such wild horsemen, and that was a terribly dangerous craft to ride too close upon.

Touch and go it was, through that screeching, plunging, charging line of shadowy foemen, with the rifles and revolvers all the while replying to the bows and the whirring of the lances, and many a painted rider rolled from his saddle to be swept away on the fast-gathering strength of the torrent from the mountains.

"Oh, it is terrible!" exclaimed Nellie Westfield, as she cowered in the boat between her father and Cary Holman.

"Courage, my dear young lady," returned the stalwart commander. "We shall be out of their reach in three minutes."

"And all this for gold," exclaimed Laura Paine. "Oh, Captain Varley, I never want to see any more gold in all my life."

"Gold is good, Laura," said the ex-officer, with the tone of an old acquaintance, "and yours is fairly earned. It is only ill-gotten gold that one should never wish to see."

It was a strange moment in which to moralize, with the Apaches yelling around them and with the deep groans of their own wounded men ringing in their ears; but Laura seemed to understand the matter.

In a few moments more, indeed, Cary Holman's prophecy was fulfilled, and the boat and its precious convoy were spinning away down the swift current, with no remaining danger or difficulty apparent than might belong to the task of

A Fake Ghost and the Tragic Consequences

By Clarence Merritt Agard

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THE awfulness of a tropical storm is no more impressive than the condition of the opposite extreme, a tropical calm; particularly a calm night with a full moon. The former compels thoughts of the present, the latter impels thoughts of the past.

Picture a calm in the tropics on a night with a full moon. This night was such and nature surely seemed to be asleep. Not a ripple on the sea, not a leaf moving, no, not even a breath of air stirring.

Even the sand-fliers and other noxious insects seemed to be enthralled by some occult power. The heavens seemed like a thin deep blue, almost gauze like tapestry, suspended from an invisible arch. The moon, with its pale glow as a large medallion of alloyed silver and gold, fastened in the upper segment and the stars, as innumerable as minute pieces of gold or tiny jewels fastened loosely in space, reflected a most brilliant play of colors.

The light of these heavenly bodies was reflected from the treetops of the forest, on the island and in the lagoon as a green metallic luster. The edge of the island was an intense black band separating the sky above, from an exact replica below, on the glassy surface of the still water.

Jutting into this sea of glass was a small promontory, entirely fringed by coconut trees. The base of each tree, curving into the pillar-like trunk, invariably leaned towards the sea. Each trunk was surmounted by a cluster of stiff peniform branches. All were motionless. There was no inconspicuous element in the harmonious picture of rest.

Such was the scene as viewed by a party of four engineers from the balcony of their permanent camp. They were engaged in a survey for a proposed railway in Panama. It was Saturday night and they had assembled there, as was their custom, to be out of the damp jungles, for one day each week.

All had been sitting mute, smoking and musing for fully an hour, when Barrett, an American and the most jovial member of the group, broke the silence. "Say, Collins, where is Lambert tonight? Didn't he come in?" was his query.

Collins was a gaunt, round-shouldered man, past middle age, of average height, gray-haired, with a tendency to baldness in front and a small rather puffy, ashy and deeply wrinkled face. A thin white mustache, badly stained by tobacco, partly obscured a straight mouth, which was the one strong feature on a countenance otherwise infirm. This appearance being accentuated by very thick, convex spectacles, necessitated by a previous operation for cataract.

"Lambert, you say," answered Collins. "Oh, he'll be in later on. He stopped down at Dos Canos to see Mr. Black, for a few minutes. He is working up that piece of land along the river and needs a canoe, to cross over and back."

"Jove, but I'm certainly getting restless on this job," continued Barrett. "It is just one continual round of pleasure. We start on Monday, plough through swamps and jungles all week, come down here and sit around Sunday, waiting for some scandalmonger to drop in and tell the latest; and then begin the cycle over again."

"Come, come Barrett, you'd better increase your guanine," was the reply. "When a fellow talks that way, he is full of malaria. You had better not be so kind to the mosquitoes or you will be laid up."

"No, that's not the trouble," said Barrett, "but to sit still and think, particularly on a night like this, makes me uneasy. I'll bet, that in the last half hour I have thought of everything I ever did in my whole life. I guess I'm getting the blues. You fellows would sit here like mummies, forever. What can we do for excitement?"

No one answered. A moment later Barrett jumped up shouting, "Oh, by gabs I've got it! There's a dead snake just out by the messroom. I'm going to put it in Lambert's bed. When he comes home and throws himself down, to read, well that ought to stir things up some."

The other two, who thus far had not spoken, jumped up eagerly offering assistance to further the scheme, complimenting Barrett upon his resourcefulness.

Collins rather shuddered at the thought, which action called forth taunts and laughter from the other three, with suggestions that he was getting too old to enjoy a joke. After the outburst had lulled somewhat, Collins spoke.

"No, boys, I'm just as keen for a joke as I ever was, but for the thirty years that I have been knocking about I've had a number of experiences, which perhaps alter my views of a joke. I was just thinking over some of them when Barrett first spoke."

"I remember several years ago, while in charge of a survey up in Honduras. One night I came back to the little thatched shack, which was a temporary camp, tired out. We were sleeping on beds on the floor, with leaves for mattresses. It could not have been long after I had retired and fallen asleep that I half awakened with a sense of something moving near me, but fell asleep again, believing that it must have been a dream."

"Sometime later, something moving my pillow, again disturbed me. I lay with my eyes open, to make sure that I was awake. Nothing stirred, and all of the other boys were asleep. So reassured and of the opinion that it was nothing but a nightmare, I fell asleep again."

"In the morning, when I awoke, after daylight, I reached under my pillow to get my gun, as I always slept with it there. The object that my fingers touched, moved. Springing up I seized a machete in one hand and the pillow with the other. There, with its head just beneath where my pillow had laid was a big snake which the natives call a 'Tomagoff'. It is one of the largest poisonous snakes in the tropics. Before it could do anything I had killed it. I believe I was never more scared in my life. For that, and some other reasons, I dread seeing a snake put in a fellow's bed, even now."

"Ugh, that sure enough was a creepy position to be in with a live snake," Barrett assented, "but don't you see there's no danger here. A dead one will only scare Lambert for a few minutes, afterwards he won't be as ticklish about snakes as he is now."

"Go ahead boys, if you want to," replied Collins, "but personally I don't like the idea of scaring people because I can never forget a scare I helped to carry out." Collins appeared persistent in his objections.

Again everyone lapsed into silence. In the pale blue-white light of the moon, Collins's face bore an almost death-like appearance. The deep sighing respirations, the slight tremor of his lips and the occasional slow, irregular shaking of his head, vividly expressed that some, if not the most sorrowful memory of his life had been revived. The others were moved by his ghastly appearance and repeatedly asked the cause of it. Finally in tones, charged with remorse, Collins began, in a low, yet impressive, voice.

"It is a good many years since it happened. We were surveying and opening up a part of Texas. The engineers, contractors and foremen were all lodging together in a big wooden camp. Of the engineers, one fellow named Joe Clark, was acting as chief of the construction department. He was a young fellow about twenty-eight, clean shaven, rather tall, straight and wiry, and was

one of these fellows, who seem to be made up of nerves alone.

"He would cover more work and keep things running smoother than all the rest put together. If you once met him, his pale, tanned skin, firm mouth and earnest, kindly brown eyes, would surely strike you, but if you lived with him, shared his confidence and heard his conversation, you could, never in your life, forget him."

"When a fellow was getting despondent or starting to drink more than was good for him, Joe was the first to note it. You'd see him having quiet little talks with the fellow, finding something to get the fellow interested in and always trying to bring the best there was in a fellow out, but in a way that no one could feel sensitive over. He was always doctor and nurse in case of sickness."

"When not helping someone else, he was sure to be found in some quiet, out-of-the-way place, reading or else, as he used to express it, 'just meditating'. These were the times to talk to him."

"How he ever acquired and remembered the facts he could expound and the theories he could relate, puzzled me. He could talk intelligently on anything from the proper way to sew on a button, to the most abstruse psychological problem, but was most interested in studying the power of the mind over the flesh, spiritualism and hypnotism. Every fellow in camp, loved him heartily."

"After a time this continual strain began to wear on him, and at night he didn't sleep well. He got so that he would get up at night to investigate the source of any unusual noise. Some of the boys thought that he was afraid and began to scheme, how they could scare him. One night we put a dead rattler, well-known snake in frontier days, in his bed."

"Of course when he 'turned in' his feet touched the snake and you could just hear a slight rattle. He jumped up, grabbed a club and began to beat the cot. When he cautiously pulled down the blanket and found the headless snake, we all roared."

"Joe got pale and a little more nervous than usual and said, 'Fellows, I want you all to remember, never again to try to scare me like that. If you ever do, I'll shoot the one who started it, as soon as I find him out.' There was no more laughter that night, everyone believed that he meant what he said."

"After that Joe seemed more nervous than ever and took to walking until late every night, but even then when he retired it was only to toss and turn in a troubled sleep the greater part of the night."

"About two weeks after this, one of the boys proposed to see, just for fun, if Joe would shoot, if scared again. We waited until he had gone out for a walk. Then we planned and rehearsed a ghost scare."

"Taking the netting off of a mosquito bar we rubbed it over with moistened match heads; got out a pair of white pajamas, a white handkerchief and some flour. Then we tied a rope to the upper leg of Joe's cot and stretched the rope along the angle of the floor so that it could not be seen. After this we put out all the lights excepting the lantern over Joe's cot."

"Then it was retiring and feigning sleep until Joe came in. He glanced about to see that all were in, turned the light down somewhat and knelt to pray. Then he hung his belt and revolver on a nail at the head of his cot and retired."

"When he had fallen asleep, I got up quietly and secured his revolver. While one of the fellows 'made up' as a ghost in the kitchen, the rest of us extracted the lead from the cartridges and placed in their places small bits of paper to keep the powder from spilling."

"This done, we gave the balls to the 'ghost' and quietly put the revolver, loaded with blank cartridges, where it was originally hung by Joe. When the ghost was ready, entirely white and the entire figure draped in the phosphorescent gauze, I tell you, to have it stand back in the shadows and slowly raise and lower its arms, was about as uncanny and shadowy-looking creation as you would care to meet."

"When all was ready the ghost stationed himself about forty feet from Joe's bed. The rest of us got into bed. Then one pulled the rope hard enough to almost upset Joe's cot. He jumped up and, instinctively grabbed his gun. For a moment he gazed speechless, standing in front and looking at the phosphorescent specter which was slowly raising its arms. The silence made the appearance all the more impressive."

"I know that you are one of the boys," he said, "and you remember what I said before. If you haven't got that rig off by the time I count three you'll never act that part again."

"One."

"The specter stood still."

"Two."

"Still no movement and no sound from the ghost."

"Three." This was immediately followed by the crack of Joe's revolver.

"Now the specter moved. Slowly it reached its hand as if to pick up something from its breast, a lead then gently tossed a leaden bullet almost at Joe's feet."

"As he picked it up and saw what it was he staggered a little and grasped the head of the cot, as if to steady himself. Immediately becoming himself he fired four more shots in quick succession. Four times, in slow succession, the ghost tossed a leaden ball back, each rolling on the floor at the feet of the shooter."

"By this time we were all sitting upright and, some even shouted to Joe, but he seemed oblivious of everything but the ghost before him. His wide staring eyes were fixed in the direction of the form which stood facing him. Glistening drops of sweat could be seen all over his pale face. He tried to brace himself and mop away the perspiration, but he was trembling all over. For the sixth shot, he raised his gun but his hand was unsteady."

"As he fired this time, the specter put out its hand, as if to catch the bullet, which had gone wide of its mark, and again tossed back, to the feet of the sender, a leaden ball."

"A unearthly, horrible contortion deformed Joe's face, the bulging eyes rolled in their orbits, then a sudden convulsion seized his entire body and in a moment he collapsed and fell in a limp mass. Most of us had been almost spellbound, until then, but when we saw Joe fall we ran to help him. We thought that he had only fainted and some started to get brandy. But as we lifted him on to his cot, we realized that the time for stimulants had passed and that the time for prayer was at hand. Our comrade was dead."

"A silence in keeping with the tropical forest followed. One by one we went to our cots, Lambert came in and went to bed in peace. The tropical night brought back memories of the past, perhaps not peace but no present trouble."

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

be roasted to a turn. The majority of newspapers and other publications live by fanning the fires of partisanship. The democrat takes his democratic paper, the republican sticks to his republican sheet. Both look at public life from different angles, and in the majority of cases you could not change that angle of view, not even if you used a shot gun for an argument. Thank God we have another large class of peo-



Here's
The Road to Comfort

A vanished thirst—a cool body
and a refreshed one; the sure
way—the *only* way is via a
glass of

Coca-Cola

ideally delicious—pure as purity—crisp
and sparkling as frost

Delicious—Refreshing
Thirst-Quenching

Free Our new booklet, telling of Coca-Cola
syndication at Chattanooga, for the asking.

Demand the Genuine as made by
THE COCA-COLA CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola

ple with common sense, thinking folk who have thrown off the shackles of partisanship, and who look at life from more than one angle, studying public questions, studying the acts of public men and forming their own opinions and acting on their own judgment. It is these men who make progress possible, and advancement sure. If I had a magazine of my own I would answer your question my dear friend, and a good many more questions that cannot be answered in a family journal like COMFORT, and I should answer them so thoroughly and in such an original, aggressive and decisive way, that one issue of my magazine only would ever appear in print, as my comments on public men and public questions would immediately land me in jail. COMFORT can attack wrong, injustice, privilege and corruption, and it can fight for every worthy reform, and educate and inspire six millions of people every month by pursuing its present policy which is so familiar to you all. If however, it descended to partisan politics and began to uphold this man and disparage that, its mighty influence for good would be quickly destroyed, and it would dwindle to a puny sheet with a few thousand rabid followers, a mere ghost of its former mighty self. One thing, however, I think I can tell you without treading on anyone's political corns. Mind you this is merely my individual opinion and not COMFORT's. Even if the next election does not bring a change of government, as I believe it will, I do not believe that any really great reforms will be inaugurated, or any great advancement made by the nation along the highway of progress, until the old line party ranks are broken up and dissolved, and men are forced by the crumbling and decay of worn-out political structures to look at matters of public policy, not from the democratic or republican angle, but from the view point solely of common-sense, patriotic American citizenship. In this new alignment, we shall see or ought to see a new progressive party, thoroughly representative of the great masses of the American people, a party that stands for all that is best and noblest in American life, a party that truly represents the highest ideals of American citizenship, a party that is not owned and controlled by monopoly or tainted by privilege, a party that will, with all its heart and soul, apply itself to the task of converting this country from an oligarchy of wealth into a genuine democracy, a democracy which will bring comfort and prosperity to every worthy inhabitant of this majestic land. In England the party lines are sharply drawn. There we see the liberal or progressive party, representing the great masses of the English people, and setting us a pace in progressive legislation that it will take us twenty years to catch up with. The Conservative party is just what its name represents. It represents the nobility, the powers of privilege and all those reactionary elements of birth and wealth that have for centuries grown fat at the expense of the toilers. Let us have our liberal or progressive party here as they have in England. Let our progressive democrats and republicans break away from their fossilized, antiquated, bewitched, political machines, to which they in their blindness so determinedly cling, and form a party as outlined above. Let all our standpatters, monopolists, idle rich, trust bogs, malefactors of great wealth, mercenary Manchus, food poisoners, women and children exploiters, overfed human cash registers with their army of satellites and sycophants, libertines and lackeys, and other golden calf worshippers, form a conservative or nonprogressive party similar to the one in England. Let the nation thus divided into two political camps, progressive and non-progressive, all the present humbug, deception and humbug, would be done away with. We should not see greedy monopolists and the predatory rich grouped under the banner of a party hallowed by the glorious name of the immortal Lincoln nor Tammany Hall thugs and pirates using the honored name of Jefferson as a cloak for their political crimes. Shakespeare asked, "What's in a name?" In the case of our two prominent political parties, much and everything. People are hypnotized by and worship names which once had much signif-

icance, but which mean nothing, for whichever of the old parties win, the government of the country will be run just as it is today, from Wall St., not Washington. It will take a new party as before mentioned, a progressive all American party to rewrite another declaration of independence, and restore to the long-suffering people of this country, the old ideals of democracy, and the right of the sovereign people to govern and manage their own affairs in the interests of all, a right which once was theirs and will soon be theirs again, when they once wake up and think and use their ballots as weapons for protection and deliverance from wrong, and a means of progress, instead of using them as they do now, as instruments that debase and enslave.

WEST LAKE, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been reading the stories of the young folks and like them very much. I am twelve years old and weigh ninety-eight pounds. I am five feet three inches tall, light hair, blue eyes and have a tan complexion and wear a number six shoe in women's size. That is going some isn't it? Well I can wash dishes, scrub floors and wash clothes. I don't like to do housework very well. I like to milk cows and ride horses, but we don't have any horses or cows. I can crochet some. Well, I guess this is enough as dinner is most ready. We are going to have mince pie for dinner and fried onions. Well, good by, AVIS COLBERT.

Avis, you say you have a tan complexion. I don't know what a complexion is, especially one of the tan variety. Anyway whatever it is I congratulate you on having it, for I feel sure you would not have drawn our attention to it unless you had considered it a possession of considerable value. Maybe you refer to your complexion. If so I congratulate you on the fact that it is well tanned, as tan indicates exposure to the air and sunshine and they in their turn, indicate health. I am cooped up in a big city, and the only thing that gets tanned around here is leather. The sun seldom tanned me as a child, but what the sun forgot to do, Pop made up for. I can't say whether it was summer tan or a winter tan exactly, but I think it was what you might call an all-the-year-round tan. No sunbonnet in the world could ever have prevented me from acquiring that particular kind of tan. You say that you wear a number six shoe in women's size and that is going some. If you have a number six foot it is to be fervently hoped it is going some, as I should imagine you could comfortably spare half of it, and still have more than enough to retain your equilibrium. I don't know what a "women's size is, but surely it would be woe to men and woe to women if that number six shoe of yours ever landed on them. There must be some good, rich soil round West Lake, Idaho to grow such fine, healthy feet, Avis, as you have been blessed with. I am glad you can wash "cloths," maybe if you keep on you will be able to wash clothes some day. I'm sorry I can't join you at dinner, and dissect that mince pie, and get a squirt at that new dish, fried "onions." Billy the Goat says an "onion" is an ordinary onion after the smell has been extracted. Billy says there is only one way to make an onion moult its smell, and that's to get a sledge hammer and a keg of nails and drive the perfume out of it. Avis the next time you have "onions" for dinner I hope you will invite us all to be present.

BODEGA, CAL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a little Indian girl, thirteen years old. I have dark brown eyes and hair, which reaches down to my hips. My skin is fair so I am sometimes mistaken for an Italian or Portuguese. I go to the Bay School, a small country school, and am in the seventh grade. I have six brothers and four sisters, they are all married. One of my brothers is an artist and I hope to be one too, when I grow up. Nearly all those who write to you, claim they have the best state in the Union. Now I don't believe that, I think California exceeds all the states in everything. The county I am in is Sonoma, which is a nice little county, with many growing towns. Santa Rosa

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I must ask for a little corner of your valuable space in which to say "I thank you," to the many kind friends who remembered me.

I also thank those who took the trouble to copy and mail the chain prayer, but as none got further than my waste-paper basket, I have not experienced the blessing, and of the calamity I have no fear. It takes more than lip service to reach the tender heart of the infinite, though it is infinitely tender. Some day our good people will wake up to the folly of the chain prayer idea.

With loving greeting for all, I remain, sincerely yours,

KATHERINE E. REED, Caledonia, R. R. 1, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have long been a subscriber of COMFORT and I don't think it could have a better name, and I hope it will never be anything else but perfect comfort to all who receive it, or as long as it is printed. I was all ready except polishing his shoes. I told the neighbor's boy to come in and wait for Willie as he would be ready in five minutes. And I went ahead with his shoes. The neighbor's boy looked on as if astonished at what I was doing. At last he said: "I wish to goodness that my mamma would take care of me like you do Willie and comb my hair like you do."

There is a sister that can imagine my feelings when I listened to this small lad telling me what he would like his mother to do for him? He had on a very bad conditioned waist and pants. He was bushy headed and his hands were in very bad shape. I was truly sorry for him, but I can't expect anything better from a woman who is indolent, idle and altogether shiftless in her house. It costs nothing to be clean. We can all be tidy and clean no matter how much, or how little we have. What say you sisters? I would like to hear something on this subject.

If cobwebs are bound on a fresh cut it will stop bleeding. Castor oil is good for healing cuts or burns.

I would be pleased with pieces of gingham or calico about seven or nine inches square. Be sure to put your name and address in so I will know from whom they come.

I remain as ever your sister in COMFORT,
Mrs. S. A. HUGGELL, Harveysburg, R. R. 1, Warren Co., Ohio.

Mrs. Hugel. A child's personal appearance is a great factor in its proper development. If the "shiftless" mother could follow her child or children to school and see the better groomed ones naturally draw away from them, she would receive a lasting lesson if there was any sense of pride or well-being in her makeup. This may seem like rather strong language, but as a friend to all children, my heart has ached many a time for the offspring of the unworthy mother.

A teacher must ever begin with herself to treat the dirty and perhaps ill-smelling child as she does the one who comes to school of clean and wholesome appearance, though his trousers may be patched and odd buttons on his waist.

There will be periods in a mother's life, especially where there are several children, when sickness or other causes will temporarily handicap her, making it a human impossibility to meet all the demands upon her time; then the world sympathizes with her, but never with the mother who neglects.

Such unfortunate children never find their school days happy ones, and at an early age grow restless to earn money and pull away from an atmosphere in which only discontent breeds. —Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have not called on you before, although my little girl and I have your COMFORT buttons and love the paper dearly and read it with interest.

My right hand is too drawn to use a pen and I am trying to pay for this typewriter by monthly installments of five dollars, and being over seventy-two and having sick ones to care for, you will see that I have not much time to write for pleasure, but I do want to tell you that we like COMFORT and expect to read it while life lasts.

Poverty is a hard master, yet I think it is good to have to work and plan for others and to trust in God for all the rest. I should be pleased with a few letters from other sisters and a few quilt patterns as I make quilts for sale, for I am not rich in this world's goods and must work.

God has given me bravery, industry, hope, faith, love; and I like to live and serve Him and to rise superior to all things and to fight my way to Heaven. But, sometimes I feel my widowhood and am lonely. Will some of you who are blessed with home and husband write to me?

With best wishes for everything pertaining to COMFORT, I am your sister and friend,
Mrs. S. D. KELLAN, 2844 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I've read COMFORT at intervals for the past ten years but never subscribed until recently, though different members of the home folks have.

However, I've become very much interested in the COMFORT sisters' letters. When put to use one derives much practical benefit from the many helps suggested, pertaining to most any kind of work relative to the home and home surrounding, including many cheerful thoughts or looking on bright side of things, which is very essential for everyone to observe in any station of life. As one good turn deserves another I hope I may send some useful thoughts along in answer to Mrs. Leroy Swank, who requested information in regard to raising geese.

We live on a farm of two hundred acres; raise horses, mules, hogs, cattle and geese. In fact most all kinds of stock and fowls raised on the modern farm.

There are seven standard varieties of geese. We raise common mixed varieties which when mature and fat range in weight from twelve to fifteen pounds. While the goose cannot be profitably raised in as large numbers as other fowls, still a few on every farm with suitable range are all right.

When put on the market they bring a fair return, equally as well as other fowls compared with the care and cost of food necessary for their maturity. Their flesh is good for table use and their eggs can be used for the same purpose as hens' eggs. The feathers make comfortable beds and pillows and when sold bring from sixty-five to seventy-five cents per pound. There are places on the average farm that are worthless for cultivation that can be utilized with excellent results for geese raising. They thrive best where they can have free access to a field with running water. A goose on range will gather the largest portion of its food, consisting of grasses, insects and other animal and vegetable matter to be found in the fields and streams.

When on this kind of range they are ready for picking every six weeks or when the feathers are ripe which can be ascertained by pulling out some of the feathers. If they pull easy and there is no blood in the quills they are ripe and ready to pick. They feather quicker and are much cleaner when staying where there's plenty of clear water. It isn't advisable to pluck the feathers off the geese during the laying season. Those who contemplate raising geese should procure their stock early enough so they will be accustomed to the place before the laying season, which usually begins the last of February. The stock should be two years old. They make their own nest and are very prolific, one goose laying from twelve to eighteen eggs before becoming broody. And if not allowed to sit will lay again until she has laid three or four layings. The eggs are very fertile and usually hatch well. Two geese and one gander is quite sufficient to start on a small scale. It takes about thirty days for incubation. Oftentimes the goslings, apparently too weak to exist, will not come out of their shells for three or four days after the egg has hatched. A drop of sweet milk given at such a time will save the gosling. The hatching process. I do not think the old birds make good mothers, especially for setting, as they are likely to mash the young ones at hatching time. Set the eggs under chicken hens; set two at once and give both hatches to one hen. A large hen during mild weather can easily cover seven eggs. After the eggs have hatched leave the hen and goslings in the nest for twenty-four hours. After this time remove mother and brood, put them in a roomy coop or pen where there's tender grass.

Give plenty of sweet milk and water to drink and feed such food as is given to young chickens until about two weeks old. After this time if given milk and range containing grass in addition to a little artificial food, they will make their own living. After a few days old they can be taken from the hen, but should be cooped up at night in a warm place according to age and the weather. They should always be kept out of hard rains until four or five months old as they're easily drowned prior to this time. They are likely to become lousy if allowed among other fowls, but as a rule are free from such especially such contagious disease as rank among other fowls. However, I've known the young ones throughout the country to die with a disease called "crabs". They throw their heads back and act as though they had a fit which may not prove fatal at the time, but almost always terminates in death later. I've had this experience two seasons and hope someone will give me some information on this disease.

With best wishes to all, I will close, lovingly,
Miss LEBBIE SCOTT, Everton, R. R. 5, Dade Co., Mo.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I just have to talk to someone even if it is on paper. We have been in Salt Lake City all winter and I know just how here that my tongue gets stiff for lack of exercise.

I am a Kansas "jawbreaker" and I swell with pride when I tell it. Dear old Kansas with her cyclone cellars and mammoth crops of grain suits me. I was born, reared and married in Atchison, Kansas, fifty miles north of Kansas City. I like it here better than any other place we have been. This is a beautiful and also noted city. The famous Mormon temple being here. One of the present Joseph Smith's wives (he has five) lives on one side of us and a son on the other. His children are beautiful and also lovely people. I think the Mormon people have been blamed for lots they never have done and in my dealings with them, I find them as honest and obliging as a Gentle.

The Wasatch mountains are a beautiful sight and I wish everyone could see them. I believe we miss a great deal by going abroad for beauty instead of seeing America first. The Royal Gorge and a trip up the Columbia river with stop over here is worth considering. Salt Lake City is one of the largest and finest cities in the United States. It will have two towers five hundred feet high. We have the tallest buildings here, this side of St. Louis. One of the finest five and ten cent theaters, containing a twenty thousand dollar pipe organ. The State University is here; also Ft. Douglas, a lovely piece of government land east of the city. Great Salt Lake is one of the city and one of the picnic spots in the lake. One of the largest dance halls in the West is on this lake. The park is all framework, not grass and trees. It is a sight to see them plowing salt in the salt beds the same as a farmer plows his field.

I am told that things are raised in this state by irrigation, but can say they raised good vegetables. Our water supply is melted snow from the mountains and runs down a canyon. It is very cold and just fine for laundry. We have salt storms here. The wind seems to gather salt from the lake and then it rains salt. I have been caught in several of these storms and it takes a good cleaning to get the spots off of the clothing. A building called Salt Palace was burned years ago. The park still holds the name but I do not believe the building replaced was built of salt. We have two beautiful depots here. Denver and Rio Grande, and Oregon Short Line and San Pedro.

The streets here are very wide and shade trees on each side, all cement walks and streets are paved with asphalt.

A new high school and county building will be started in a few days.

I have a boy eight years old today, and a girl eleven months old the 19th. She is "boss" of the house and pride of all.

Our boy received a ball suit for his birthday and he is the "big cheese" in his crowd now. He is very proud of sister Ruth and of her new dress. He gets as much as he. Not a bit of jealousy on his part.

Did you ever make bean fritters out of left over navy beans? I think they are nice. Mix cold beans with egg and flour and fry in lard the same as with corn fritters.

I get much good advice from COMFORT sisters. I am a Presbyterian but seldom get to church. I feel so sorry for the poor shut-in members. I must take patience to be enduring when so afflicted. I am very nervous and patience is what I need.

We have to study each child and its faults, and the smallest things in life are the ones that worry us most.

Use a cloth dipped in peroxide of hydrogen to take yellow scorch off of an article when ironing.

A pinch of baking soda put between toes on a soft corn will usually cure.

When granite ware gets discolored, put the piece on the stove and let it burn for a while and it will burn the dirt off and leave the vessel good as new.

If one can put it in a furnace or heat on nice red coals it will do much better.

Mrs. FRANK BORSFORD, 161 N. 2nd West, Salt Lake City, Utah.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Many times I have thought I would like to write a few lines to you and am pleased to know that so many people read our dear old COMFORT for it is such a blessing and help to anyone.

So many sisters have written inquiring about the South that I will tell you something of Lawrence Co., Tenn. It is all they claim to be. There can be three crops of most everything in the gettable time. One man on a small place, but dear sisters, and some of the brothers, take my advice and don't buy of the real estate agents who offer to haul and board you free while looking over the country, for you pay from twenty-five dollars or over for your rig and board for three or four days. So you are out everything, and gained nothing, after you have bought.

My uncle bought a place and wanted to visit him. It is a healthy climate for anyone to live in, but hold on to your pocketbook, for they make all kinds of promises if you are not satisfied with your bargain, one is to take it back within a year, but they will not do this. So good people when you buy have this promise made in writing and you keep the writing.

Miss GRACE MCCANN, Youngstown, Ohio.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I don't remember when COMFORT first came to our home. One of the family has been a subscriber for years and I don't see how we could keep house without it. It makes no difference what happens, I can find something in COMFORT that helps me out. I read the sisters' letters and often wonder about them and wish I could meet with them all.

I am on a little island away down in the Gulf of Mexico. We have about two acres and entirely surrounded by water. My husband has the mail contract from Ocala to Homosassa, leaving every morning at 6:30 and arriving 10:40. I don't think there is any prettier scenery in the state than we have here. We have oranges, grape fruit, peaches, figs, pomegranates, lemons and limes. The fishing is fine and oysters almost at our door.

Anyone suffering from neuralgia will find relief by taking quinine. Of course you keep house without your feelings in the quantity you take. Some people can take more than others. One grain after each meal is a fair dose to start with.

With best wishes and happiness to you all,
Mrs. C. J. BROWN, Ozeo, Fla.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As I am just a young mother I have come to you for help. My baby is just three months old, his bowels will only act when given a laxative. Please tell me what to do; some of you who have had experience.

Mrs. MAE HALBROOK, Chandler, R. R. 3, Okla.

Mrs. Halbrook. Laxatives are injurious to infants and must only be used as a last resort. First try the simplest, and usually very effective remedy of cocoa butter. Get a cake from your drugist. Cut off a piece about an inch long and draw a knife cut to the shape and size of a sharpened lead pencil. Insert the pointed end very slowly, as fast as the heat of body softens it. Keep child on its back. In a short time it is liable to cause evacuation of bowels. Give this a thorough test before you try anything else. It may take more than one trial. Use at a regular hour each morning. This falling, inject half a cup of blood-warm water with a little Castile soap has been added. The cocoa butter is preferable, as it heals and lubricates.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I want to thank all the dear sisters for their kind letters and cards and the kindness shown Miss Weber, who is a very happy girl with her chair and all the pretty little remembrances she received from the sisters. She was with me for a few days on a visit but her papa came and took her home again yesterday.

day, thinking she would be too much bother, but oh, she is such a dear little girl, and so thankful. Wishing dear Mrs. Wilkinson, Uncle Charlie, Mr. Gannett, and all of COMFORT's band of workers success, and hoping the good Lord will keep you well, I am,
Mrs. M. ZACHARIAS, Phillips, R. R. 1, Wis.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have just recently subscribed for COMFORT and think it a delightful, interesting paper.

I have received so many excellent suggestions from the Sisters' Corner that I wish to come to you with a serious question that is perplexing me very much just now.

My baby, a boy, is a very large, fine, healthy baby of thirteen months, who is now suffering from a rupture beginning on the upper left-hand side at the navel running upwards about an inch.

Will someone tell me what to do and if this will prevent the little fellow from being a strong, healthy youth or man?

Any suggestions or cures will be highly appreciated for I am very uneasy about my boy.

Will kindly solicit correspondence with you sisters. With best wishes,
Mrs. LILLIAN WILCOX, Blackfork, Box 2, Ark.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you please move a little closer together and let another stranger in? I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years and think it is fine in all parts, especially the stories for I love to read good books.

I will give you a description of myself so as you can find this you can imagine how I look. I am four feet five inches tall, have dark brown hair, black eyes and dark complexion, weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds. I am married and have one dear little boy, four years old, and a good "John".

Now sisters why is it that the boys and girls in the country want to get to the city? To earn money I hear someone say. Partly so, but I think it is more to have a good time as they call it. Now if you would make home more attractive, letting them have their friends come in and spend the evening. Don't shut up the parlor for fear of a little dirt, or for fear they might scratch the furniture. Mind you, the hotels don't keep them out on that account. The lights burn brightly and everything is in readiness to receive your boy and mine. Keep your boys and girls at home, no matter what it costs you. Give them an education if possible and train them in the way they should go.

Now for a few words to the school teacher. Remember when you are molding young lives. They are watching you and some of them have set you for their example. Are you living as you would have them do? If not better make the change now, for some of them are watching you, not only in the schoolroom, but in your everyday life as well.

Now I must tell you about our county going dry. It was dry last year and this makes the second one. Men and women are appointed who carry a paper called a "remonstrance", which is taken from house to house and all who favor a dry county sign it, both men and women who are over twenty-one years old. Then the names are counted and it has been about two thirds of the people who favored it dry. Our county is much better dry than any other in the state. There is no money spent for groceries, clothes and other things than ever before. Our county went dry the following spring after "Billy Sunday" was here. We owe it all to him for stirring us up and getting us all to work.

Mrs. J. B. HOUK, Moravia, R. R. 1, Pa.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a long time so I thought I would write a letter. I have received so much help from COMFORT and do think it is the best paper published; it is next to my Bible with me. We live in such lonely places as my husband works on timberlands and we live wherever his work is. So there is no church or Sunday school where we can go, and not being strong I hardly ever go anywhere. We have but few close neighbors and my husband is gone all day.

I was an orphan and have always had a lonely life. I suffer from stomach and heart trouble. Oh, how I have hungered for a mother's love. You who have mothers, do love and care for them.

I have never seen any letters on religion, for they do me so much good and I try to live as near to Christ as I can. I want the prayers of all of you sisters to help me to bring my little children up as they ought to go.

Now dear sisters I want to ask if some of you will send me good readings, papers or books, to help pass the lonely hours.

Your COMFORT sister,
Mrs. W. R. MATTHEWS, Welch Station, Tenn.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

This is the middle of May and I suppose all housewives are attending to their gardens and chickens now. I have also been busy on my year's work. I have one hundred and twenty-six baby chicks and one hundred and eighty-nine eggs setting. I raise most of my chicks with an incubator and think it is the best way as it saves work and worry.

I will give my way of doing a few things in the poultry line. Although they may not be the best, they work all right for me. When your eggs begin to hatch do not open the doors often. We have all heard of the "seventh day" mortality, with incubator chicks. Let me tell you right here that it all depends on the care taken of them the first few hours of their life. My oldest ones are two weeks old today and I have lost only one.

Fix a warm lined-up box, and if it cannot be kept warm enough other ways, put in warm irons wrapped in rags and watch the little fellows huddle close to them. When they begin to get cool take them out and put warm ones in their place. Never take a chick out of an incubator till they are dry and lively. The over-chilling or over-heating when young starts a fever, then a great thirst, then the stilt, and next death. Never feed till they are two days old, then give fine grits and corn bread. Put a few handfuls of rice in a pan, cover with milk, set in stove oven and bake till it flakes, this is a good preventive of bowel trouble. Do not always be doting your chicken-houses and coops, or you are sure to have ailing chickens. Keep your henhouses and coops clean and "dope" only when it is necessary. I have never seen a henhouse "persistently doped" but what there were ailing fowls.

Here is a poison I use for all kinds of pests and have never seen it fail: One pint of spirits turpentine and two ounces corrosive sublimate, get this at the drug-store and when you get home put a pint of coal oil in it and spray it around and bed flea, mite, bedbug, etc., a long fare-you-well, for they will never visit you again. Keep it out of the children's reach as it is poison.

Well, politics seem to be the order of the day. As for myself I had rather stay at home with my business, or visit some sick neighbor, than to vote. Neither do I care a cent for woman-suffrage. When all the women get to be "suffragettes" the men will be "suffered". I had rather be at home with my chicks and baby than to be in the window-smashing brigade, or any of their admirers' company.

I am a young housekeeper. We have been married three years last December. I will not tell the good and bad traits of my husband, for most all married women know, and the girls are dreadfully anxious to learn.

I certainly sympathize with the poor invalids and I help when I can. I am now helping to get an invalid friend of mine a COMFORT wheel chair. I don't know whether she has sent her application and subscriptions in yet or not, but if any of you sisters are in a charitable mood and will send any subscriptions to Mrs. Vardell's, Greenwood, R. R. 1, Texas, credit they will be appreciated. Mrs. Vardell is as sweet a little woman as I ever met, and has been a great sufferer and suffers some yet from rheumatism. She cannot walk a step and hasn't for years. Sisters let's help this little woman and others too. Remember charity begins at home. Let's first give a subscription ourselves and then ask for others.

I will close, hoping I have not intruded on you all, and also that my friend will get a few subscriptions from the good sisters. I am, respectfully,
Mrs. ELBERT COX, Jayton, Kent Co., Tex.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

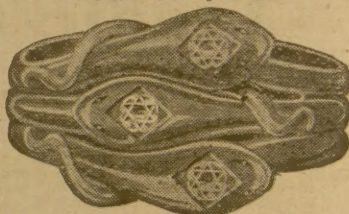
As I have not seen any letters from this part of the country I thought I would write a line or two if Mrs. Wilkinson will permit me space in the columns of our friend COMFORT.

I live in Perry Co., sixty-six miles west of Little Rock, in a beautiful valley. We raise corn, cotton, oats, cow peas, Irish and sweet potatoes, and fruit successfully.

Well sisters, I think Mrs. Maude James's letter which appeared in May is just the subject every mother in our land ought to dwell on and put in practice. I believe that mothers in many cases are responsible for the mistakes their daughters make. Many girls do wrong because they do not know the penalty of such crimes which come in late years. Girls and boys learn the mysteries of nature at least six or eight years

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earlier than they did forty years ago from outdoor circles, but they don't learn the price and penalty that is attached to such crimes, and many times your dear little girl is led off in the forbidden path of sin, knowing but little or nothing of the wages they are to pay to redeem themselves, both spiritually and physically, wherein if they learned from the natural source, mother's lips, they would shrink and shiver from such instead of listening in ignorance.

And mothers when we see our neighbor's daughter do wrong do not tell all our other neighbors about it, but try and tactfully approach the girl or her mother about it. How many girls have been discouraged by such gossip? Go to the girls privately and put your arms around them and in simple and loving words tell them of it and plead with them. In nine out of ten cases you would win.

Hoping to read more letters on this subject, and with best wishes to COMFORT and all the sisters, I am yours for the good cause,
RHODA STITHAM, Casa, Perry Co., Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Some time ago I saw a letter in COMFORT from a lady who suffered with severe neuritis pains in her arms, and as I too have been a great sufferer from the same cause I could readily sympathize with her. I have doctored almost continually for the past year and a half with very little relief. About two weeks ago I saw a very simple remedy for neuritis in a Philadelphia paper, which I have tried, and I can truthfully say it has done me a world of good, and for the sake of other sufferers I hope you will publish this letter. Here is the remedy:

Take one tablespoon of fresh lime juice in two tablespoons of water, eight mornings in succession, then stop for five days. If you are not entirely rid of pain by this time repeat for eight days more. Fresh limes must be used. They resemble a lemon in appearance and can be bought at any good fruit stand.

Since using this, I have been able to sleep every night, something I have not been able to do lately as the pain in my limbs seemed to be getting worse every day.

Before closing my letter I wish to say how much I enjoy reading COMFORT, and I have gotten quite a lot of advice and helpful hints from the Sisters' Corner. With best wishes to all, especially the afflicted, I am, sincerely a COMFORT sister,
Mrs. THOMAS K. COOK, 1436 So. 52nd St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Mrs. Cook. I want to suggest the use of your valuable remedy for those suffering from rheumatism as well as neuritis, as the pain is so similar, that neuritis is often mistaken for rheumatism.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will tell the dear ones all that I have been confined to my room all winter could not walk without help. My trouble was creeping paralysis in my feet and limbs for four years past. I was fighting it the best I could. I will give you my remedy:

Take water as hot as can be borne, put plenty of salt in it. Add hot water as it cools, bathe and rub down to create a circulation. If this is checked in time it surely will save many lives. It takes several years to reach the heart.

I am writing with the thought that it might give pleasure to hear from one that will celebrate her ninety-first birthday the 15th of October next. If you have another reader of good old COMFORT that is older than I am, I would love to hear from her, I have been a regular subscriber for many years. I love to read the sisters' letters.

Dear children, let us love one another and be as one family. Dear Uncle Charlie, if there are no objections, I will give you my remedy.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

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Things the MODERN FARMER must know to MAKE THE FARM PAY

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Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Why Not Feed Corn to Young Pigs?

YOUNG and growing animals must have food that makes bone and muscle. Protein and mineral matter are needed for this purpose; hence food rich in protein and mineral matter should be fed. Now corn is rich in starch and oil. Starch and oil make fat, not bone and muscle. On the other hand corn is low in protein and mineral matter; hence corn cannot make bone and muscle. Corn fed pigs have weak bones. Very often much loss is occasioned by such animals breaking their legs. Corn fed pigs are fat but weak. They have little muscle because they have been fed little muscle building food. Milk, bran, oil meal, shorts, ground oats, ground barley, peas, clover and alfalfa are all rich in protein and mineral matter, hence are good food for pigs and brood sows.

Keeping Pigs on Pasture

Young growing pigs should be provided with good pasture during the summer months. They cannot be expected to fatten on pasture but the green feed will keep them in a thriving condition and afford them an opportunity to get plenty of needed exercise. It is better that the pigs should gather this food for themselves, though probably more wasteful. A good way to prevent waste is to fence off a small portion of the pig lot with a portable fence, and when the pigs have cropped this off reasonably close, move the fence over onto another strip. By the time that the last strip has been fed off the first one will be ready with the second crop. Rape, clover and alfalfa (especially the latter) make excellent pasturage for pigs. Rooting should be prevented by ringing. If the pigs are dropped early in April, either of the above crops will be ready for them as soon as they are weaned at six weeks old. Alfalfa is better than either clover or rape for young pigs because it contains so much protein, a food substance required by all young and growing animals. With plenty of skim-milk slops to which have been added oil meal and shorts or wheat bran and good alfalfa pasture from the time that the pigs are weaned until corn is ready to feed in the fall, the pigs will be kept growing well and if of a good breed, should weigh from 150 to 175 pounds before any corn is fed.

Fatten Your Pigs Quickly

In another article we have called attention to the necessity of keeping pigs healthy and growing until corn is ripe enough to feed. This will usually be in the month of October in most of the corn states. If these animals are to be fed for the early market, then corn feeding should begin as soon as the corn is ripe and the pigs finished in from four to six weeks. Heavy corn feeding should not begin until within about thirty days from the time that the pigs are to be sold, but the animals should be kept healthy and growing until fattening begins. If the farmer is intending to supply pork for the winter market he should arrange to have his pigs dropped about six or seven months before the time. In other words the feeding period should be short and the pigs to be fed should be young. The reasons for these rules are:

First.—Extensive experiments have shown that 400 pounds of grain will produce about 100 pounds of pork with pigs six months old. With hogs one year old it often takes 600 or 700 pounds of grain to produce 100 pounds of pork. Second.—The longer the feeding period the more grain it takes to produce a pound of pork. Hogs fed over twelve weeks seldom gain enough to pay the cost of the feed they are fed, since it takes from 800 to 1000 pounds of corn to produce 100 pounds of pork after the animals have been fed over six or eight weeks. The first 150 pounds of weight in a pig can be secured at much less cost in feed than any later increase in weight hence:

Keep your pigs growing on milk slops and green pasture until six months of age and finish them on corn in four weeks if you want to make cheap pork.

Does It Pay to Fatten Pigs on Corn Alone?

Some farmers follow the practice of finishing their pork for market on corn alone, with plenty of clear, fresh water to drink, believing that it pays best to practice this method. Experiments, however, clearly demonstrate that this is not the case. Hogs need variety. They thrive best on mixed foods; a strictly corn diet often deranges their digestive apparatus and they get "off feed" and may stay "off" for several days. During this time they make no gain whatever and often actually lose in weight. Hence, what they do eat is entirely lost. Their appetite should be kept good. They should relish their food. The food should stimulate the digestive organs and be of such character that it is readily digested. Hence do not take away the milk slops but simply feed corn in addition to the wet feed. On farms where milk slops are not to be had, boiled pumpkins mixed with bran and a small amount of oil meal—or boiled potatoes and the same mixture—make very satisfactory substitutes. The point is, do not cut out the sloppy food. Better give the hog what water he needs in the form of some slop food than to give him corn and clear water only.

Selecting the Brood Sow

Brood sows should be selected from large litters. Single pigs or one of a litter of two or three should not be kept for breeding purposes. It is an old adage that "like produces like" and this principle of heredity obtains in brood sows. Hence a pig from a large litter will tend to produce large litters.

Choose the best individual for the same reason. When the rest of the pigs are put up for fattening those selected for breeding purposes should be put by themselves. They should not be fattened but kept growing on a high protein ration. It is important that the brood sow should be kept in a thriving condition all the time. In order that she may produce strong healthy pigs she herself must be strong. After breeding it is important that the mother be kept healthy and well nourished in order that the developing pigs may be healthy and well nourished. After farrowing it is highly important that the brood sow be well fed on a mixed milk and pro-

tein diet in order that this food may be passed on to the suckling pigs. In other words,—feed the brood sow well always, but do not feed either her or her young on a diet any large part of which is corn.

How Farmers Should Be Paid for Cream

There are two standard methods for selling cream,—by measure and by the fat test. Small quantities of cream are usually sold by measure, larger quantities by the test. Obviously the latter is the only fair method, though in those states having laws establishing standards for milk and cream it can be satisfactorily bought and sold by measure. Where no such laws obtain there is a constant temptation for dishonest dealers to adulterate a low grade product in such a way as to give it the appearance of rich, thick cream. This is unfair alike to the consumer and to the honest farmer who must meet this kind of competition. In order to correct this abuse many cities and states have fixed standards for cream varying from twelve to twenty-five per cent. of butter fat. Cream offered for sale which contains less than the fixed standard is "illegal" and the dealer is liable to prosecution. This is a measure of protection to the consumer but does not necessarily insure the honest farmer a "square deal."

The only perfectly fair, just and equitable way to sell cream is by the Babcock test. Cream is valuable for the fat it contains and the test when properly made, will determine this accurately. It doesn't matter whether the cream is high or low grade, the farmer is paid for the fat and the fat alone. A 15 per cent. cream means cream that contains 15 pounds of butter fat per hundred weight, and a 30 per cent. cream means cream containing 30 pounds of fat per hundred weight. It is clear that 50 pounds of 30 per cent. cream is just as valuable as 100 pounds of 15 per cent. cream, since both amounts contain exactly the same quantity of butter fat. If these two grades of cream should be sold by weight or measure in the same market somebody would get more or less than belonged to him. It is clear then that cream cannot be sold by weight or measure alone and all receive fair treatment, because it is practically impossible for farmers to deliver cream all of the same richness. Hence the necessity of selling by the Babcock test.

By this method the cream is weighed, and a fair sample of each can delivered is taken and tested for butter fat by the Babcock test. The weight of the cream is multiplied by the test and this gives exactly the number of pounds of fat in the cream. The farmer gets paid for the fat by the pound, which price should be very nearly the same as the wholesale price per pound of butter. To make the method perfectly clear, we give a single illustration.

Suppose a farmer delivers 85 pounds of cream which test 24 per cent. With butter fat at 36c per pound what should he receive? 24 per cent. of 85 pounds is 20.4 pounds, which is equal to 20.4 pounds of pounds of butter fat in the milk. 20.4 pounds of fat at 36c per pound is worth \$7.34, the amount which the farmer should receive for 85 pounds of 24 per cent. cream when butter fat is worth 36c per pound. All other cream problems should be worked in the same way.

What to Do When the Pasture Gets Short

The season of short pasture will soon be upon us. Is it possible to provide for such an emergency? Every farmer should realize that in four seasons out of five stock suffer from a shortage of pasture and lay his plans accordingly.

First.—If he has a silo the first cutting of clover can be placed in the silo and fed during this season. This solves two troublesome problems,—the proper curing of clover hay and the "short pasture" one. Clover can be siloed perfectly green and winning wet. In fact this is the best way to make clover silage. It should be run through the feed cutter and thoroughly packed down. If the silo should not be empty, when corn harvest time comes, corn silage can be run in on top of whatever clover silage remains.

Second.—In the absence of a silo, a soiling crop, like corn, sorghum, oats or millet should be planted to be cut green and fed to stock when feed gets scarce. It will be found more economical to feed this in the barn where the stock can be kept away from flies and the losses due to trampling be avoided.

Third.—A specially prepared pasture may be provided. For this purpose one farmer writing in one of our leading agricultural papers gives the following mixture which has given him good satisfaction throughout the summer: oats, fifty pounds; early amber sugar-cane, thirty pounds and common red clover, seven pounds. This amount of seed, mixed, is sufficient for an acre and gives continuous pasture throughout the season, the oats being first to produce. In this way the farmer may time his seedling so as to have oats first, followed by the vigorous growing sugar-cane in the dry, hot months, with the red clover coming on later in the season.

It is useless to allow stock to suffer during the summer months for lack of feed due to short pastures when these means of supplying it may be so easily provided.

Catch Crops Valuable

The man who wants to be ahead of the game when the hot days of July and August come to dry his mature grasses is the one who remembers to put in some sort of catch crop that will supply green feed at that time. In a majority of districts corn is the best, cheapest and biggest yielding crop for green fodder. Other things, like rye, peas and oats, vetches, rape and so on, do fairly well; but good old corn is to be depended upon and nearly always supplies a full bite when most needed. If one begins early in spring he may seed a satch to a mixture of oats, one to two bushels, sorghum, 20 pounds, and 10 pounds of mammoth or red clover. The oats are ready first, then comes the sorghum in hot weather and the clover in the fall. Corn used for cutting should be seeded so that it may be used when tasselled out for cattle and with ears in the roasting stage for hogs. If it is to be cut daily for mares the corn should be sown in

a field next to the pasture and it is well to make the seeding in drills, at intervals of one week apart so as to have the corn fresh and green. If it is all seeded at one time it soon gets beyond the right condition as a fodder crop. Cow peas may be sown as late as July 20 and if the land is suitable should yield some one to three tons per acre. New Era is one of the earliest varieties as it matures in 60 to 80 days after sowing. Other early varieties are Early Blackeye and Michigan Favorite. According to a government bulletin a cowpea crop can be grown in Missouri, Kansas and the southern portion of Illinois and Indiana after an early grain crop has been removed. New Era is one of the best varieties for this purpose. The most satisfactory results are likely to come from seeding on well-prepared land in rows 27 to 30 inches apart, at the rate of about half a bushel per acre, keeping the rows cultivated. If sown broadcast one bushel of seed will have to be used and harrowed in. Another bulletin states that cowpeas sown in standing corn at the last cultivation will furnish a large amount of pasturage, and this method of handling the crop is recommended.

Soy bean also is valuable for green feed for cows, brood sows and young stock. This plant produces more seed than cowpeas and is equally rich in nourishment. It is advised that it should be seeded in rows 24 to 32 inches apart, using one half to three fourths of a bushel of seed to the acre of well prepared land. Cultivate the crop as one would turnips or cabbage. One of the earliest varieties is Ogemaw, which matures in 70 to 90 days. Extra Early Dwarf and Early Yellow are almost as early. It is a medium early variety and a good seed yielder. Hollybrook comes later and is a heavy yielder of forage. Those who wish to read up on this subject and to get pointers as to rape, barley and peas, buckwheat, millet and rye for green forage should obtain copies of U. S. Department of Agriculture Farmers' Bulletins Nos. 101, 318, 224, 164 and 372.

The Plant and the Rainfall

Few farmers realize the enormous amount of water required to bring a crop from seed to maturity. Crops more often fail because of a lack of moisture than for any other cause. For the production of an ordinary crop of oats, barley, corn, potatoes, clover or any root crop it requires from five hundred to one thousand tons of water per acre. This is equivalent to a layer of water from six inches to a foot thick covering the entire field. It is very important that the rainfall should be carefully stored in the soil and forced, by proper cultivation, to come up through the plant, as it should, instead of being lost to the air again by evaporation direct from the surface or permitted to flow away in surface drainage. In certain parts of the United States the annual rainfall is less than twelve inches, in which regions it is necessary to resort to irrigation or to practice dry farming methods. In the more humid regions the annual rainfall varies from two to four or more feet. In these regions from one fourth to one third of the entire annual rainfall must pass up through the plant in order to produce a maximum yield of nearly all of the ordinary farm crops. The importance of storing the rainfall in the soil instead of allowing it to run off in surface drainage is readily seen from the above.

In a level country this problem usually solves itself, but in hilly or rolling regions methods of cultivation should be adopted that will, as far as possible, prevent the running off of this surface water and enable it to soak readily and rapidly into the soil. The practice of terracing the hillsides, adopted by the Chinese and Japanese many years ago, might well come into vogue in this country. In plowing, the furrows should run around the slope at the same level—never up and down—and strips of sod such as are frequent, left in the depressions to prevent washing. Around the hill, to catch and hold the water around the hill, to catch and hold the water so that it may soak into the earth instead of leading it rapidly down the hillside.

Seeding Clover with Oats

It is the common practice of many farmers to seed clover with oats as a nurse crop. This is usually a good plan but it frequently happens, in dry seasons, that as soon as the oats are cut the clover kills out and the "catch" is lost. How can this be prevented?

The cause.—In order to answer this question we must first understand the reason for the clover dying out as soon as the oats are removed. As explained in another article, a crop like oats requires about 600 tons of water per acre to bring it to maturity. Much of this water is used by the plant in the last stages of growth and in the production and ripening of seed. If it should happen that there is scant rainfall just before and during oat harvest time, then the oat crop will exhaust the supply of water in the soil and the clover will dry up and kill out in consequence.

The remedy.—The remedy is simple and usually effective. About the time that the oats begin to head out they should be cut for hay. This will leave a sufficient amount of water in the soil to keep the clover growing, and if there should be seasonable rains the clover crop will seldom be lost if these methods are followed. Every farmer has noticed that the clover seldom kills out on the corner of the oat field that he was forced to cut for his horses because of a shortage of hay, and the reason is now apparent.

Questions and Answers

STRAWBERRY AND MULBERRY SEED.—Please tell me how to plant strawberry seed and mulberry seed to make them grow. Must they be put through some process? I can't make them grow.

Mrs. J. M. R., Lincoln, Nebr.

A.—We might suggest that it scarcely is worth while trying to raise strawberry plants from seeds, when plants can be bought cheaply or runners used. It should be quite possible, however, to sprout both the strawberry and mulberry seed. We suspect that the seed used has been lacking in vitality. Test some of each sort by sprouting in wet flannel, as is done with grain seed; then if it is found vital it should grow all right, if covered very lightly with rich earth, kept fairly moist, but not too wet and not allowed to dry out. Both seeds sprout at ordinary room temperature.

EARLY POTATOES.—How are extra early potatoes raised for the market? Is there any difference in the seed used?

D. R., N. Y.

A.—Very rich, light, sandy loam that is warm in character and well-drained is needed for the business of early potato production. Sun and land lying to the south in a sheltered location is best. The soil has to be worked to the consistency of meal and deeply. Artificial fertilizers should be used in addition to farmyard manure. To get an extra early start the whole small potatoes are used as seed and are sprouted in wire baskets, built up tier upon tier, in an airy shed. The sprouts have to get enough sun and air to green and toughen them, else they will break off easily in handling. Great care has to be taken in transferring the sprouted potatoes to the field and in planting each potato by hand. The land is split into open drills, 30 to 36 inches apart, by means of a Scotch double mold board plow, and the seed is sown in the bottom of each drill, then the potatoes are set in, ten inches apart and earth pulled about and over them by hand. The drill is then split by the double mold board plow so as to throw the soil upon the potatoes. This is gardening work, but it is done on a large scale where women can be employed to do the planting.

TRICHINAE IN PORK.—If pork is known to contain trichinae can it safely be eaten when well cooked? How much of the market pork is found affected with trichinae?

N. H., Ohio.

A.—A temperature of about 160 degrees Fahrenheit kills the trichinae. Therefore, pork which contains trichinae may be eaten without any danger of infection. Fresh pork should be cooked until it becomes white, and is no longer red in color, at all points. If the meat is so cooked it is safe to eat. The trichinae, however, if the pork has been dry salted, pickled or smoked, as this may be necessary to destroy trichinae. From one to three per cent. of hogs are found in-

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fect. A bulletin on the subject can be obtained free from the Bureau of Animal Industry, Washington, D. C.

ALGAE IN WATER TANKS.—What will kill the green stuff in stack water tanks? We clean out the tanks now and then, but the green growth returns quickly. Is it injurious? H. T. W., Nebr.

A.—A solution of bluestone (sulphate of copper) will do the work. Use an ounce to the gallon for scrubbing the inside of the tank, after the water has been drawn off. The algae growths are not usually injurious; indeed it is thought that in many instances they tend to purify water. Of general principle, however, it always is best to have water changed often enough in a tank to keep it free from green scum. If this is done the green growths upon the sides of the tank do little if any harm.

CHINCH BUGS.—What is the best way to control chinch bugs? P. S., Ill.

A.—Chinch bugs live over the winter under rubbish along fence rows, on the grass and grain stubble, under dead leaves, and everywhere near the ground where they can find proper protection and concealment. If then we rake up this rubbish in early spring as soon as the snow has disappeared and burn it we will burn up the majority of the bugs that have lived over the winter. This is the most effective way of controlling these pests.

Q.—Is there any danger from handling the Paris Green-Lime mixture while applying it? Does the dust stick to the vines as well as if sprayed on? A.—There is practically no danger from dusting the Paris Green-Lime mixture on, provided due care is exercised. Reasonable care is necessary also in applying Paris Green in the form of a spray. It must not be swallowed and should not come in contact with open sores. It is not advised to use the dust method on large fields. In this case it is better to spray in order to avoid inhaling the poison which might be the case if one worked with the dust for a considerable length of time; besides spraying machinery may be used to greater advantage. The dust should be applied to small patches while the dew is on or after a shower as it then sticks to the vines better. Arsenical poisons should always be handled with great care.

Q.—For the winter fattening of sheep would you advise feeding corn alone or would you add other grains? M. E., Vt.

A.—While clean shelled corn is admirable for fattening purposes it has been found that sheep do better, after a time, if whole oats and bran are fed with the corn. A good mixture is two parts shelled corn and one part whole oats and bran. Dried beet pulp has also given good satisfaction. In some parts of the country where barley is more plentiful than corn it has been used to advantage for the feeding of sheep. Mixed clover hay and alfalfa hay are best for sheep. We do not care to give them Timothy or marsh hay. Bright oat straw would be better than either of these.

CORN AND COW PEAS.—Can these be grown together for use in the silo or for cutting as feed? N. J., Mo.

A.—They can. A corn planter with two hoppers is used for the seeding. One for the corn; the other for the peas. By this means the seeding can be regulated. The corn should be dropped one kernel every twelve to fourteen inches and the peas every three or four inches. Plant the mixture when the soil is well warmed. In many cases the middle of May will not be too soon. The resultant crop may be cut and put in the silo, or it may be run through the cutter or shredder. The shelled peas and corn ground together make splendid feed. If the corn is cut and shocked it should be put into large shocks. Wm. Bruns of La Fayette county, Missouri, advises making shocks sixteen hills square. Then the peas and corn will come to perfection. He says the corn seems to grow as well or better along with peas. He has also grown cow peas and sorghum together most successfully.

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The Convicting Evidence

By Wallace Arthur

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RUTH WESTON picked up the curiously carved ring with a low cry of wonder and alarm. A quick throb went through her heart, and she sat down to struggle against the rush of faintness that swept over her. In her hand she was holding the ring which was a part of the booty, so the papers had said, that had been taken from the home of the wealthy manufacturer, Blanton.

Only a few moments ago Ross Wilkes had been sitting in that chair near where she had found it, his hands carelessly shoved deep in his pockets; and he had been chatting with her in his easy, comradely way.

Her first impulse was to rush to him, call him from his room, beg him to tell her how he had come into possession of the ring, more than all, to ask him to deny it, to hear him say that he had not been in any way connected with the robbery.

Swiftly into her mind rushed the half-hidden words of the other boarders in the house when they had seen that she was rapidly coming to think more than friendship would of the tall, good-natured fellow. She recalled sly warnings, statements to the effect that no one in the boarding-house knew what his business was, where he came from, that he was often out late nights, returning in the dawn and looking weary and worn.

Everything rushed into her mind, now, bringing to perfect clearness her realization that she loved him too much to endure the thought that he might even be charged with guilt. She had kept her love for him hidden from his eyes—just why she hardly knew—perhaps, it was a fear of this, doubt of him; but surely and slowly such doubt had been worn away. Now—this!

She stared at the curious ring. This was an heirloom, so the papers had said, and Mr. Blanton had been deeply angered at its loss; the gold and the stones set in it made it precious, but the associations made it more so.

She was at loss just what to do, and her thinking was not all clear under the stress of what she knew. This had slipped from his pocket as he had sat comfortably and at ease in the big chair.

Slowly a determination formed in her mind; she would go to Blanton with the ring; he was wealthy—perhaps, he would be satisfied; perhaps, he would call the detectives off. She shuddered as she thought of strange men trailing Wilkes to his door.

Only for a minute did she fight the battle of the right and wrong in the situation, whether or not to report the finding of the ring to the police, and to accuse Wilkes. She loved him too much to do either; she would return the ring, explain as little as possible, then she would tell Ross that she knew what he had done, that if he loved her he must make full redress, and begin another life.

In the haste of her thought it seemed so easy to do what she planned. She had no doubt but that it would all work out as she wished. She had not been long in the city; to her the world was full of charity and good will, of earnest effort to help those who fall.

She drew on her street wraps hastily. A car brought her near the residence district where Blanton's house was. She found it after a short walk and a few questions answered by a wondering policeman.

A maid let her into a little side room while she went with her request that Mr. Blanton might be seen by one who had very important news for him.

Evidently the wording of the message interested him, for the girl returned and suggested that they go up to Mr. Blanton's library.

Ruth found herself facing a fat, grim-eyed man whose scowl softened a little as he saw her face. "Evidently, you're not one of these everlasting reporters," he said, "but I'll bet you're here with some yarn about the robbery." His face hardened. "I'd like to get hold of the gang that did it. Well, what have you to say?" he snapped.

"I came to bring this ring which the newspapers reported was the most valuable of all that was taken," she held it out to him.

He rose from his chair quickly, and seized the ring. He turned the ring over, and she saw the color slowly gathering in his face. He was overjoyed, she thought, to regain the heirloom. But she saw that she was wrong the next moment.

He raised a face dark with anger, and hurled the ring onto the floor. "That was part of the stuff but that was all rot what the papers published—that ring isn't worth a hundred dollars and I don't care a cent for it; but I do want to know—where you got it?" he said, quickly, his small eyes gleaming, stepping toward her.

She quailed from him. "Where'd you get that ring?" he demanded again.

"I—I—" But how could she speak—to tell would be to give the name of the man she loved; that she would not do. She shook her head.

"Oh, you won't? I see," he said, sarcastically. "There's something behind this. What did you come here for?"

She explained tearfully. He stared, then laughed. "Either you are very green in the ways of the world, or else you are very clever; and I think—it's the latter. Do you know where this came from?"

For a moment she hesitated, then she nodded. He stared again. "You know who had this before you?"

She nodded again, and he gasped, then turned to the telephone on the table.

"What are you going to do?" she asked in a frightened, half whisper.

"I'm going to telephone for an officer, and have you placed under arrest!" was the sharp answer. Her frame seemed to lose its strength, and she crumpled with a moan into the chair. Once she started to go out but he detained her and forced her back into the chair in spite of her pleading.

There were steps in the hall and two men entered. Like one who hears voices in dreams she heard the sharp voice of Blanton telling what he had discovered. She started to speak, but a voice that sounded curt and even told her that she could explain at the station. She had begged, then, not to be forced to go, but the sudden thought that she was shielding Ross gave her courage, and she said no more on the swift ride to the station.

There she was brought into a room before a gray-haired man whose keen, cold eyes lost their coldness when he looked at her. He listened to the explanations of the officer and Blanton who in his zeal had come along with them. She heard the remark: "But she's nothing but a slip of a girl. I'll examine her." Then the steady gray eyes had turned upon her, and the questions came.

She answered them with care, vowing in her heart she would not betray the one she loved; and the examiner stopped finally with the simple statement: "It is perfectly evident that you are shielding someone for whom you care a great deal—someone who is a thief!"

"No—no! he may—" She stopped, realizing she had said just what the gray, steady eyes had seen she would say.

"I understand; you are trying to shield him; I hope for your sake he isn't the thief. But we will have to see. Stratford, what luck?" He turned to a man just entering.

"We got him, sir, he'll be here in a moment or two," the man answered.

She trembled. What did they mean?

"You were good enough to give your address

Miss Weston, while talking with Mr. Blanton. A detective found out who it was that you cared for at your boarding-place, and—here he is!" the examiner added.

Wilkes' face went white as he saw her. He started across the room with a cry—"My dear little girl, what—" A strong arm caught him, and a voice said: "Wait!" Wilkes drew back, though his eyes full of wonder and pain still rested on her face.

"Miss Weston, you evidently know him. Mr. Wilkes, you evidently know her. She has been brought here; in her possession was an article stolen from the home of Mr. Blanton; she went there to win him from further prosecution of someone in whom she is greatly interested. That someone may be you—and may not? What do you think? Is or is not?"

Wilkes' face was still tense and bloodless. "I sincerely hope that I am that one in whom she is greatly interested. But as for her robbing—why, it's all bosh! She—"

"We hardly think she did it. But—" Suddenly, the officer held out the ring in front of the young fellow. But Wilkes did not jump like a guilty man. He stared at the ring.

"Where'd that come from?" he ejaculated. "Then, it's yours evidently," the officer said, and a murmur went around the room. "Remember that whatever you say here will be used against you. How did this come into your possession?"

Wilkes' face lost its whiteness, and he laughed. "This is serious, but I am still in the dark." "We'll help you to see light, then. This ring is part of the stuff stolen from Blanton's home. Have you heard of the robbery?"

"Only heard it mentioned at the table, sir, but that ring—or one just like it—I bought from a chap that hailed me on the street and offered to sell it for a dollar. It was carved funny, and I bought it. He was half drunk—odd looking sort of a chap with a white scar under his eye. I didn't suppose it was worth much, but he hung onto me when he saw I was interested, and finally I took it. I hadn't missed it, but come to think, I had it in my pocket when I was up in Ruth—Miss Weston's room; it must have fallen out—" He looked across at her, a light in his eyes.

She half rose from her chair. She believed him! And that was all that was necessary. But the others did not think so.

"I have heard that yarn with variations for years my boy; think up something new—" Wilkes started forward, his voice quivering. "You don't believe it, then?"

"The only part that isn't quite plain is the going of this girl to the house of Mr. Blanton. Perhaps, she did it because she really believed what she said. If she did, she is an unusual girl—"

A man hurrying in spoke in the Captain's ear. The latter looked surprised and nodded. The next moment, an officer brought in the man with the scar under his eye. He looked disheveled as if just recovering from a rough struggle. His eye gleamed a little as he saw Wilkes, and he smiled.

"Yes," he said, in an answer to the Captain. "You've got me dead to rights. You'll give me twenty years for stickin' a knife in that blasted cop, an' I might as well tell the hull yarn, an' take what's comin'." I made a visit to Mr. Blanton's, an' I got the stuff, an' I'll tell yeh where the rest of 'em was. Ef I don't some-un 'll pinch it." He told and an officer hurried out. "Yep, I knew yeh's was watching the three hals, an' I couldn't git rid of 'em the stuff. I saw this young guy, an' had to have some change—

I sold it to him for one dollar." He laughed. "The Captain turned to Wilkes. "If the stolen goods are found as he says, you are released with my sincere regrets for this suspicion."

A half hour later as they went out into the night, Wilkes drew her tightly into his arms under the friendly cover of the great door-arch. "Dear, how could you believe that of me?"

"I didn't want to—but—they said nobody knew what you were doing—and nights—" "Nights I got in late. Well, sweetheart, I've been working daytimes in a shipping department, nights I have been sleeping and keeping watch much of the time in a laboratory where valuable chemicals are stored. I've been trying to get hold of all the cash I could in order—in order to ask you if you wouldn't like to start a home with me out in one of the suburbs?"

Hardly had she answered, when a sharp voice spoke out of the dusk below, and they saw an automobile waiting. They went down wondering. Blanton was standing near it. "I can't expect you to forgive me for my part in this, but I'm sorry. The chauffeur will take you home, and if I can ever do you a good turn, let me know. I was young once and in love once—years ago. Good night."

As the great car slid through the night-dusky streets, she turned to him. "Do you suppose he meant all that?"

"I'll give him a chance to prove that he did, Wilkes said, happily.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

is our county seat and the largest city too. It is called the "City of Roses" as the roses are always in bloom, winter and summer. Sebastopol is a thriving little town and is called the Gravelstein town, because it first introduced the Gravelstein apple.

In Bodega, the first beard was raised by Captain Stephen Smith. It was thought that the first beard was raised in Sonoma, but now it is known to be different. The flag and pole are still to be seen in Bodega. It was named Bodega by the Russians who landed in Bodega Bay, where I now live.

The weather is very windy, but it never snows nor do we have frost here. The weather is always temperate and I must say that it is very hilly here too, as part of the Coast Range is here.

My mother was an invalid, but now is strong and well, while my father is just like one of my brothers, he is so humorous and good.

I have no pets of any kind, but I like to read very much. Quite recently I won a watch for a prize for writing a story.

I have been to school only five years now. Sometimes I was absent two months at a time, as I was sick. On the whole I do not believe I have been to school, but four years.

I am the secretary of our club, the Junior Gardeners. My brother Ernest is president. We have lots of fun planting our gardens. I tell you, Uncle Charlie, in 1915 California will be the land of flowers if the children in this state keep it up! Oh, how I wish it would be!

I expect to enter high school two years from now, but I do not see any use of it, as I will try and earn a living by being an artist. I know I cannot be like Van Dyke, Titian or any of those great artists, but I mean to be like Harrison Fisher and Charles Dana Gibson if I can. I think if I have perseverance I will be great some day. If I do not try to be an artist I will try being a writer and mind you, I will write about our race, the Indians, of their faults and their good traits. The Indians nowadays are not worth mentioning. Ugh! They make me sick with their drunkenness and inability to catch up with the white people. Everyone of them ought to be sent to the jail! But I must not be hard on my people.

From your Indian niece, AILEEN T. SMITH.

Alleen, for a little girl of thirteen your letter is written wonderfully well; in fact few of our grown school teachers wield a pen as skillfully as you have done. When one remembers that you are a little Indian girl, and that a few brief moons ago your ancestors were hiking after the white man with a scalping iron, it is simply astounding that you should be writing to me with all the literary finish of a Carlyle or a Steven-

son. I told Billy the Goat I was reading a letter from a little Indian girl, and he gave a yip and beat it for the tall grass. He is afraid of Indians. He is mortally afraid one of your tribe might scalp his appetite. I am glad that you have temperate weather. The weather in this region is very temperate. It's more often on a jag than not. We can't get any prohibition weather in this section. It's wet most of the time, and is so temperate that it often tears up things by the roots. If some reincarnation of the late Carrie Nation would only get after the imtemperate weather with a club and make it behave we would be exceedingly obliged. It's imtemperate weather that causes the rivers to get full and the sea to have a tide; and it's cold weather that makes people go on a skate, and wet weather has made many men come home with a souce inside and out, and it's gloomy weather that causes a man to come home with a bum. A great deal depends on the weather whether it's temperate or imtemperate. Some day I hope the weather will sign the pledge and behave itself. I am glad your father is humorous and good. Some people think I am humorous, but no one ever indulged in any delusions about my being good. The goat says I am good—good for nothing, which is no pipe dream. I am glad to hear that you are going to be an artist. It seems to me that an Indian ought to make a fine artist. Judging by the lurid "landscapes" the Indians have been daubing on their dusky faces, away down from that remote era when old Father Time was an infant with a feeding bottle, and cutting his first tooth on a mastodon's tail, the Indian has been frescoing his face with a variegated assortment of hilarious colors that would make a rain-bow weak at the knees. I am glad you and the members of your painting on paper and canvas and not on the epidermis. Painting the face is a skin game and not art. Truly the world is advancing. You say you are going to write about the Indians, their faults and their good traits. I'm afraid if you do that my dear, you will have a very lopsided work, for when you start to write about a nation's faults and its good traits, as a rule it takes about three thousand volumes to chronicle the faults, and a couple of scant paragraphs to record their virtues and good qualities. That's one of the reasons I never wrote a very extensive history about myself. If you simply wrote about the Indian race, that would be fine as we would all be interested in knowing who won the race. That's right, my dear, don't be hard on your people. Some day they will all be as progressive as yourselves. It's remarkable they have done as well as they have considering the horrible example that many of the white men have set them in the past, and are still setting them. There is one thing I would like to ask you, Alleen, and I'm sure you will be only too glad to give me the information. Where did you acquire that rare name of Smith, and that sweet Irish and delightfully Hibernian name of Alleen? Billy the Goat says that one of your ancestors away back in the gory past in scalping a man named Smith, amputated his name as well as his anatomy, and liking the sound of it, changed his name from Thunder Cloud or Yellow Dog or Sitting Bear, or Rain in the Ear, and dubbed himself plain John Smith. There is another solution to this mystery. Perhaps all the Smiths are Indians. If so we had all better barricade our doors, for if ever the Smith tribe gets on the war path that will be our finish, for if there is one Smith there must be billions of them. Joking apart, Alleen, however did a real live Indian, a proud descendant of the noble red man, a half sister to Pocahontas and a distant relation to Minnehaha and Billypapa ever entangle herself and maliciously upbraid herself with that rare and unique Anglo-Saxon cognomen of Smith. Why, while you were about it, if you wanted to bury your Indian cognomen with the tomahawk of your fathers in the graveyard or forgotten things, didn't you scorn the classic and aristocratic name of Smith and call yourself Mamie Jones and done with it? Alleen, does not fit with Smith, you should have made it Dooley or Maloney, then you could have been my own little Irish, Indian maid, and everytime I got sassy you could have scared me with a shillalah, and stabbed me with a shamrock. Anyway, Alleen, I wish you and your race prosperity and happiness. You deserve both.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Will you please send me the names of some firm that would be the best for me to send songs to that would pay the best. I would like to make some money I have bin touled that I had some talent for writing songs let me hear from you soon and oblige L. W.

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Yes Free! Write Today!

Plenty of money and a small, swart FREE! We must have a large representative in your town income \$4,000 to \$5,000 proposition to you. Write at once. No experience—no money necessary. We will give you a money-making business FREE! to give a nifty tailored suit FREE! to quick—don't wait a minute.

\$50 to \$60 a Week

That's what you can make taking orders for our tailor-made clothes. Latest BROADWAY styles—finest fabrics. Keep your present position if you wish—or start in business FREE! and make \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year.

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AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS COMPANY

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Inexpensive Houses for Summer Care

OUR colony houses are six feet long, three feet wide, thirty-six inches high in the front, and thirty-four at the back. They are made of light scantling; the ends, back and roof being covered with roofing paper, and the front, to within eight inches of the ground, with unbleached muslin, which insures perfect ventilation and prevents rain beating in upon the birds when they are on the roosts, which are fixed a foot from the bottom and nine inches from the back of the coop. Two holes are made, nine inches apart, in the middle of each end of the coop, and a heavy rope knotted through them, to form handles.

The coops having no flooring, and the whole construction being light, they are easily moved to fresh ground each week, and so kept clean with little trouble, an important item when there is a large quantity being used. Having a large orchard, we placed the coops in rows thirty feet apart, as two sides of the orchard adjoin woodland, through which a never failing spring stream runs, so the birds have a splendid range.

Twenty birds are placed in each coop. The first week a portable yard, five feet long, is placed in front of each coop so that the young chicks cannot wander off and get lost, as they surely would in strange quarters. During that time a self-feeding hopper and a drinking fountain are placed inside the coop. When the yard is removed, the individual vessels are dispensed with, large drinking tubs and feed hoppers being stationed midway between every four coops, to reduce time and labor in caring for the birds.

The large hoppers are nothing more than boxes, five feet long, two feet wide, and six inches deep, over which is placed an A-shaped cover, made of slats, one inch apart, to prevent the birds getting into the box, and scratching the grain onto the ground, where it will be wasted. For water, five gallon kegs are used, with an automatic escape, which keeps a small pan constantly full. Both feed and water are placed under a rude shelter, to protect them from sun and rain. Using such large receptacles, it is only necessary to fill them every other day.

Feed consists of a dry mash, composed of ten pounds of wheat bran, ten pounds of ground oats, one pound of white middlings, one pound of old process oil meal and ten pounds of beef scraps, all well mixed. In addition to that, they receive at night a feed of wheat and cracked corn—two parts of the former to one of the latter. About half a pint is scattered in front of each coop, at about 4 p. m.

Grit is supplied in large quantities. Being near a stone crusher, we buy the screenings by the cart load and dump it in heaps on the outskirts of the orchard, where it does not show, but is quite accessible to the chickens.

On these rations, without any variation, the pullets are kept until September, when they are transferred to their winter quarters—houses twelve feet wide, ten feet high in front, sloping to eight feet at the back. Each house is divided by wire netting into twelve foot compartments in each of which forty birds are kept.

Winter feeding commences as soon as the birds are settled in their houses, and consists of the same mash as when on range, except that ten pounds of corn meal is added, and instead of the ten pounds of commercial beef scraps, sixteen pounds of freshly cracked green bone is used, and in place of being before them all the time, it is fed once a day, just what they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes.

Until three years ago, we used to moisten the mash and feed at eight o'clock in the morning. Now we feed it dry, at 2 p. m.; at night, wheat, cracked and whole corn, scattered over cut straw, which covers the floor of the house. The proportions are three pounds of whole corn, one pound of wheat and two pounds of cracked corn. The birds are always eager for the whole corn, and corn and wheat get shaken down into the litter, so they rarely get any but the whole corn at night, which fills up their crops and keeps them warm until morning, when the fine grain induces them to scratch—vigorous exercise which sets their blood circulating and keeps them busy until 8 a. m., when the drinking fountains are filled up with hot water.

For green food we use Swiss chard, cabbage and rape until the frost destroys the supply, after which resort to clover hay, chopped and steamed. It is fed at about 11 a. m., a large pail to each compartment, and at the same time a pail of wheat and cracked corn is scattered on the floor. Sharp grit is scattered in the time always before them, and in very cold weather the drinking fountains are filled up with hot water at eleven and three o'clock.

If you have no orchard, or other partly shady place for coops, it will be necessary to erect some sort of shelters for the birds to rest under during the heat of the day. Any sort of material or shape will do, so long as protection from the sun is afforded. If free range is quite impossible (as it often is for suburban poultry keepers), the birds must be given as large yards as possible and supplied with lots of scratching material, over which small grain must be scattered two or three times a day. Fresh green bone will be better than the best rape. Vegetable food is most imperative under such circumstances. Sow a large patch of Swiss chard; it is a true cut-and-come-again crop. Oats and rape are also useful crops for poultry keepers who can give their birds free range during the summer.

A word of warning: If you are reduced to cutting grass, or use lawn clippings, be careful to have cut into short lengths of not more than an inch, otherwise the birds may become crop bound.

The cockerels which go into the market pen are fattened and sold as quickly as possible, except the few we keep for stock, and these are given larger yards and fed in the same manner as pullets on range.

For fattening birds, use ground corn and oats in equal parts, add half a part of charcoal and moisten with skim-milk. Give plenty of green food and sharp grit. Feed little and often. All expedition must be used in the matter of marketing, for every day's delay after they reach the required weight is a dead loss.

Constant culling and marketing is one of the secrets of success. Culling must be observed just as rigidly when selecting winter stock. Discard any faulty birds. There are always some in every flock, even if the parent birds have been blue ribbon specimens; crooked tails or feet, ear lobes which are red instead of white, or white instead of red, according to the variety you may be keeping. Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Orpingtons, Brahmas or Cochins should all have bright red ear lobes. Leghorns, Minorcas and Andalusians should be pure white. It is a bright, energetic looking pullet which makes the best layer, and it is not profitable to keep any but the best layers, so put them into small pens and fatten. The young roosters bring good prices in the fall.

and their absence from the farm reduces feed bills and prevents crowding in the house, which is always disastrous. September first, in getting the pullets into their winter quarters, for it is important that they get accustomed to their new surroundings and reconciled to the change from free range to semi-inactivity. It often takes five or six weeks for them to become accustomed to the new conditions, and unless they have time to adjust themselves, they won't start laying until cold weather sets in, which means that the egg crop is likely to be unprofitably delayed.

Correspondence

C. L. S.—Would you please tell me through Comfort what is the matter with my eggs? I set ninety and didn't hatch a chick. The hens were good sitters. I broke some of the eggs, and there was a small, well-developed chick in each one, and you could see the white and the yolk of each egg. I had set some before, of the same kind of hens, and they hatched fairly well. Any advice that you would give me would be thankfully received.

A.—I am quite at a loss to account for none of the eggs hatching, if as you say, they were fertile, and the hens sat well. Sometimes when hens are very fat, they are weak in vitality through illness or badly balanced rations, their eggs may not hatch well, though fertile; the embryo dying between the seventh and fifteenth days, as a rule. But it seems impossible that ninety eggs would all be in the same condition, and as they were set under hens there is no incubation to blame. Was there any heavy hammering or disturbance of any kind going on around the house where the hens were set? There surely must have been some outside cause, as none of the eggs hatched, but I am sorry to say that I cannot help by suggesting what the cause could possibly be.

A Subscriber.—Will you please tell me if I can keep a full-blooded Plymouth Rock rooster to breed from again this year? I bought him a year ago last month (April), and he has been very good. He has been laying since this spring I put him with the pullets I raised from him last year. They are large and healthy. Now, can I use him again next year for the chickens I am raising this year? That would be using him with his daughters and granddaughters. Would it be all right? He is two years old this spring. How many hens could I put with him? And could I keep one of the young cockerels I will raise this year to put with his sisters and old hens? And I will have to have two roosters anyway, as I will have too many hens. Please answer this as soon as possible.

A.—It would do no harm to breed back to the old rooster, as he and the hens were no kin. Pair the cockerels with the old hens rather than with the pullets. Ten hens are sufficient for one male bird when they are of the heavy class like Plymouth Rocks.

A. L. H.—I have about eighty hens, White Rock and White Leghorn. I have bred them eight years with new blood each year. Are they pure-bred chickens, or how many years does it take to make pure-bred chickens? I don't seem to be making them very profitable. I have a house about fourteen by eighteen, and feed them in litter or on the floor. I feed Kaffir corn, bran mash, poultry food moistened in milk with Alfalfa mixed, and table scraps. I am only getting about nine eggs a day. Please answer through Comfort what you think is the matter. I feed two to three gallons a day of grain, besides mash. Corn is seventy-five cents a bushel here in this drought district, and about twelve miles to where any can be had at all. Chops, one dollar and sixty-five cents and bran one dollar and fifty-five cents. Do you think that I could make hens pay in such circumstances? Eggs are twenty-five cents a dozen now, and they get as low as twelve and one half cents in summer, but pure-bred eggs sell for one dollar and fifty cents a setting. Am thinking of advertising. How should I do this? Yours very sincerely for advice.

A.—Your chickens should be pure bred now, if you have kept the two varieties separate for eight years, but they may not be very good specimens, because to get birds perfect to type, the breeding stock must be carefully selected each year, for shape, size, color and general points, and male birds chosen of such shape and character as will balance the deficiencies in the hens. See picture for good type of White Rocks. Once having a good rooster, with points that will change every year, for he can be bred to his daughters and granddaughters and great granddaughters with advantage so long as the flock is healthy and vigorous. But the cockerels from such mating can be bred back to the mature flock of hens with better advantage than to sister pullets. You say that you feed eight hens mash in the morning, and from two to three gallons of grain per day. Mash in the morning, and two or three quarts of grain per day would be about right. If you really mean that you feed gallons, your hens must have been much too fat, and rather crowded for house room unless they are on free range during the day. Unless you get much better results than at present, you certainly can't make poultry pay, considering the price you get for eggs. If you are sure that your birds are pure blooded, and fairly well bred, advertising will help to get customers for setting



GOOD WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

eggs and young stock. An advertisement in your local paper and in Comfort would be advisable.

A Comfort Friend.—Do you know the cause of my white fantail pigeons? They have had eggs three times now, and didn't hatch once, and they are a pair.

A.—If you are sure that the pigeons are a pair, the fault must lie with the female not setting well. Perhaps rats bother her, or if you have an ordinary male bird in the coop, that may be the cause of her leaving the nest frequently.

R. B. H.—Will you please tell me through Comfort what ails my chickens and turkeys? The chicks are about three weeks old. About half of them are so they can hardly walk. It seems like rheumatism. Their legs are very thin and shrunken, and so weak that they fall over on their sides. They have perfectly dry quarters, and have been fed ground Kaffir corn. They are not incubator chicks, and don't seem to be sick or have a running of the bowels. Some of my neighbors' chickens are the same way. I had a turkey hen that when I first noticed her, she would sit around all the time, and wouldn't eat. Her droppings looked like yellow paint. She was sick about five days when she died. I cut her open, and her liver was nearly as large as a calf's, and her lungs were shrunken up so I could hardly find them. Her liver was so rotten I could pick it apart with a stick. Her breath was very offensive. A Tom was affected in the same way, but he got over it. Will you please tell me a remedy for both so I can treat them myself.

A.—The chicks must be constitutionally weak. I should imagine that the hens who laid the eggs from which the chicks were hatched had not received sufficient animal and vegetable food during the winter. Unless hens have food rich in lime and other mineral and bone forming materials, the eggs cannot develop into strong chicks. You should stop feeding grain to turkeys as the breeding season approaches. Wheat or oats are much better. Blackhead and liver trouble are very near skin, or rather, one is usually the result of the other, and I believe the starting point for most of the trouble with turkeys, is worms, so a prevent-ive is always better than a cure. It is always advisable to dose the birds in the spring and fall of the year, and young ones when they are six weeks old. Six drops of oil of male fern in one teaspoonful of Castor oil is a dose for an adult bird. Administer in the morning, before the bird has had anything to eat, and don't feed till an hour later. Keep the bird in a clean coop, and remove the droppings. For young birds, mix the above dose through two tablespoonfuls of cottage cheese, and feed to twenty chicks when six weeks old. If you think it advisable to administer another dose when they are twelve weeks old, double the quantity.

R. M. K.—I am a new beginner in the poultry

business, and am having bad luck at the start. Would like you to tell me what is the matter with my chickens, and a cure for it. They seem to be perfectly healthy, and a swelling comes over the eyes, completely blinding them, and gets as large as a good-sized pea, but only comes over one eye. After the sight is lost, they droop around, and finally die. I have the full blood Buff Orpingtons, and hate to lose them. I feed them Kaffir corn, and sometimes a mash with poultry food and red pepper mixed in it, and give them all the milk that they can drink. Please tell me how to feed and take care of some of my best hens, to make them ready to take to the fair, and will be ever so much obliged.

A.—The hen has inflammation of the mucus membrane of the eye—a disease called conjunctivitis, usually caused by cold or by unsanitary conditions. Bathe the afflicted eye as soon as noticed. Have peroxide or hydrogen slightly diluted with water. Space will not allow me to tell you in this column how to prepare breeds for the show, but next month I will take it as my main subject.

R. E.—Will you please tell me through the poultry page of Comfort what will cure or prevent white diarrhea?

A.—White diarrhea is a germ disease which originates in the intestines of the hen, and is usually carried through a germ adhering to the shell, for which reason all eggs which are to be set should be wiped off with alcohol. A germ picked up by a newly hatched chick, either in an incubator or under a hen, will start the trouble in a brood, because the droppings from the infected chicken spread the disease.

F. B.—The hens are too fat. Put a teaspoonful of citrate of magnesia in every quart of drinking water twice a week for three weeks.

L. D. writes of her little chicks getting pasted up behind and dying. This condition usually comes from improper food, or feeding before chickens are thirty-nine hours old. Little chicks want nothing until they are thirty-six or even forty-eight hours old; then their first meal should be wheat, corn, and bulled oats, all broken to a fine, granulated condition. Never feed soft or pasty food; there is a regular chick food on the market. If you have all the chickens in the same condition, bathe the vent with warm water until the accumulated droppings are removed, and then feed as recommended. But really, I can't hold out very much hope of curing little chicks when they must become sick.

Note.—I must beg our subscribers not to ask for personal letters. It is quite impossible for me to answer through the mails.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

tions, I will adopt thee as my nephew, as I only have twelve to write to and am a poor scribe.

Will close with good wishes to all.

Mrs. M. G. MERRITT, Pennville, Ind.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

As I have just renewed my subscription to that best of magazines—COMFORT, I thought I would write a few words to you. I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for five years; but have read it ever since I was a girl of twelve years, and now I am thirty-three years young. Have been married nine years. Have a good husband, a happy home, and three little ones.

Edith Veg, and Edna Dale, girls of eight and six and one half years; then baby boy Kermit two years old. We own our farm of one hundred and forty acres here among the mountains of Western N. C., and as farmers' wives know, I have to work hard to keep things even half straight, and I will admit that sometimes I get very weary and gloomy, but I have learned so many good things by reading COMFORT and the dear old Bible, that now the blue fits do not last long.

The good letters of our corner help us to know that there are many, many Christians with pure loyal souls that still hold for "The good, the beautiful, the true," and I think after all, perhaps this old world isn't so very bad.

I must say something of Uncle Charlie's Easter sermon; it was gloriously good, "lifting the soul from the common soil" giving us a wider view, and filling us with new hope. But, oh, the last of it! It wrings my very soul to think of such depths of sin, corruption, and degradation in this republic of ours. Dear free America, where is she today? Can it be possible that as a nation we have fallen so low? Slaves, slaves not only to the moneyed kings, but also to these low principles and vices. How I wish every voting man in these United States would have read Uncle Charlie's sermon; also the letters he has written since Christmas and would have profited by the advice and sound doctrine given in them.

Have we forgotten how when a tax of three cents per pound was put on tea by Great Britain, our forefathers stubbornly rebelled, not so much at the amount of tax, as at the principle of the thing?

And now, the offspring of these liberty-loving and serving souls, I think our country is asleep and dreaming; and I think, merciful Father, what will the awakening be?

I was sad when I read in the April COMFORT where Uncle Charlie said one of every two letters he got from N. C. were appeals for help. Now I am sending the names of three women who are financially unable to take COMFORT, but who will appreciate it very much. One is an invalid, with seven little ones. I am glad our editor asked us to send her such names. My wish is that the Great Father will bless Uncle Charlie, give him strength to do the great work before him; also God bless Mr. Gannett, dear Mrs. Wilkinson and all of COMFORT's staff and readers.

Mrs. M. P. WATSON, Bessie, N. C.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to say a few things about housecleaning that will help some of the sisters. Don't be in too great a hurry. A medium time for spring cleaning, brings a medium time for the fall work, and a medium course in most things is best. The housekeeper can plan her work to suit herself, and a good, organized rule will fit every one. Because your neighbor gets up at half past three in order to get her washing on the line before anyone else does, should not keep you from taking the much needed rest. And what has she gained by her earliness? Does she get much more done through the day than the woman who gets up at a reasonable hour, and has a reasonable and more spirit than the one who has robbed her night of its best rest? The same rule applies to the early housecleaner. Take it leisurely; to get the bureau drawers in order is a help, to overhaul closets and boxes and bundles before the real cleaning begins helps things greatly. Go up-stairs some pleasant day when it will really be a pleasure to do it, and do your cleaning in the same small way. There is little use in cleaning drawers till the winter underwear can either be put away or relegated to the rag bag. At the same time the summer clothes can be taken out, and if need be, starched and ironed ready for use when the warm days come. I do this before I seed my garden, and perhaps there will be some old summer gowns that can be dyed and so made new and fresh. This is worth while if the dress is modish and not too much worn. Then too, if there is a stormy period when such work is not pleasant you can cut and make the spring outfit, if possible without too much stress to get the sewing done, for later when fine weather comes one can spend more time sitting out of doors if they can take their sewing. It is very certain that housecleaning is much pleasanter done when one feels like it and when the weather is fine, than on disagreeable days just because one has begun and wants to get through. If the little extras are done beforehand, the main cleaning of doors, windows and woodwork is not such a terrible task. I do this after I get my garden planted, sometimes though it seems profitable to wash all the windows in one day, and leave the rest for another day, but really doing things when the spirit moves is much less harassing than doing them when both spirit and body enter a protest against the doing.

Now dear Comfort sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson, I hope I have given advice that will help some busy sister.

I will close with love to all.

Mrs. E. E. GREEN, Colfax, E. R. S. Wis.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber of COMFORT for a long time and greatly enjoy reading the Sisters' Corner and Uncle Charlie's pages. It is the only paper I know of that allows the sisters such a chance.

We have been married eight years, and as husband and I love children we would like to adopt one. I would prefer a girl from about one year to three.

We live on a farm in the country and I think it's the place to bring up children.

People are having a time trying to get their crops planted as we have had so much rain this spring.

Wishing the Sisters' Corner success, I remain your friend.

Mrs. S. L. BURDEN, Charleston, E. R. S. Miss.

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DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Have just read the sisters' letters in May number of COMFORT; also my letter in print for which I thank you.

With pleasure I will try and explain how to cook soft soap. It is necessary to have an ash hopper, or a good barrel that will hold water will do. Have hole in barrel for lye to run out. Fill with wood ashes, hickory, beach and sugar wood ashes make the strongest lye but any kind may be used. Pound ashes down firmly in layer after layer. Let settle a few days, and pour one bucketful of rain water over each day for three or four days, then two a day until about fifteen gallons has collected. No lye will run out for a few days; it has to draw slowly to insure strength.

Put over fire in an iron kettle, let boil about fifteen minutes, then test to find if strong enough by taking a chicken feather and stirring three times around the boiling lye, and if the lye has eaten the feather from the quill it is ready for the grease; if not, let cook awhile and test again. To fifteen gallons of lye add two and one half gallons of grease, meat ends or rinds (no lean), or three gallons of cracklings. Let boil until thick; say like jelly. Remove from fire and put away in barrels. If cooked properly it will keep for years. One barrel of ashes will make one kettle full of soap. If more is desired, a new supply of ashes must be used. Save all ashes during winter in barrels and in spring cook soap.

If anyone tries this old-fashioned but good way of cooking soap I hope they will have luck. It is fine to use in dishwater, and in fact everything can be cleaned easier with it.

I wish one and all success.

Mrs. FRANCES SUTTON, Brookville, Box 343, Ind.

Requests

Mrs. Elizabeth Yate, Cowetland, Va., invalid; reading.

Miss Blanche Simpson (15), Volga, E. R. 2, W. Va., invalid; letters.

Mrs. Elizabeth Billingslee, Mannington, E. R. 5, W. Va., invalid; birthday shower August 28.

Miss Bette Cunningham, Chase City, E. R. 1, Va., words to "Mother's Appeal to Her Boy."

Mrs. C. de Jones, Bunka, S. C.; reading.

Mrs. Leslie Poul, Midland, Ark.; letters.

Mrs. E. Davis, Bainbridge, E. R. 1, N. Y.; formulas for wormwood ointment.

Mrs. Jacob Serr, 165 E. Broad St., Westfield, N. J., formula for Egyptian lotion.

J. S. Gilley, Fatmos, Ark., how to make a home-made dryer for poultry.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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Rescued by a Somnambulist

By John W. Bennet

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Of all the historical sketches which have been handed down to us since the discovery of our country, those which are connected with the Virginia and Carolina coasts are among the most interesting; and of all the stories and legends of ante-bellum days, those of that section are not the least exciting. More than a few of these old traditions are, even to the present day, treasured in the minds of the good descendants of our forefathers who settled round about Albemarle Sound. There has recently come to me a story which is of much interest to me, and thinking it possible that others might like to hear the same, I shall endeavor to relate it, as nearly as possible, as it was given to me, omitting only the unnecessary details.

While spending a few days in the home of a gentleman whose cognomen was Booker, he told me of an instance when walking in sleep proved to be a fortunate misfortune. When Mr. Booker's mother was a young girl she contracted the habit of talking in sleep. For the sake of amusement her brother would answer her, and by asking questions and making remarks which led her into conversation that was extremely amusing. This practice went on for a few years, and at last the thought suggested itself to the boy, that he might get his sister into the habit of walking in her sleep.

One night in the month of August when the sky was bright with the twinkling of many stars and the silvery light of the moon, Annie was heard to call out in her sleep, "Come on Bill, let's go to the watermelon patch."

Bill, who was in the next room, answered, "All right, come on Ann, I'm nearly dead for melon, come on, we'll go."

In an instant the girl was on the floor, and in another Bill had opened the door, and they were both out in the bright moonlight. Many times had they run down the lane and across the field to that melon patch. It was a daily occurrence in the melon season of each year. So off they went at full speed. Annie, being the older, and well developed by regular exercise, was easily able to take the lead.

On reaching the melon field they plucked a large melon, and sitting down, began to eat. As Annie had not spoken a word but had preserved an abstracted attitude since she got out of bed, Bill knew she was still asleep. When they had finished the melon he decided to carry the joke a little further.

There was an old scarecrow standing in the field against a burned stump. A stick, to give the appearance of a gun, was attached in a level position. At the distance of a few rods in the night, this might readily be taken for a real man with a club raised to strike the black stump which looked like a prostrate man. Bill pointed to the scarecrow and said, "Look, Ann, that fellow is killing the other!"

The girl started and, taking in the object at a glance, with a faint shriek, she darted towards the river. Her brother undertook to stop her, but she heeded not his call. With all his speed he rushed after the flying sleeper. He was not able to see that the distance between them grew any less. She had almost reached the river which at that point was twelve feet deep. If she plunged into that she would likely be drowned before he could save her, as the banks were perpendicular and at least five feet higher than the water. All his remaining force was put into action. Gradually the distance between them grew less. Once, twice, three times he was almost able to seize the trail of her skirt, but his eager fingers enclosed only air. Only ten feet remained between his sister and her watery grave, and he felt his whole frame thrilled with the icy chill of despair. With a desperate leap he bounded forward, and for an instant his flying body was parallel with the horizon. With one hand he grasped the flying trail, with the other he caught a bush that stood near the river's brink. Supported by the hand which clinched her garment the girl was pending over the murmuring water.

Helpless with fright and exhausted beyond the capability of an effort she was drawn back and laid upon the ground a few yards from the bank. No sooner was this done than Bill found that his strength had left him and it was a full hour before his nerves were again settled. At the end of that time the girl was sleeping soundly. Very carefully he raised her in his arms and bore her to the house which was not more than one hundred yards away. He placed her on the bed, and assuring himself that she was in no further danger he retired to his own room.

The next morning Bill listened for Annie to relate a wonderful dream, but as nothing was said he ventured to ask her what she had dreamed. She could give him only a vague idea of being chased by a man, and of being terribly frightened. As no other member of the family knew of the visit to the melon patch, Bill decided to keep the whole business to himself till such a time when it could be told as a thing of the past, so far back as not to provoke a rebuke from his father.

From that time no further attempt was made by Bill to elicit either a conversation or a perambulation from his sleeping sister. It remains a fact, however, that the habit of talking never left her, and it was not an unusual thing after that to find her walking through the house in the dark. Sometimes Bill awoke in the night and found her pulling at his arm.

In those days people were much occupied in fishing, hunting and trapping. Sometimes they would go out into the swamps ten or twelve miles from home and remain for several days or weeks hunting bears, coons, deer, and beavers. Some miles from the home of our friends at the head of the Scuppernon river, surrounded by broad swamps of heavy timber, lay Lake Phelps. The lake, a beautiful sheet of water, was in the favorite hunting center of the section. Often Bill and his father would spend several days there. It happened one fall, when the boy was eighteen years old, that his father must remain at home, so Bill prepared to set out alone on a hunting trip. Withstanding all his sister's premonitions that he should not go alone, when the day came to start, the boy disappeared in the forest.

Day after day passed and he did not return. This, however, did not cause any unusual anxiety, since, when with his father he had been accustomed to spend several weeks. Annie had had no more dreams of warning since he left and everything seemed to move along smoothly. It had been two years since the race for the river. The old melon patch had not been tended, but was used as a grazing ground. The old scarecrow had not been entirely destroyed by the weather, but the raised club had been driven, by the force of time, a little nearer to its victim, the black stump. It was just after dark and Annie had been after the cows. As she passed the spot a strange feeling came over her; a vision of her brother crouching before a dark being floated before her; a cold shudder quivered through her frame and she hurried along in the wake of the indifferent cattle.

Her mind seemed to be turned toward Lake Phelps as she forced the white streams into the resounding pail. The meat gave a melancholy hiss as it simmered on the coals; the dishes rang mysteriously as she cleared them from the table; the white pillow cases looked like two specters at the head of her brother's bed as she passed through his room on the way to her own; the cover seemed to close about her throat, when she retired, like the icy grip of a demon; the clock struck nine, but its brazen ring was like the voice of despair; the signal bells of distress

were sounding in her ears. In the hope of excluding the outside world from her thoughts she drew the cover tightly over her head and was soon asleep by the stupefying effect of her smothered breath. And yet, she was in that state of subconsciousness which is beyond the explanation of man. She could see the dark waters of Lake Phelps, and hear the wild wails of the forest accompanied by a smothered groan uttered in despair. She could see a dark form crouching beneath it. The moon lighted the face of the victim; it was her brother, and her name was on his lips. As he uttered it she unconsciously left her bed, dressed herself in a flash, took a pistol and dagger from the wall, opened the door, and stood under the starry sky. Only a moment she hesitated, and then, with the energy of an enraged tigress, she bounded for her canoe, which was the swiftest that floated on the river.

The river with all of its bends was as familiar to her as her father's yard. Noiselessly she heaved her little "dish pan", as she called it, which yielded to the stroke of the bending paddle with a velocity that had never been equalled on the Scuppernon. Scarcely twenty minutes had elapsed when she met a boat without a pilot, drifting down the current. Her eyes were then kept on the shore while her canoe was kept in the middle of the stream. After some five minutes had elapsed she came in sight of the big bend. A voice was heard in the distance and she drew her canoe to the shore and made it fast under cover of the bushes. Then listening she could hear subdued voices around the bend. Stealing cautiously through the underbrush, in a moment, she was within a few feet of the actors in the scene. A man with a raised club and a form crouching beneath it challenged her eyes. Unobserved, she crept closer, she heard her name murmured by the crouching form. The moonlight fell on the upturned face and she recognized her brother as the club of the unknown was descending. From her bosom flashed a glittering dagger; the raised club was turned aside and its unknown wielder rolled in the sand. No sound that could have been heard at a distance of fifty yards was uttered. The rescued man whispered the name of his sister and as she turned he followed her to the canoe.

As they pushed into the stream Bill saw that his sister was asleep and watched her movements in silence. Not a word was uttered as the canoe glided through the water with a velocity that Bill had never before witnessed. When she had silently tied up at the home and the girl bounded toward the house and when Bill noted there she was asleep as sound as a child. The next morning she told the occurrence of the night as it had been a dream, for as such it seemed to her.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

sible editor of course, destroys these fool communications immediately. All those that reach me when postage is sent I return, the rest the goat eats. Having failed with the editors, the next thing is to tackle the song publishers. Honorable firms promptly destroy this kind of dope which comes to them by the ton daily, or return it. Dishonorable firms write back and jolly the poor song fly that his buzzard tracks if set to music will make him independently rich in a couple of weeks. He must, however, put up fifty dollars to have his "words" set to music and published. The song fly walks into the spider's web, the fifty dollars is found somewhere, somehow, and the poor deluded fly dreams golden dreams of wealth, which never come true. Not one single copy of this humbug is ever reaches the market. Two hundred copies are struck off and sent back to the victim, and that closes the deal as far as they are concerned. No publisher could ever induce a music dealer to purchase one of these weird atrocities, for music dealers are wide-awake business men, and purchase only songs that are hits, songs that it has taken the big firms thousands of dollars to popularize. The song fly after a while, after he has been nicely stung and his blood sucked, awakes to the fact that he has been victimized and complains to Uncle Sam, and the fake publisher gets put out of business, but usually not until he has handled a good many thousands of dollars of money fleeced from the song victims. Now a word of advice to you all. Easy though it may seem, song writing is a rare art that calls for great ability and at times years of study, before one can achieve successful results. The people who send their so-called "songs" to me, don't know even what a song is. They call a few rhymeless rhymes of doggerel a "song". Now a song consists of words and music. These words are known as lyrics, and not until the words are set to music is the product a *song*. The people who can write good lyrics in this country are so scarce that you could almost count them on the fingers of one hand. Thousands of people write excellent verse, but even the cleverest verse writers seldom venture into the lyric field, as lyric writing requires a special knack and talent, and at times a thorough knowledge of music. The expert song writers of this country are under contract to a few firms in New York, and they produce nearly every song which you see displayed in music stores and hear whistled or sung on the streets or in the theaters. These men live in New York. They are experts in their line, they study every new stage production, they have their fingers on the public pulse, and know how to fit the public taste to a nicety. A few of them accumulate money, but very few. Not one song in five hundred pays for the cost of publication, and not one song in five or ten thousand ever makes a hit. The preposterous idea that every rubbishy song that is printed will draw royalties, is absurd. Probably not fifty people in the U. S. today ever drew or ever will draw song royalties. I've been writing for the best known firm of music publishers in the United States for many years, and I know whereof I speak. It may interest you to know that I wrote one song that was sung all over the world and made thousands of dollars, and I was mighty glad to sell it for the magnificent sum of five dollars. Sousa only got thirty dollars for his greatest march. If you have mortgages to raise, children to educate, homes to keep up, don't be so crazily foolish as to think that you can accomplish these things by penning trash on a piece of flimsy paper. You will note the letter above (which by the way was written in pencil) betrays illiteracy of the most appalling kind. It is a fair specimen of letters I get from would-be "song" writers by the hundred, and infinitely better than many. Five people had to examine the address before we could decipher it, and then if we had not had a postal directory we should have had to have given up the job in despair. Fancy a person unable even to write, or too careless to write her address legibly, and unable to spell simple words, imagining that shrewd business men in New York would pay her large sums of money for pitiful drivel, and that the public would buy such dope. Educated people never indulge in this folly. They know their limitations, but as the poet said: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Write for your own amusement if you wish to, but don't unless you are well educated, and have proved beyond a doubt that you are more than ordinarily talented, attempt to enter the lyric field with the idea that it will open up an avenue of profit for you. For people without talent, education or ability, or even good common sense, to think that they can make money in this most exacting field of art, shows to what depths human folly and ignorance can go. Don't send your song lyrics to me. If I even read all those that are sent me,

I'd never have time to eat, sleep or earn my own living. People who want my time to further their business schemes must pay for it. People who want my time to help them exploit their follies will never get it.

LENA, Wis.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have one sister and two brothers. I am ten years old. My sister is eight years old and she is taller than I am. She has light complexion and I am dark. My weight is sixty-four pounds. I have brown eyes and brown hair. I have pink cheeks. I go to school and I am in the fifth grade. I like school very well. I can make a cake and crotchet. I make lace for my doll. I can wash dishes. I live on a farm with eighty acres. I like to live on a farm. It has many hills on it. I go coasting every year. I hope to be a dressmaker when I grow up. Good by Uncle Charlie, Your niece, RUBY MORRISSEY.

Ruby, yours is a real smart letter for a little girl. I am glad you have pink cheeks. There are millions of children in this country, most of them in the big cities, who never have a dash of color in their faces, except when their cheeks are red with the flames of disease. You are a lucky girl to have the glow of health in your cheeks. There is no artist who can paint as nature does. You say you can make a cake and crotchet. I've no doubt you can make a cake, Ruby, but how on earth do you make a "crotchet", and for the land's sake, what is a "crotchet" anyway? What does a crotchet look like after you have constructed it, and what use do you put it to after you have made it? I wonder if you don't mean a picture of it that I can put in COMFORT. I am sure everybody would like to see what a real live crotchet looks like. That's awfully sweet of you to make lace for your doll, and I hope your doll pays you well for your work. I'll bet dolly has a spasm in her sawdust every time you tack some new lace on her bloomers. You say you live on a farm with eighty acres. I hope they are all nice, well behaved acres, and that none of them ache too much. If they were nasty, cantankerous, disagreeable acres it might not be pleasant to live with them. What does it feel like to live with eighty acres? Can you accommodate them all in the house, and if so does it not make the place kind of crowded? I think I would rather live on an eighty acre farm rather than live with eighty acres. I hope you will achieve the desire of your heart and be a dressmaker some day. When you are a real live dressmaker, you can make a hobbie skirt for Billy the Goat, and put a crotchet on it.

CLAYSVILLE, Pa.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am five feet ten inches tall, weigh one hundred and forty-eight pounds, am eighteen years old, and of a bashful disposition. Uncle I wish you would tell me of a cure for bashfulness. I live on a dairy farm about one half mile from Clayville. Uncle if you will come down to Clayville, I will teach you how to milk a cow, and do all kinds of farm work and I am sure you would never go back to the city. While I am not working on the farm, I am taking pictures or riding my bicycle. Well perhaps I had better save my paper as I fear Billy the Goat will be hungry about the time this letter gets there.

Hoping to hear from all the cousins and will try and answer all. Your nephew, ELZIE H. CRAWFORD.

Elzie, you ask me if I can give you a cure for bashfulness. I don't know whether I can or not, but I certainly will try. Bashfulness is about the meanest sort of affliction that a poor gink can suffer from. A modest, bashful girl is made all the more attractive by being modest and bashful for in her case these qualities are a virtue. Bashfulness, however, in a young man is anything but a virtue, though if I had to choose between a fresh, flip, sassy, nervy, butinsky of a boy with the gall of an elephant, one of those irrepressible butinskies who blows cigarette smoke in a girl's face, acting generally as if he owned the earth, and a young man who stood in a corner silent and abashed with his face blushing like a yard of red flannel, I think I would unhesitatingly choose the bashful boy to the butinsky. There is a happy medium, however, that you want to reach. We want neither sassy, gally, brazen young savages, nor blushing willy boys. What we do want are many boys who know how to behave themselves in a lady's presence who can be gentlemen at all times without being barbarians or sissies. Bashfulness usually comes from an overdose of self consciousness. What you want to do is to try and forget E. H. Crawford when you are in the presence of others. Don't begin to think that your feet are trebling in size, that your hands are too large for your body and that you have no place to put them. Don't worry about how you look nor of what others are thinking of you, for the odds are no one is thinking of you anyway. Just be your natural self, don't try to conceal or hide any defects that you may think you possess, because any attempt to do that will only make them more obvious. You are not bashful when you are alone, and therefore you need not be in company, for unless you are a very important personage, you are attracting no more attention in public than you are in the secret recesses of your chamber. Just conduct yourself as though no one was around. Most young men who are bashful generally betray this falling in the presence of young ladies. Don't be afraid of the girls. They are quite harmless and they won't bite. Just be your natural self and even if you are not a raging beauty and the tomato blooms do start to sprout in your cheeks, they will remark when out of your presence that even if you are not a beauty, you are an awfully nice boy, and when a girl or girls begin to refer to you as a nice boy, that is the greatest compliment they can pay you. Years ago I was bashful myself—several hundred years ago. I had a crush on a girl, but hadn't the nerve to put her wise to it. I asked a chum of mine who was an expert in such matters, and he told me I was to break the ice by saying something soft to her. After maneuvering for a while I got her up in the corner, and blushing furiously whispered in her ear "mashed turnips." She rushed off to her brother who stood six feet and weighed three hundred pounds and said I had insulted her. The brother took me up by the seat of the neck and the scruff of the pants and threw me out of the window into a snow-bank. The gazook who had been instructing me in the gentle art of making good with the girls rushed out to find out what had been said to cause the earthquake. "You told me to say something soft," said I, "and I said it." "What did you say?" he inquired anxiously. "I just whispered in her ear mashed turnips, that's all." That guy went back into the house and laughed for three weeks, and from all I can hear he is laughing yet. Why, heaven knows for I don't. Anyway after I went through that window and hit that snow-bank that jolted all the bashfulness out of me, and maybe Elzie, if you take the trip it will have the same effect on you.

CORA, Mo.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I enjoy reading Uncle Charlie's replies to the letters. Cousins, if we would all follow the advice Uncle Charlie gives us, we would never go far wrong. I think if there were a few million Uncle Charlies and fewer Andrew Carnegies this would be quite a different old world. To Andrew Carnegie had used some of the wealth which he donated to public institutions, for the benefit of the poor shut-in, it would have been more humane, not to say charitable. I hope the time is not far distant when graft and greed will be forgotten, when man will regard the dollar as a medium of exchange instead of an idol; when man's selfishness will be swallowed up in love

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for his fellowmen and when everyone will do unto others as they would have them do unto them, and I think Uncle Charlie and his noble will help to bring that time about.

I am twenty years old. I have brown hair, blue eyes, a fair complexion, and weigh ninety-eight pounds. Mamma and I live all alone on a small farm of nineteen acres. Papa died four years ago, leaving mamma and me alone. He was a soldier in the Civil War. I have no brothers or sisters, so I haven't the company and pleasure that most of the cousins have. But I manage to enjoy life most of the time, anyway. Mamma is sixty-four years old and in poor health all of the time, especially in the winter season, so cousins, you see I have lots to do.

I am located in Sullivan Co., Mo. Missouri is certainly a fine old state. We have a pretty good climate, beautiful scenery, and many pretty girls and handsome boys. The farmers raise a good deal of live stock for the market. They also raise good crops of corn, wheat, oats, etc., and the goods don't destroy the soil. Say, cousins, I have a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems, also his song book. Aren't they fine? I am fond of music, flowers, poetry or almost any kind of good literature, but my favorite hobby is music, although I play nothing but the harmonica, and am not an expert with that.

Come and visit me. Uncle and bring Billy and Maria, and I will measure you off a few yards of noise from the harmonica.

Please feed Billy the Goat a few preserved locomotive wheels and a few candied automobiles so it won't be necessary for him to get on the outside of my letter for his supper.

With love and kisses to Uncle Charlie and best wishes to all of the cousins, I remain, Your niece and cousin, ROXIA ROGERS.

Glad to hear from you, Roxia. Yes, my dear, if you took my advice, lots of you would be a good deal happier. Advice, however, is something people are not in the habit of taking. I had an umbrella once that I named "advice". It was the only umbrella that nobody took. Don't be hard on Andy Carnegie, Roxia. As Millions-aires go, Andy is away ahead of most of them. There are scores of enormously wealthy men in this country, who never give a dollar to charity. I wish I dared name a few of them. Andy never need have given away a single cent of the three hundred million dollars his steel trust employees have made for him, working twelve hours a day, seven days a week for \$1.50 or \$1.75 a day. Of course Andy could have done a good deal better with his money than he has done, and a great deal worse. He might have married off one of his nieces to Lord Mueshead of Great Britain, and given Mueshead half his wad in exchange for his title, or he might have kept it all and willed it to some spendthrift relative of the Harry Thaw type. Of course the country did not need the libraries Carnegie built so much as hospitals and real charitable institutions. Andy meant everyone of his libraries to disseminate knowledge, and he knew if the people read the good books they found in his libraries (the works of science and research, and other works that make people think—and the world's greatest curse is that mankind will not think) they would have sense enough to lift the national band wagon out of the dismal rut of poverty and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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The Removal of Superfluous Hair

I HAVE a great pity in my heart for those of my sex who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with hair that persists in growing where it should not—namely, on the face and arms.

This is a state of affairs that need not be endured any longer, as within the last two years several ways have come to light of circumventing a hairy growth. It really is a beauty sin in this year of nineteen hundred and twelve for any woman who takes a pride in her appearance to sit with her hands folded in her lap while the tiny fuzzers grow at will over her face or neck or arms, as the case may be.

Instead of accepting your unhappy lot with resignation, bend all your energies toward forever erasing those unsightly hairs.

Probably you are curious to know what caused this affliction to descend upon you. Really I cannot say with any positiveness. The constant use of an oily cold cream could cause much mischief in this direction, but then heat and friction could do fully as much harm. An unsightly

suits if directions are implicitly followed and treatment is taken for a sufficient length of time.

Epsom Salt Reducing Lotion

Dissolve one pound of epsom salts in one quart of rain-water. Shave fine three bars of white soap and dissolve in one quart of boiling rain-water. When partially cool, pour in the epsom salt solution. At night rub the preparation on such parts of the body as you wish to reduce, and let it dry in. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue the use of the fat reducer until the desired results are obtained. In addition to this wash, take the juice of half a lemon in a cup of hot water, three quarters of an hour before breakfast. The average reduction in weight is two pounds every week.

Mrs. E. H. So. O.—You must have sent to some very small drug-store. I have never found, anywhere, a drug-store that did not keep benzoin or spermaceti. Sweet almond oil and quince seeds are also carried by any drug-store that is a drug-store. Perhaps you will find the following freckle lotion gives satisfaction, although it is difficult to banish freckles entirely.

Simple Freckle Lotion

Ammonium chloride, one dram; distilled water, four ounces. Apply at night after face has been bathed in hot water.

Dorothy Frances.—I never answer letters personally. Judging from what you say your scalp is infected by mean little microbes which it should be your aim to get rid of as soon as possible, else you will lose your pretty hair. Excessively oily hair is caused by the scalp becoming infected with tiny microbes, which, if left alone long enough, will cause hair to fall and scalp to be covered with dandruff. The oiliness, of which you complain, is one of the symptoms. Here is the treatment—and a very disagreeable one it is. I ought to know—because I took it—but if instructions are followed your hair will finally become healthy and excessive oil will be a thing of the past. Every night moisten the entire scalp with the following ointment:

Sulphur Ointment

Sulphur precipitated, fifteen grams; vaseline, fifty grams.

Do not throw the hair over the eyes or rub the eyes with the fingers while giving this treatment, as the sulphur fumes will cause the eyes to smart in a most distressing way. Take this treatment nightly for four weeks, then three nights out of every seven days for two weeks or more. As you near the time to discontinue sulphur ointment, discontinue brush and comb every day, as you don't want to re-infect your scalp. Also, I would suggest holding your hats over burning sulphur to get rid of any lingering microbes, and of course you must buy a new pompadour pad, if you wear one.

When you have said a happy farewell to the ointment begin moistening scalp nightly with the following lotion for six weeks. It acts both as an astringent and a disinfectant:

Salicylic acid, one part; glycerine, two parts; alcohol, seventy parts; water, distilled, thirty parts.

The best way to apply this lotion is to fill a medicine dropper with it, and then run the dropper hither and thither through the hair.

To reduce a large bust, keep it snugly bandaged with a wide strip of stout cotton cloth, day and night. Do not draw bandage so tight that it bruises the flesh or stops the circulation. Read my reply to Jennie S. and Papa's Little Girl.

Papa's Little Girl.—Pimples are generally caused by too great a fondness for sweets. If you wish the ugly blotches to disappear, and of course you do, you must taboo candy, pie, cake, pudding, fried foods, hot breads and greasy meat. I also advise taking plenty of outdoor exercise, sleeping with your bedroom windows opened wide and making a habit of the daily bath. In addition, it would be a good plan to touch the pimples several times daily with the following lotion:

Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose water, four ounces.

Jennie S.—Blackheads are a great trial but daily treatment will finally banish them. Never forget to wash your face at night before retiring with hot soapy water and a rough cloth. After this rub in a little boracic powder and if this smart the skin, massage in cold cream. Every other night scrub blackheads with a soft, soapy nail brush, after bathing the face and before the boracic powder is rubbed in. Scrub very lightly else the skin will be irritated. Once a week, after the face has been washed, steam it over a basin of boiling water, then rinse in hot water and spread over face a handful of soap jelly. After ten minutes wash this off and massage for several minutes. On this night omit the boracic powder.

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted.



PUMICE STONE BANISHES HAIRY GROWTH TEMPORARILY.

Miss Elizabeth G.—To make your slow-growing hair hurry up, massage scalp every night for fifteen minutes with the hair pomade given below, as it is a wonderful hair grower, as you will perceive after you have given it a month or six weeks' trial.

Hair Pomade

White vaseline, three ounces; Castor oil (cold drawn), one and one half ounces; gallic acid, one and three quarters drams; oil of lavender, thirty drops.

Frankly, I do not believe that freckles can be banished permanently. To be freckle free, if you are addicted to these pests, means keeping everlastingly at it.

Snowdrop.—Those wishing to reduce cannot do better than to live on lactated milk. This diet causes one to lose, on the average, two pounds of flesh every seven days. In order to prepare lactated milk, you must boil sweet milk and treat it to a pinch of salt and a lactic leaven. The leaven, which comes in the

form of tablets, is sold at the drug-store. The formula calls for one tablet (crushed) and as much salt as will lie on the point of a knife, these to be put in a quart of milk after it has been boiled. Milk should then be set away until it becomes perfectly cold, after which it is put in stoppered bottles and left for twenty-four hours, when it is ready to drink. If you use the tablet and salt while the milk is hot, your drink will be spoiled. Dispense with food as much as possible, and confine yourself to the lactated milk diet. Only in this way can you secure satisfactory results. Exactly how much milk should be taken? That is a question easily answered. For each two pounds of a person's weight take one ounce of lactated milk. You say you "detest taking exercise". Probably that is the reason you are so fat. What you should do is to get out and walk at least two hours a day, but I suppose there is no chance of your taking this advice. Foolish little girl! I am quite sure if you massage a skin cream nightly into your finger edges, that after a little the skin will become soft and smooth, instead of rough and scaly. A very good cream is given in my reply to Lora.

Lora.—Formula for a healing, whitening cream that should be on every woman's bureau is given below:

Benzoin Skin Cream

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from fire and add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, stirring it with an egg beater until cold.

Mrs. M. E. F.—A hair-restoring treatment that appeals to me is given herewith. It consists in anointing scalp nightly with unbeaten yolk of egg and during the day taking alternate doses of sulphur and iron. Your druggist will tell you the size of doses and how often they should be taken. This treatment is logical as it supplies the two minerals upon which the color of the hair is supposed to depend.

Brown Eyes.—Wood alcohol will not reduce fat. Why don't you try the local reducing treatment spoken of in my reply to Mayme Z?

Farmer Girl.—I mean an ordinary cake of soap, not the long bar. One thing that will keep the face away from the heat and fumes of cooking is a long-handled stirring spoon. Something you must remember not to do is to lean over kettles and gaze at contents. In nine cases out of ten this intent close-at-hand scrutiny is not necessary. But this is not giving you a pore-closing treatment, so I will stop lecturing this very instant. To contract open pores, it will be necessary for you to dampen a square of old cotton cloth—big enough to cover face—in the following astringent:

Elder-flower Astringent Lotion

Place in half-pint bottle one ounce of cucumber juice, half pint bottle with elder-flower water and add two tablespoonfuls of eau de cologne. Shake well and add very slowly one half ounce of simple tincture of benzoin, shaking the mixture now and then. Fill bottles with elder-flower water. When the cloth, all dripping wet, has been patting down on the face, compose yourself in a comfy chair for two or three minutes, then remove bandage and dipping it again in the astringent liquid, place it over the face. Continue in this way for three quarters of an hour, then take a saucer-shaped piece of ice and pass it slowly over the face and neck for three minutes. The shock of the cold tones up the skin and tightens sagging muscles. Continue with this treatment until pores contract, which may be in a week or a month. Of course you love pretty arms and hands. No girl deserving of the name would feel other than you do on this subject. My advice is to smear hands thickly at night with the cream given below, then draw on a pair of woolen mittens and hurry off to bed. Do this every night until hands become soft and white.

Hand Cream

Benzonated mutton tallow, three ounces; oil of sweet almonds, one ounce; glycerine, two drams; rose-water, two drams; oil rose geranium, twenty drops.

Heat the tallow and oil of almonds in one vessel and the other three ingredients in something else. Mix the two then and stir until compound is cold. It is not difficult to make the benzonated tallow. Simply take one half pound of tallow and one half ounce of benzoin and keep at a high temperature until the alcohol has entirely evaporated; then strain through muslin. The astringent treatment given above will toughen skin slightly so it will not freckle easily. Please read my replies to Martha and Mrs. Jonathan.

Martha.—Since your waist seems to you "short and chunky" it is evident I must do something to help you get rid of this beauty trouble. This is rather warm weather for physical culture exercises, but where "there is a will" a little heat will not matter.

Lengthening Waist Exercise

Stand erect and throw hands up and back. Now incline slowly forward until fingers touch the ground, meanwhile keeping the knees rigid. Practice this exercise for ten minutes, night and morning, and you will gradually cease to be your particular aversion—a short-waisted girl.

Mrs. Jonathan.—Anyone who perspires as much as you do, should make use of the following powder:

Perspiration Powder

Oleate of zinc, one dram; powdered starch, one ounce; salicylic acid, one third dram. Dust this frequently over affected parts.

Lillian C. McK.—You weigh just right for your height. Yes, the Epsom Reducing Lotion is effective when applied to the hips.

Sunny Jim.—The face bleaches will not bleach the hair. If peroxide does not bleach your hair, I do not know of anything that will.

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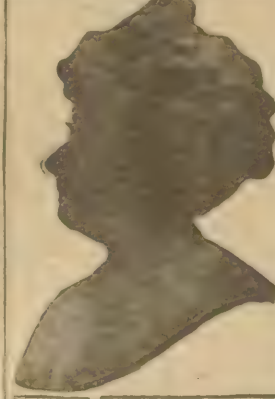
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Questions and Answers

Mayme Z.—If you are anxious to get rid of some of your extra pounds of flesh, then you might try the reducing lotion given above. While not infallible—what remedy is?—it generally gives satisfactory re-

HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS

Summer Fashions By Geneva Gladding



NO wonder that the "tub" dresses gain in popularity for what can be more satisfying than a dress that combines the practical with attractiveness and inexpensiveness. The models shown on this page are seen at fashionable resorts, and equally suitable for street and house wear.

The cotton dresses predominate; gingham, crash, satin, voile and dimity the most worn. The collarless type of dress is generally adopted while many are made with the adjustable chemise which may be worn when greater protection is desired. Three quarter sleeves give great freedom to the wearer, and the sunburned arms are nowadays an accepted fact.

Many cotton dresses have no other trimming except a flat round or sailor collar made of a bit of all-over lawn, trimmed with insertion and lace or hand embroidery. The Dutch collar and cuffs are seen trimmed with a narrow plaiting of the sheerest lawn, and one model of dimity showed the plaiting carried around the bottom of skirt.

White cotton voile is effectively trimmed with blue and white voile and a little white soutache braid.

Flat bows as shown in No. 8235 T are made of white or colored linen and the velvet or silk drawn through slits may be of black or to match gown. These are pinned flat onto the front of stock, or onto the dress at the meeting of turndown collar, or flat onto the dress made collarless. In fact 'tis a pretty touch of neck wear to be worn as one chooses. Several flat black velvet bows are worn on many of the summer dresses; one above the other at the front.

Pattern Descriptions

No. 8235T—Embroidered Neck Bows.—These

bows are made with slits through which velvet ribbon is run. The entire edge of each is buttonholed and the rest of the design is in solid or eyelet work. The second bow is in long and short stitch, and is also suitable for punched embroidery. The third and fourth designs are French and eyelet. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 11-4-35—Corset Cover that slips over the head. The armholes and neck are buttonholed in tiny scallops and the design of daisies and small flowers ornamenting the front is worked in a combination of French eyelet embroidery. Under thin dress waists this style of cover is especially attractive. Sheer white fabrics show the embroidery to best advantage. Price, 10 cents.

No. 11-8-18—Tea Apron in eyelet embroidery. This pretty design for a tea apron may be done entirely in eyelet embroidery, or the flowers may be worked solid in white or a color matching the ribbon which is run through the eyelets and the ends finished with fluffy rosettes; or a dainty apron is made by simply using the buttonholed edge and flowers. Price, 10 cents.

No. 12-2-32—Collar in Punched Embroidery. Outline the pattern and the edge of the space to be punched, then work the background according to the directions given with the pattern. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5720—Ladies' and Misses' Collars. These collars are in three shapes, square, round and pointed. All are easy to make. The neck edge is finished with a narrow bias band of the material and the collars may be trimmed with lace or in any preferred way. The pattern is cut in one size and requires for square or round collar, three eighths of a yard of 18-inch all-over, or 36-inch material; for pointed collar, one half yard of material the same width; two and five eighths yards of insertion for pointed collar, one and one quarter yards of insertion for square col-

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WRITE TODAY for itemized list No. 105, contained in our booklet "How To Make Money in Millinery." It tells just what our Fall and Winter stocks consist of, what they will sell for, just how much profit you can make on each hat, also full particulars how best to start a successful, paying Retail Millinery business. Now is the time to start. Do not delay.

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lar; two yards of edging for square collar; one and one half yard of edging for round collar. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 5845—Girls' Tunic Dress. What could be daintier for a growing girl than this pretty dress which any mother can fashion in a short time and at little cost. The frock is a tunic model with the closing at the back. The four-gored skirt is joined to a guimpe. Linen, madras, percale, gingham or chambray may be used. The frock is nicely trimmed with bands of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in sizes eight to 14 years; medium size requires for tunic and skirt three and three eighths yards of 36-inch material and for guimpe one and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 5722—Children's French Dress. Blue chambray was selected for the fashioning of the pleasing little frock here given with the collar and sleeve bands of all-over embroidery. The dress can be made with long or short sleeves. There is a tuck at each shoulder at the front and two tucks in each half of the back. The skirt is plaited in becoming fashion. The frock closes at the back. The pattern is cut in sizes two to eight years; medium size requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material and three eighths of a yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 1543—Boys' Russian Suit. There is nothing that quite takes the place of a Russian suit for a small boy and this excellent model is one that every mother will appreciate. It is easy to make and very attractive looking. There is the regulation long blouse and the usual bloomers. The blouse is featured by a pretty sailor collar and the sleeves have band cuffs. The shield is removable. Linen, pique, poplin and similar materials may be used. The pattern is cut in sizes two, four and six years; medium size will require three and one quarter yards of 27-inch material. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 5822—Girls' Dress. Simple frocks that button in the front are always nice for the little girl and we give in this model a pleasing dress, in modified sailor fashion with large sailor collar and turned-back cuffs of contrasting material which trim the garment prettily. The dress can be made with long or short sleeves and the shield is removable. The skirt is becomingly plaited and is attached to the waist by a narrow belt. Any wanted wash material may be used and the design is nice also for development in mohair, serge and silk for wear later in the season. The pattern is cut in sizes six to 12 years; medium size requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material and one half yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 5432—Misses' Dress. The charming frock offered in this model is designed for the miss and small woman. It is made with the body and sleeves in one, has body and sleeve lining and the skirt has a straight lower edge. The model is a simple one to carry out and it may be delightfully developed in chiffon, cotton voile, organdy, swiss and other sheer materials that may be shirred easily. The pattern is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; medium size requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material, two and three quarters yards of applique or insertion and three and one half yards of ribbon. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 5869—Misses' Dress. This very attractive dress is so simple to construct that the young miss can fashion it herself without difficulty. It is in sailor fashion and has the popular front closing. The skirt is a six-gored model. The waist is made with the body and sleeves in one. There is a handkerchief pocket at the left front. The frock may be made of linen, pique, repp, poplin, chambray, lining or plain gingham with the collar and rolled-back cuffs of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; medium size requires four and one quarter yards of 36-inch material and seven eighths of a yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 5787-5852—Ladies' Costume. Two splendid patterns, an excellent waist and skirt design compose this stylish dress. The waist closes at the back. It is made without shoulder seams

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)

The Bush Girl's Revenge

By F. J. Cunningham

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IT was early morning on the Jordan Creek diggings, in Queensland, Australia. Old Scotty Magregor and his youthful mate, Jack Murray, had just finished breakfast, and were about to start work in their claim.

"It's no use, old chum," said Murray. "The stuff must come faster for me. We're getting our 'tucker' out of this claim and maybe a little besides, but I've got to strike something big; I just must, that's all."

His companion regarded him for a moment, and his eyes lighted up with an eager, far-away look. "I ken the way ye feel ma laad, an' it's na lang since th' old man was lak ye; but we're makin' wages out o' this wee claim, an' it's na right to leave it."

"Right you are, old mate, but I'm going to let you work it alone for a few days while I do a little prospecting."

"Well gude luck to ye, ma laad, an' be keeful. You're na gude bushman, ye ken," and shouldering his tools, the elder man trudged down to the claim.

For some minutes Murray's eyes followed the old digger's retreating form, but his thoughts had bridged the Pacific, and had flown far away to a little village in Ohio. In fancy he lived over again the events of a New Year's night three years before, when he had bid his sweetheart a fearful good-bye.

"In three years you will be twenty, little sweetheart, and by then I will have made a fortune and will return," were his parting words.

Brave words, indeed, but then they both were young, and the world, to lovers, seems easily conquered.

Since that eventful night, Murray had battled his way in many climes, and his experiences were many and strangely varied; but as he stood before his tent on this bright morning, his total assets would not exceed a hundred pounds.

"Not a very handsome fortune," he muttered, grimly, "and only three months left in which to make good. Well, here's where I find a winner."

One soon learns to soliloquize in the lonely bush of Queensland.

Gathering up his pick, shovel and dish, he was about to leave the tent, when a terrified native girl of the savage race of Bushmen that still inhabit the wilds of Australia, burst into view from the track which led through the bush.

Closely pursuing was a big, burly miner, whom Murray recognized as a desperate character who had but recently arrived on the diggings.

"Me one fella Mary close up finish, mine thinkit," gasped the trembling girl, as she threw herself beside Murray. "Baal me no sit down along a big fella's tent, he tell it kill him poor fella Mary."

Murray understood from this that the miner had tried to force her to enter his tent, and when she refused, threatened to kill her. By the time Murray had grasped the girl's meaning the miner was upon them. Seeing that the girl had found a protector, he turned on Murray and snarled: "That's only a nigger girl! What are you butting in for?"

"In my country we would call her a woman," Murray answered, "and a Yankee is always ready to fight for a woman."

"Then I'll show you," roared the miner, with an oath, as he made a vicious swing at Murray. The youth avoided the blow with the ease of the skilled boxer, and the surprised miner quickly perceived that he had to deal with no mean antagonist. In clumsy desperation he rushed and drove in sledge-hammer blows, but his wily opponent always eluded them. The battle was necessarily brief. Seizing a favorable opportunity, Murray threw all his strength into a terrific blow which caught the miner on the jaw, and he collapsed into a limp and insensible heap.

When the miner revived, the fighting spirit had been knocked out of him for the time, and he slunk away with a muttered threat to get even.

After his antagonist's departure, Murray gathered up his tools and took the trail leading up the mountains above his camp, heedless of the girl's awkward attempts to express her thanks.

Through the whole morning he prospected in likely gullies and creeks, but nothing that would offer rich returns showed in his dish. It was lonely work, this climbing through the bush-covered mountains, for let it be said here, that perhaps in no part of the world does the solitude so pall upon one, as in this mysterious and lonely Queensland.

As has been hinted before, Murray was but an indifferent bushman. Therefore it is not to be wondered that, when several times during the morning he heard faint crackling of twigs, he gave but slight attention to the sounds. Now as he arose from examining some pieces of quartz, he was startled to find the native girl whom he had championed, standing before him.

Although he was hedged in on all sides by thick and tangled vines, her approach had been absolutely without sound. How one person could approach another without detection, under such conditions, is a secret known only to the Australian native. They come upon you as though dropped from the sky, and mayhap ere you have recovered from your surprise, they will as silently disappear. There is something uncanny about it all.

"What name, Mary?" questioned Murray, as the girl stood regarding him in the half-shy manner of her race. "Big fellow bother you some more?"

"No, him sit down along a camp. Him plenty fella afraid, mine thinkit," and she laughed, showing a glistering set of ivorys.

"You no catch him money long a here," she continued, pointing to the quartz which Murray had been examining. "Suppose you come alonga me. Mineby me show you plenty fella money sit down alonga libber, close up."

A wild feeling of joy surged through Murray, and he could scarcely contain himself. At last Dame Fortune in primitive disguise was beckoning him to follow. He knew that the natives were aware of the location of rich "reefs," but it was rare indeed to find one willing to divulge the secret. With a glad cry he gathered up his tools and shouted: "Lead on, my fair one! I'll follow you clear to the Never-never Lands; if you'll show me the gold at the end of the journey."

His words were Greek to the girl, but his actions were eloquent enough, and she swung off across the ridges at a pace that taxed Murray to equal.

For upwards of an hour they continued in this manner; the girl never being at a loss for the right direction, and Murray could not but marvel at the wonderful instinct that guided her through the maze of bush and tangled vines. Several times she stopped for a moment and appeared to be listening intently; and each time as she started again, it seemed to Murray that her face lit up with a devilishness that reflected all the cunning and ferociousness of generations of cannibal ancestors.

Finally, these repeated actions on her part, began to arouse in Murray a feeling of doubt and dread, as to the sincerity of her intentions with regard to himself. He was about to force an explanation, when the sound of rushing water announced their proximity to the river. The girl now pushed forward more rapidly, the noise of the river growing momentarily louder, and Murray wondered why it remained invisible. Suddenly the girl halted, and spreading apart the dense vegetation pointed downward. Hurrying to her side, Murray beheld a truly remarkable sight.

They were standing on the extreme point of an immense wedge-shaped cliff. On their left, and hundreds of feet below, the river rushed along its rocky bed. On their right, a stream of smaller proportions emerged suddenly after a long and tortuous course amongst monster boulders that

filled its bed. Immediately below them both streams met in a tremendous swirl of rushing waters.

Through centuries of time the two streams had worn their way deeper and deeper into the solid rock until the great promontory stood the result of their tireless labors—looking for all the world like the prow of some gigantic ship ready to plow its way through the waters.

For several minutes not a word passed between the pair. The man stood gazing, rapt in wonder, at the awe-inspiring spectacle the girl watching him with a curious smile on her dark face.

Suddenly she grasped his arm. "Big fella money sit down there," she cried, and pointed downward.

"Where?" queried Murray, aroused on the instant to the business at hand. "You mean the river?"

"No. He close up alonga here," and grasping a stout bush she leaned far out over the dizzy height and pointed to a spot on the face of the cliff about fifty feet below.

Murray's heart sank within him, for the side of the cliff descended sheer for two hundred feet, and appeared as smooth as a plastered wall. He began to fear that the girl's reason had become dethroned, and regarded her with growing suspicion.

Suddenly she extended her hand. "Give it to mahawk!" she demanded. "Then me cut him big fella lawyer-vine; mae kit plenty fella rope, mine thinkit."

Almost unconsciously, he surrendered the hatchet that hung at his belt. With marvelous agility she scurried up a tree, and began rapidly detaching an immense lawyer-vine which wound serpent-like up and down several nearby trees. In a comparatively short time she had severed its tenacious grip, and together they drew it down, and after taking several turns with it around a tree which grew near the edge, allowed the balance to hang down the face of the cliff.

Murray peered over the edge, then drew back undecided. His several years wandering around the globe had included considerable service as a sailor, and although he realized the chance of accident, he felt equal to the task of descending the improvised rope. But he could not rid himself of a certain uneasiness regarding the girl, and hesitated to place himself in a position where he would be wholly at her mercy.

She must have partly divined his thoughts, for she demanded, tauntingly: "What name? Plenty fella afraid? No catch him big fella money."

With her last words the lure of the gold was again upon him, and putting caution behind her



grasped the vine and started down the face of the cliff. Slowly and carefully he descended, his eyes fixed intently on the wall before him, which seemed to be composed of a soft, granite-colored rock. He had descended some forty feet or more when he came upon a "reef" of brown-colored quartz; starting at the point of the cliff and extending along its face for about fifty feet, where it turned sharply inward.

The girl, then, had not lied! This must, indeed, prove a marvelous find. With a dexterous movement he wound the vine about him in such a manner as to support himself and still have his hands free; then taking the hatchet from his belt, he attacked the quartz. Several pieces were detached and went hurtling below before he succeeded in getting a specimen, but the result more than exceeded his hopes; so rich, in fact, was the piece of rock in his hand that the gold was plainly visible to the naked eye.

Suspended there in mid-air, he lovingly fingered the precious bit of rock, while visions of great riches gave place, alternately, to the elusive face of his distant sweetheart. So oblivious was he of his perilous position that he narrowly escaped falling. The shock of the averted accident brought him to his senses. With much difficulty he secured several good specimens of the rock, and stuffing them in his pockets, prepared for his difficult and dangerous climb to the top of the cliff.

So engrossed had he been in his examination of the reef that he had quite forgotten the existence of the girl, and now for the first time wondered at her continued silence. He called several times but received no indication that she was still in the vicinity. A presentiment of imminent peril urged him to climb rapidly and he had covered about half the distance when the sound of footsteps overhead impelled him to again repeat the call. The result was startling in the extreme. A man's face was thrust over the edge, and Murray recognized the coarse, bearded features of the outlaw miner. The expression of triumphant malignity on the ruffian's countenance caused the helpless youth to shudder with horror.

For one tense, silent moment they regarded each other, then the miner hissed: "You Yankee dog! You interfered! You struck me! I have you now! Die!" and whipping out his knife, he sawed at the tough vine that stood between Murray and eternity.

With set white face, Murray struggled to reach the top. The agony of his countenance gave evidence of great exertion; but, save a solitary

cry, no sound escaped from his lips, which were bitten through in terror. One instant, and death seemed imminent to the youth—another, and the miner with a terrible cry shot suddenly out into space, and turning over and over, plunged down to a terrible death on the rocks below. Simultaneously the face of the native girl appeared above, grinning in diabolical glee.

Sick with horror, Murray had barely strength enough to climb to the top, where with the girl's assistance, he dragged himself over the edge and dropped limp and exhausted on the ground. Lying there he listened to the girl's disjointed account of how she had become aware of the miner's pursuit early in their journey through the bush; how she had endeavored to throw him off the track; how she had again sensed his proximity while Murray was descending the rope, and hid herself in the bush and, finally, how she had crept upon the miner from behind and pushed him over the cliff while he was in the very act of cutting the rope.

All this she related with a seeming indifference that made her listener turn sick at heart. True, he owed his life to this singular creature, but the cold-blooded manner in which she treated the tragedy just enacted caused him to regard her with a loathing he could but ill conceal.

Rousing himself at last, he besought the girl to show him a way leading to the base of the cliff so that they might recover the miner's body and give it decent burial. In spite of repeated entreaties this she steadfastly refused to do. Seeing that neither threats nor pleadings would avail, Murray allowed her to conduct him back to the main track leading to the camp. He was hastened in his decision by the fact that night was coming on, and the knowledge that, in that region, darkness descends swiftly with the setting of the sun.

During the return journey Murray blazed the trees at frequent intervals so as to be able, later, to find the way. Reaching the main track the girl waved her hand in the direction of Murray's camp, and as he turned for the moment to get his bearings, she vanished silently into the bush.

At daybreak next morning, accompanied by his old mate, Murray returned to the scene of the tragedy. Magregor was acquainted with the locality, and soon found a spot some distance up where they were able to descend to the river. A rocky beach of considerable width extended from the base of the cliff to the river's edge. Along this they retraced their steps until immediately beneath the spot from which the miner had taken the fatal plunge. A few minutes' search disclosed the spot where the unfortunate man had fallen; ghoulish evidences of the fearful impact still showing plainly on the rocks.

The body, however, was nowhere to be seen, and the mystified partners separated to search diligently for traces of it. Suddenly, Murray, who had been searching along the river's edge, called his partner, and pointed mutely to a small beach of sand at his feet. Plainly visible were the recent imprints of the large, flat feet of a numerous party of blacks. The two men faced each other in mute understanding. The necessity for further search had ended, for the partners knew that the miner's body had passed beyond recovery by white men; the black girl's revenge had been horribly complete.

A month later Murray had sold his interest in the mine for a handsome figure and was hurrying across the Pacific to keep his promise to a Yankee girl in far-away America.

WHAT GRACE SAID

By Jerome Adams

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OF course, I didn't expect Grace to accept me the first time I asked her; but I had vowed a great vow that I would make her say "yes," before the afternoon was over.

It is a comparatively easy thing for a man to make a vow; but when he attempts to make a girl say "yes," before, in her estimation, the proper psychological moment has arrived, he has entered on a difficult undertaking. At least, I found it so.

Then, too, this being my first proposal, I labored under the disadvantage of inexperience. All the information I had on the subject—as naturally, I didn't care to ask anyone for pointers—had been gleaned from the reading of popular novels. When a man proposes, in fiction, if the girl flies into a rage and tells him she hates him, he is pretty sure of success in the last chapter; but, if the fair one declines the honor gently and considerately, his chance is simply not worth mentioning. She never expects him the first time he asks her. Nobody expects it.

This, then, was the sum total of my knowledge in regard to proposals, and I laid my plans accordingly. I determined to make a bluff at carrying things off with a high hand; for, I felt confident that if anything would make Grace turn me down good and hard, that would. With

this necessary preliminary over, I intended, later on in the afternoon, to propose in a totally different manner, and receive the answer I had vowed to obtain.

We had strolled over to the woods in search of autumn leaves, though, in truth, it was too early for them, and had just sat down to rest on a low pile of rails when I decided—as the novelists say—to put my fate to the touch.

With all the lordliness at my command, I began; and I've no doubt I should have gone on to the end in the same high and mighty way, but for one circumstance; Grace looked at me. Strange how a glance from a pair of brown eyes will disconcert a man at times. In a moment, I was floundering and blundering around in the most helpless manner imaginable. I did exactly what I had determined not to do: I let the girl see that I belonged to her absolutely and that I was not at all sure whether she would take me or leave me.

Then Grace shattered all my hopes at one fell swoop. She made her refusal gentle and considerate, though there is no denying it was very firm and decided.

With my head in a whirl, and my plans in a state of chaos, I arose, and, leaving the girl sitting there, went over to the bridge and leaned on the rail, making an effort to collect my scattered thoughts. Suddenly, an inspiration seized me. In fiction, if a man's life is in jeopardy, the girl is always overcome with remorse for the way she has treated him, and everything ends happily.

In an instant, I had slipped off the bridge, and was clinging to the lower part of the railing. Incidentally, my feet had found a good solid resting-place on the woodwork beneath; but this did not show from the bridge. I appeared to be merely hanging to the rail with my hands.

Even as I disappeared, I had the satisfaction of hearing a scream from Grace, and the patter of her small feet as she ran to the bridge. The rail to which I clung was just high enough to bring my head above the flooring. Grace knelt beside me, her face pale as death.

"Can't you pull yourself up?" she gasped. The girl was really frightened. I felt sorry for her; but surely the end justified the means.

"What the use of trying?" I said in a melancholy voice. "You won't have me anyhow."

"Here, I'll help you!" Grace put her head and arm through the railing, for the rails were some distance apart, and began to tug at me. It was all I could do to keep from laughing. I weigh a hundred and fifty-five pounds, and Grace, well, Grace is a dainty, petite maiden that I could carry under one arm, for a mile, if she'd let me.

"It's no use!" I said, with a fine air of martyrdom. "Don't grieve for me when I'm gone."

There was just one thing that troubled me. I was afraid that Grace, as she leaned through the railing, might be able to see where my feet were resting. Evidently, she did not, however, for there was no diminution of concern in her manner. Finding her strength unavailing, she suddenly sprang up.

"I'm going for help!" she cried, and, before I could get my breath, she was running at full speed and had turned the bend in the road.

Now, this was not at all what I had bargained for. In a trice, I had climbed on the bridge and started in pursuit. The only thing left for me to do was to overtake her. By the time I reached the bend in the road, I had gathered considerable speed, so much, in fact, that it was exceedingly difficult to come to an abrupt halt; but come to a halt I did; for there, on an immense log, sat Grace, a belated daisy in her hand, from which, with the utmost deliberation, she was plucking the petals, one by one.

"I thought you had gone for help!" I stammered in confusion.

"Too far," she replied tersely. "So you left me to die like a rat in a hole while you sat down to consult a daisy as to whether I loved you or not."

"I left you with your feet on a firm foundation, and, judging from appearances, you did not die."

So Grace had seen through the ruse, after all! I cleared my throat. For the moment, it was the only conversational stunt of which I was capable. Gradually, however, my wits began to return. I sat down on the log a short distance from her.

"I'm afraid you're a very hard-hearted girl," I said finally; and I spoke in an injured tone, which I have always thought did credit to my nerve.

Grace did not condescend to reply, and, for a few moments, silence reigned supreme. A caterpillar, crawling up the trunk of a tree, attracted my attention, and, at the same time, suggested a bright idea. In a story that I had read recently, a caterpillar figured very prominently. It was in the middle of a girl's back; in fiction, they always are. When the man in the case told her it was there, she screamed and besought him to take it off. Of course, not being a brute, he removed it—after he had made his own terms. The idea seemed a good one. I determined to put it into practice.

"Oh, Grace! There's a caterpillar on you!" Grace had taken another daisy from her lap—where she got them, Heaven only knows—and she divested it of two petals before she spoke.

"Where?"

"Right in the middle of your back!"

Two more petals came off that detestable daisy.

"What kind of a caterpillar is it?"

"One of those fuzzy, creepy ones," quoting from the novel. "It seems to be crawling up toward your neck. I don't know whether it's a caterpillar or one of those big green stinging worms."

"Are you sure it isn't a rattlesnake?"

"I bite my lip. My dignity wouldn't permit me to laugh."

"This higher education business is making women unfeminine," I observed severely. I might have known Grace wasn't afraid of a caterpillar. She was interested in biology.

"All girls don't go in for science, you know," suggested Grace, cheerfully. "There's Harriet Boyd—"

"But she's so homely."

"Well, Mazie Mitchell, then. She's as pretty as a picture, and as feminine as anyone could wish."

Another brilliant thought occurred to me. Jealousy! There never was a novel in which jealousy didn't play a part. A man has only to praise another girl in the presence of his beloved, when immediately she becomes jealous. After that, the rest is easy.

Accordingly, I began to praise Mazie up to the skies. To my chagrin, instead of being piqued, Grace seemed pleased. She added her encomium to mine, until between us, we had credited Mazie with virtues and graces enough to make an angel of her, right here on earth, without the preliminary of "shuffling off this mortal coil." But Grace had shown no symptoms of jealousy.

This last blow completely shattered my faith in fiction. What my next move would have been had I been left to my own resources, I do not know; for, just then, something occurred that, for the moment, completely diverted me from my purpose.

Grace was still heaping praises on Mazie's defenseless head, when, suddenly, we were startled by a clatter of flying hoofs. The next moment, from around a turn in the road, a horse dashed into sight, running at breakneck speed, and drawing after it a carriage, in which, grasping the reins with impotent hands, sat Mazie Mitchell.

I sprang out into the road, and none too soon. There is a trick about stopping a runaway horse that only experience can teach. Thank Heaven, I had had that experience.

Presently, Grace was quieting the hysterical Mazie, while I soothed the poor, frightened animal, which now trembled in every fiber. If only I knew as much about women as I do about horses, I thought, rather bitterly, I shouldn't have been making a fool of myself all the afternoon.

When Mazie had recovered sufficiently, both Grace and I offered to get into the carriage and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

In Wolf's Clothing; Real Hair Grower Found at Last!

Or. At Great Sacrifice

By Charles Garvice

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN a moment or two the door opened, and Mr. Striple entered. At sight of Elliot he stopped in the doorway.

"Well, now! what a delightful coincidence. Mr. Graham! How do you do, ma'am? and how do you do, sir? To think that you of all men should be here, on this very night, when I wanted so badly to see you. Why, it will be killing two birds with one stone! Not, my dear madam, with a bow to Miss Deborah, 'that I should dream of being so disrespectful as to call you a bird, or to be desirous of throwing stones at you.'"

He took off his huge coat, and leaned over the table. Wagging his head at all three of them, he said, with a chuckle:

"Miss Deborah, ma'am, you will be glad to hear that I am now able to prove that the son of your old friend, is the proprietor of one of the largest properties in Australia. I can explain in a few words, Mr. Elliot, how you have been robbed for years by that specious, oily, double-faced,——" he gasped for breath, "unscrupulous, overbearing tyrant, my master."

To the three interested listeners, Mr. Striple, with great dramatic effect, unveiled the villainy of Sir Joseph. How the Wally Hollow estate had been yielding for years an enormous sum of money, while Elliot had been kept a dependent. "Fifty-four thousand pounds!" exclaimed Striple, "what do you think of that for a fortune, Mr. Elliot? And you'll get it, too that's the best of the joke! I may be a doormat for them to wipe their feet on, but I know all Sir Joseph's affairs, e-v-e-r-y one of them. And that's why I've waited until he was flush and able to pay; for he has floated the Great Byeworth Mine, and he'll have plenty to pay us. I wish I'd been beside Miss Nora Ryall, when he asked her to sign that deed—a paltry thousand pounds for a piece of land worth a quarter of a million! However, I'm glad she did sign it. It only we had your father's part of the agreement, it would be easy to floor Sir Joseph; but he will show fight."

Elliot took the agreement from his pocket and tossed it across the table.

"It's it!" exclaimed Striple. "We win all along the line! Upon my word, sorry as I am for the young lady, I'm glad she signed that paper! Sir Joseph will pay now—on the nail!"

Nora rose, pale and trembling.

"She didn't sign it," she said.

"Didn't—didn't sign it?" gasped Striple.

"How do you dare say such a thing? Forgive me, my dear young lady, but you don't know the importance of what you say. Do you know her—did she tell you she didn't sign it? How do you know?"

Nora went towards Elliot, and he met her and put his arm round her. From her shelter she looked steadily at Mr. Striple, and then falteringly at Miss Deborah.

"Because I am Nora Ryall," she said, in a low voice.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The following day there was great stir and excitement at the Hall and its vicinity, for Sir Joseph was expecting a large party to inspect the work at the recently opened mine. The Hall carriage drove swiftly to and from the station, bringing the invited guests. After the party had had some lunch at the Hall, they were conveyed in carriages to the valley. It was a triumphant moment for Sir Joseph, and he leaned forward in his carriage, and waved his hand and smiled benignly at the crowd which had gathered.

"There's that damned fellow Elliot and that man Striple!" cried Selwyn, who sat opposite his father. "What the devil are they doing here? And wasn't that Miss Ryall with them?"

"Quite so," said his father; "they have gone to fetch Mrs. Ryall—and Mr. Ryall, if he is well enough."

But Nora was hastening to see her father, for Elliot had told her he was ill. Martha drew her into the hall. She told her that her stepmother had stolen away from the house early that morning.

Nora went up-stairs and into the darkened room. When she had spoken to him thrice, to her infinite joy, his lips moved, and he murmured:

"Nora!"

Elliot left them together, and went with Striple, to the mine. They quietly fought their way into the tent, which had been erected in the center of the works, and were in time to hear the conclusion of Sir Joseph's speech.

"Not only on my own account," he was declaiming unctuously, "do I triumph in its successful progress, and its marvellous promise. I am thinking of you also, my dear friends and neighbors, for the Great Byeworth mine will transform this place from a sleepy hollow to a—land flowing with milk and copper."

He smiled oily at the joke, and the crowd cheered.

Cheering vociferously, the crowd began to melt. Sir Joseph led the way in the direction of champagne and other delicacies. He was not startled when Striple touched him on the arm. Such is habit, that, even at that moment when Striple was going to pay back years of humiliation and of insolence, he could not refrain from taking off his hat and smiling and bowing with humble deprecation.

"A gentleman here wants a word with you, Sir Joseph. Mr. Graham wants to have a chat with you about the Wally Hollow estate."

Sir Joseph, seeing that the little game he had played with Elliot's fortune was up, met the psychological moment in a manner worthy of his astuteness.

"Tut, tut, you've taken the wind out of my sails, Elliot. I was going to propose that you and I should go into the Wally Hollow business this very evening. I haven't had time to look into it lately, but I am glad to tell you that I expect to have a really considerable sum of money to hand over to you."

Striple, astounded at the calmness and effrontery, gasped:

"Fifty-four thousand pounds!"

"So much!" still calmly. "Well, my dear Elliot, you have in me a substantial creditor—my interest in this is large enough to assure you of my ability to meet your just demands."

"Your interest!" chuckled Striple. "It isn't worth a penny! Ah, it's my turn now, Sir Joseph; the dog you've kicked and beaten is turning on you. Every bit of copper in this mine, every inch of the land belongs to its proper owner—Miss Ryall!"

"The poor fellow's gone mad, stark, staring mad, Elliot," said Sir Joseph, while Striple continued in the same strain.

"Miss Ryall did not sign the deed," said Elliot, gravely, speaking for the first time during the painful scene.

Sir Joseph became deathly pale, and for one horrible moment, Elliot feared he was going to have a stroke. Then he said, in an expressionless voice, "Are you sure?"

"Yes," said Elliot, "it is a forgery."

"That accused woman! I swear that I acted in ignorance. I shall make a fight for it; and if I'm beaten I'll send that——" he used a dreadful word, "to penal servitude. Ah, how will you like that—Striple says you're going to marry Ryall's daughter. How will you like her stepmother to be doing time for a common for-

gery? See here, now, Elliot, you're a sensible man—you have got to compromise. You shall have the Wally Hollow money and estate, and I'll give up half I've made and shall make the mine. Better accept my terms. Think it over. Come up to the Hall tonight. But don't bring that cur with you," he broke off with momentary fury, "or I shall probably kill him."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Some months later, on one of those early spring days which in Devonshire almost rival those of midsummer, Nora was arranging some primroses in a large bowl. She was clad in black, because, soon after her return, her father had been laid to rest in the little churchyard near his ancestral home.

"The train is sure to be late," said Miss Deborah, who sat watching her, "it always is."

Nora laughed; but presently she heard the roll of wheels, ran to the door, and was caught in Elliot's arms.

Elliot had a great deal to tell them—how he had come to terms with Sir Joseph to make over half his interest in the mine to Nora—how he had obtained possession of his father's estate and money—how he had bought Ryall for Nora, and already engaged an architect to begin the work of restoration.

"Bless my heart!" murmured Miss Deborah, "why you two young persons will be millionaires!"

"And," whispered Nora, "did you discover anything about—her?"

"Striple is conducting the search. We must find her, if we can—and provide for her."

Miss Deborah got up softly, and left the room; then Elliot leaned forward and took Nora in his arms.

"And our marriage, dearest? You said it should be when I came back. I have come back."

"And you—you are willing to marry me without knowing all—where I was, what I was doing while I was away from you?"

"Quite ready, more than ready. Of course, I'm mystified, and I'm anxious about Cyril, and should like to know about him."

"You want—to see him?" she murmured.

"Of course I do! I've a feeling that I shan't be quite happy until I do."

"You mean that? Well, I want you to be quite perfectly, completely happy. There is no help for it! Go into the library, Elliot, and wait for me. I want to speak to you—alone."

After he had waited a little, someone stole behind him, and two small hands covered his eyes.

"Guess who it is! Have you got the great skua's egg yet, Elliot?"

With a cry of "Cyril!" he sprang round and gripped the boyish figure clad as he remembered it. He forced up the drooping head, then cried, in amazement, "Nora!"

"Yes it's Nora—and it's Cyril too—come back to you. But he is going forever, and only Nora will remain. Shut your eyes Elliot, or I shall die of shame!"

He laughed at the tragedy in her voice. A moment afterwards he heard the door shut. The boy Cyril had gone forever; but Nora, his darling, his well-beloved, would remain to him till death parted them.

It was a quiet wedding, and yet there were many guests. Amongst them were Mr. Striple, Captain Marks, Hodges, Shuffley, and pretty Margery. As for Miss Deborah, her principal feeling was one of pride in her adopted son; and she was also forced to admit that Nora, though a girl, was, by some chance, not a hussy.

Sir Joseph's luck changed on the day he had celebrated the opening of the Great Byeworth Mine. His wife dead, deserted by his son, he was a broken man, when Striple held out a helping hand to him.

Striple had become prosperous, and prosperity had softened his heart; and Sir Joseph was glad to accept the helping hand held out to him.

THE END.

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Manners and Looks

"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Mutt, Ashland, Oregon.—Chaperons may not always be necessary at all-day picnics of young people, but we think a chaperon is a good thing to take along. (2) Two girls of twenty-five and eighteen if quite mature and sensible kind of girls might, without impropriety, conduct a rooming-house.

Troubled, Ogden, Kans.—Etiquette provides no way by which a girl can be "only a friend" to the one she loves, when he does not love her, but she can do it if she will apply her head instead of her heart to the case and let plain common-sense do the work. (2) Having wronged a man ask his forgiveness, but don't make matters worse by showing him that you love him still.

Reader, Jordan, N. Y.—You may do just as you please about numbering the pages of letters to friends only be sure that you do number them, as some writers neglect to do. (2) The best home-made paste is made by beating wheat flour in cold water into perfect smoothness and then brought to a boil, keeping constantly stirred to prevent scorching. A few drops of creosote, or a few grains of corrosive sublimate added will keep away insects and preserve it indefinitely if kept in a close vessel. You might add a little nitric acid to prevent gelatinizing if you wish, though hardly necessary.

C. N. F., Tell City, Ind.—Usually at a dinner or dance when a lady is toasted she makes no further response than rising and bowing. She may make a speech if she knows how, but it is not expected.

Blue Eyes, Greenwood, Wis.—It is proper for a married man to escort a girl home who has been calling on his wife in the evening, with the wife's consent, but it is not proper for him to put his arm around her. You can prevent such conduct by merely letting him know you will tell his wife. That kind of a husband is always a coward. (2) It looks a little hard on an innocent girl to make her suffer for her sister's wrong doing by not associating with her, but that is often the penalty, except in cases, where the family is of the best reputation and the offender is not wholly to blame.

Troubled One, Livermore, Cal.—The proper rule to observe with neglectful correspondents is not to write to them at all.

Country Lass, Fayette, Mich.—A girl may ask a young man to take her to a leap year dance if it is understood that all the girls are doing so, but hardly otherwise. Let the men do the asking.

T. S., Cairo, Neb.—It would not be very improper for a lady driving alone to ask a man walking to drive with her nor would it be for a lady to accept an invitation from a man to drive with him. It is rather informal, but not improper.

Subscriber, Liberty, Can.—The conduct of your fiancé in ignoring you because you could not go with him to a dance and insulting you by devoting himself to another girl is inexcusable and you should not only break the engagement, but keep it broken.

M. G., Corning, Cal.—Navy-blue serge with white collar and cuffs makes an attractive traveling suit, but it is not as serviceable as tan linen and takes up much more dust. Material which least shows travel stains is the best, though not always the prettiest.

Pearl, Bangor, Maine.—Most young men, even if not as good looking as you say you are, would not think it unpleasant to have strange ladies meet on the street stop and look them square in the face. Maybe the Bangor ladies have so few good-looking men to look at that they can't help stopping when they see you. Be that as it may, you ought to take a dog along to keep the girls away. There is no rule of etiquette against self protection.

Nan Brookside, Ala.—Home table manners vary somewhat, and in some families when any member has finished his meal he leaves the table. In most they do, because the men have to get to work. When company is present all should leave the table at the same time unless someone has to go earlier. You can't be told how to eat properly. You must learn how by observing good-mannered people. Anyway, don't eat with your knife and don't use a napkin for a handkerchief and don't take soup out of the end of the spoon and don't make a noise with your mouth while eating or drinking, and don't roll over the table but sit erect and a few other things like that. (2) A rule for making oneself attractive, which is good for rich and poor alike, is to think of others instead of yourself, and please yourself by pleasing others. Money and good clothes may be lost, but good manners stay with you always if you exercise them.

Sundowner, Commerce, Ga.—As your brother stands sponsor for the young man you have not met and is willing for you to correspond with him, you may do so, but why should he ask you to send him your picture and he will send you his? Ask him to send you his picture and by and by, when you will send him yours. (2) Evening calls should be made from 7.00 to 8.30, and the caller should go home not later than 10.30. But there is no rigorous rule and what there is varies in various localities.

E. G. N., DeFuniak Springs, Fla.—Etiquette does not permit a young lady in love with a young man who is attentive to her at parties, but never calls or takes her out to ask how he feels towards her. It is presumed that when he has any feeling in the matter he will mention it to her. Whether he does or not, she cannot ask him except at great risk of losing him and of administering a severe shock to etiquette.

Leslie, Gorman, Va.—A corsage bouquet should be worn with the stems pointing downward. Why turn it upside down? (2) The average weight of a lady five feet tall is 113 pounds.

Golden Hair, Filip, Mo.—In introducing strangers at a party do so exactly as you would if you were not at a party. However, always introduce strangers to the host or hostess, or both, first. (2) You may say "Thank you," to the person you meet who says: "I am pleased to meet you," but it is not necessary.

Bashful Kid, Senatobia, Miss.—Any one of a hundred things is proper to say to a young lady when introduced to her, but the best thing is to say something that will please her. That will depend upon the circumstances of the meeting and is not always possible. Better say nothing than to say something which sounded as if you got it out of a book on etiquette. Introduce the young man to the young lady; never the other way.

A. D. H., Burgan, N. C.—Visiting cards are not to be presented when you are introduced to people. You leave a card when you call on anyone, or a hired girl of any age, comes under the head of police regulations and not under rules of etiquette, and the hired girl who encourages such conduct should be chased out of the house.

V. Z., Warrensburg, Mo.—We believe etiquette permits a young man to smoke while driving with his best girl with no objection. (2) It is the custom, regardless of etiquette, for a young man to hold the girl's hand he is driving with, but why he wishes to do so we are unable to tell you as it is not stated in the rules.

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Constant Reader, Newark, N. J.—Having in your pique, because he did not call as he promised, written him a letter saying he need not call again as he was not waded, it would be unadvisable, and silly, to write again to win him back. Let this be a lesson to you in something else besides etiquette.

Hazel Eyes, Englishtown, N. J.—When persons who have been visiting you in departing say they have had a pleasant time and hope your visit to them will be as agreeable, you are to make your own answer and not get it from the book. Common sense ought to tell you what would be polite and pleasant to say in response. (2) It is not polite for the girl you were visiting to say anything to the young man who paid special attention to you, except to thank him for his courtesy to her guest. She might tease him mildly, but only to help him along.

Reader, Rheinhold Station, Pa.—It is customary to congratulate a young man on the street, or anywhere, who has just been married. It need not be done loud enough to attract attention, but it is all right under almost any circumstances of time or place.

Madge, Wessington, S. Dak.—A girl on a farm twelve miles from everywhere will naturally be more or less timid and backward in company to which she is unaccustomed, but judging from your letter you are quick to think and speak, and if you will make the effort to get out among people, you will soon make your mark among them and be perfectly at home.

S. P., Harrison, Neb.—The duties of a secretary vary according to the demands of her chief. She must know stenography and typewriting, though, and be prepared to meet the usual office requirements. (2) The best work for a girl is that to which she is best adapted and what she wants to do. If she would as soon do one thing as another, provided the pay was better, she will never amount to much more than a mere hired girl.

Rosebud, Elsie, Oregon.—A woman five feet four inches tall should weigh one hundred and thirty pounds. (2) It is quite right to accept a locket from a young man to replace one which he broke, but it should be no finer than the original. (3) A lady may dance more than once with a friend. Also it is a compliment to a young man when a lady dresses her hair the way he likes, though, really she should dress her hair in the way most becoming to her, regardless of any young man or any fashion that prevails.

Rosebud, Sheridan, Ark.—If the lady can play the organ better with elbow gloves on than without them, then she should wear them. (2) It is proper for a lady to ask her beau for his hat when seated in church, if that is the custom in her town. It is not done in fashionable city churches.

Blue Eyes, Tidal, Pa.—There should be no set speeches of congratulation to a married couple. Say whatever you think would be nice and cheerful. Also in responding to a young man asking to escort you home. There is more need than ever that he be nice and cheerful when you decline his company. Polite people are not polite according to rule; it is in their feelings.

Blue Bell, Kearney, Neb.—Having accepted his company home, and then gone to an entertainment with the young man should excuse you for refusing to permit him to call on the following Sunday evening. Does he want you for all time? (2) Having accepted company home, you need say no more to a second man who asks you than that you have an escort, but thank him for his courtesy.

Silver Bell, Hastings, Neb.—It is very proper for a seventeen-year-old girl to tell a young man who asks for her company that her parents object to her going with anyone, but she should tell the truth when she says it. Nor should she accept his company later, unless it is as an escort when she could not well go alone. If you think you are too young to go with young men, you should be frank enough to tell them so. That is an excellent excuse, and more girls should have it.

O. C. H., Paris, Ill.—It would not be proper for a gentleman to tip his hat to a lady whom he does not know, unless she is with someone lady or gentleman, whom he speaks to. If by some chance a strange lady must ask a man a question, or ask some favor or accept one from him, as often happens in towns and cities, or he must ask her a question, he should always touch his hat to her, if possible. It is not proper for a gentleman to kiss a lady good night, unless he is engaged to her, but he is mighty sure to do it if she doesn't watch out.

Ruth, Tribby, Oklahoma.—One hundred and forty is at least thirty pounds too heavy for a five foot girl. Reduce your weight by dieting, and as your arms are too thin, massage them twice a day, rubbing the flesh from the body over to the arms. At the same time practice "chinling" yourself, that is, hanging by your arms and lifting your body till your chin reaches the bar you hang in. When you can do this a dozen or more times, you will find your arms are considerably larger.

Anxious Heart, Hickory, N. C.—Young men are often quite polite to fathers when they admire their daughters and this may be why your young man is so to your father. Anyway, we think he thinks a lot of you, but don't be too anxious hearted about it and scare him away. When a girl sees a young man for the first time and knows she loves him, she is very apt to lose her head at the same time she loses her heart.

Seventeen, Laton, Texas.—It is quite proper for a girl of twenty to accept the company of a proper young man, and to ask him to call again as he is departing, but do not kiss him good night. That is being too polite.

Happy Grace, Leeds, N. Dak.—Don't you think you had better know definitely whether he loves you or not, before making arrangements for your wedding? Suppose you do love him, and he takes a fancy to some other girl, before the wedding day, wouldn't that be too embarrassing? A girl should not take a chance like that.

Miss A. S., Kenosha, Wis.—Etiquette is not extremely rigorous in love affairs, but we do think your fiancé, living only fourteen miles away, should come to see you oftener than once in two weeks, unless his

work is such that he cannot come oftener. We think you should wait until you are twenty-one and maybe in two years he will think enough of you to come to see you oftener. Eighteen dollars a week is not a fortune, but a thrifty young couple can save a little on it in a town the size of Kenosha.

Lonely, Magazine, Ark.—There is not much to say when your sweetheart hands you a letter instead of mailing it to you, until you have read it and find out what is in it. Then there may be a great deal to say. (2) Don't be too liberal in giving your pictures to young men, even friends. The average young man does not appreciate a girl's photograph as he should.

Troubled Sweet Sixteen, Altona, Ill.—It was very bad manners of the gentlemen in the buggy to wave to you at your window, not knowing you. And you didn't understand what they meant, and didn't know they were flirting with you? We thought every girl of sixteen knew what such signs meant. You did properly not to notice them, and if you meet them at all they must be properly introduced. Don't let your heart go out to either of them, as you say it is doing towards the younger, because they may both be married men, or worse. Ask your parents about it.

Troubled, Marietta, Okla.—Whenever a young man is of the sensitive type, taking offense easily and making his feelings an excuse for being rude or indifferent to promises, the best way to treat him is to let him go his own way and get a polite person to take his place.

Black Eyes, Joliet, Ill.—Stealing a kiss from a girl is a mean sort of theft that true politeness cannot sanction. If girls turned down such thieves promptly and effectively, there would be more careful young men. (2) If a young lady knows a young man who waves to her, she may reply, but otherwise not.

Rose and Lilac, Mertilla, Kans.—A gentleman accustomed to taking two ladies to various places of entertainment should not decline to go with them any more because they went to one place without him when he declined to take them. That sort of resentment is petty in a man and far from good manners. (2) It is proper for a sister to accompany a brother and sister to a certain place where they meet another young man who will escort one of the sisters after that, but there must be a good reason for so doing.

Slim, Nashua, Iowa.—She might have explained why she declined your escort home, though she need not have done so. Among friends it is usually done. However, girls of seventeen are not always responsible for their actions, either of exact etiquette or otherwise. Be considerate and careful until you are both older.

M. A. G., Sandusky, Mich.—Correspondence with a cousin might be permitted on the ground of kinship, but if your fiancé objects you should not do it. Etiquette is not the control under all circumstances.

Prudence, Vendome, Va.—Whether the caller mentions calling again or not he should be invited, either by the lady on whom he is calling, or by some member of the family present when he leaves. (2) A man should rise when a lady enters the room, unless she is often going in and out, or he is at his own home, or as much so in her house.

Ignorant, Albert Lea, Minn.—It is proper to drink lemonade through a straw and to remove one's gloves while doing so. As to inviting the young man to supper after your walk, it is proper enough, but when your parents object, etiquette must give way to home regulations.

A. F. B., Cambell, Neb.—Introductions, that is, formal introductions, are not always necessary at a dance where everybody is supposed to know everybody else, and you would not be acting improperly to accept an invitation to dance even if the young man had not been formally presented. It is quite different at public dances.

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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

NOW, my dears, we have come unto August and the Summer Girl begins to look over into September and wonder what kind of fall styles will be most becoming and all the other frivolities that go with Summer girls. Still with all their frivolous they, or the most of them, don't forget that they are to be women very soon and the frivolous must be laid away and something serious taken up in its place. And, oh, my dears, it is sometimes so very serious. However, let's not trouble trouble till trouble troubles us. I hope you didn't melt in July and won't in August, but it nearly makes me melt to work in August, and it would if I thought about it. So I just go to it.

The first in the list of letters is from Brown Eyes of Weed, California, and she is so honest that it makes me smile. She is engaged to a man, but she has not heard from him for four months and doesn't know where he is and has fallen in love with another man and wants to know if she should break her engagement with the other man, and if so how will she do it, seeing that she doesn't know where he is and can't write to him. Isn't that a funny situation? I would settle it by marrying the man in sight and let the absent one find out about it as best he could.

Trudie, Coal City, Ky.—You should not be sweethearts for so long unless you are engaged and the young man should not expect you to be any more to him than you are to other young men unless he asks you to. How long does he expect to wait till he asks you?

Pansy, Grand Rapids, Wis.—When in doubt don't marry. Nobody knows how a marriage will turn out. That may be known only by marrying. Really my dear, I wouldn't think of advising you one way or the other, because in your particular case, you must decide for yourself.

Reader, Mason City, Ia.—A girl of eighteen should go with girls of her age and should know the young men the other girls know. You should give up your little girl-and-boy acquaintances and be a young lady. If you do this, your mother may treat you less like a child.

M. E. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.—It is a very safe conclusion that when a young man, when he is with a girl, promises to write to her when he is away and does not, does not think of her except when he is with her. If you like that kind you will keep on thinking of this one.

M. B. H., Omaha, Neb.—Are you the kind of a girl that wants a man to raise a row with you if you accept the attentions of other young men? If you are I am very sorry for you. The very highest confidence a man can place in a woman is to trust her with other men. If he did not love her right he could not do this. If she loves him right she will not want the attention of other men to his exclusion.

A. J., Rainier, Ore.—If your parents insist that the man is a proper acquaintance for you while you know better, just accept his attentions and go with him till you get the whole town talking, and then maybe they will learn something. When you have taught them the lesson, drop the man so suddenly that the town will talk more and you can tell your side of the story. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, my dear.

B. B., Maud, Okla.—You are mistaken about his folks getting your letters and breaking them open. That is a penitentiary offense, and people don't do it very often. He hasn't written to you, that's all, and I think he hasn't because he likes his folks better than he likes you. Let him go.

Beauty, Liverpool, Ill.—If you are in doubt about marrying this young man whom you know so slightly, you will be wise to wait till you know more about him, especially as he seems to be in such a hurry to marry. Your "folks" are very foolish to sanction your marrying a stranger. (2) Better do your talking to the young man in the front of the store rather than the back. Is he afraid to come to the front?

Daphne, Hamlin, Texas.—Let the young man go, as he seems to have so many excuses for breaking with you. Why try to keep him against his will? And don't fill his place with one younger than you are, if there are any other ages to be had.

Blue-eyed Baby, Huntsville, Ark.—Your first duty is to yourself and the man who wants to marry you. If you choose to sacrifice him and yourself in order to take care of your brother's children, you may do so, but duty does not say you should. Suppose you did make the sacrifice and in a couple of years your brother should marry again and take the children away from you, then what?

Anxious Girl, Nowhere Branch, N. C.—Marry the excellent young man when you are twenty and when you get into a nice home he will be able to provide, your parents will be glad enough to forgive you and want to come and stop at your house.

Wanita, Marietta, Okla.—As you are not engaged to him you have no claim upon him when he goes with another girl. You could not go, and so he had a right to ask another. (2) You may go driving Sunday afternoon with him alone if that is the custom of the community.

Dot and Curly, Arlington, Wash.—You are quite right to tell the young man that he had no right to be talking love to a fifteen-year-old girl. Most girls of that age are too silly to talk that way to a young man who should have better sense. (2) In some communities very good Christians play various games on Sunday and think it no wrong. If you think it wrong to play Pinch on Sunday, don't do it, and don't bother if everybody else plays it.

Brown Eyes, Vaughan, N. C.—No, dear, it is not etiquette for a girl to write to her beau first when she goes off on a visit, though if she does not know what her address will be, she might write and tell him that. Otherwise, the right kind of a beau will write first. (2) Eighteen and twenty are too young to become engaged, unless they wait three years. Usually six months is long enough for an engagement, or less, if they are old friends. (3) A girl in love can't be contented at home, or anywhere.

Sun Flower, McCool, Miss.—After ten years' friendship, my dear, I think it would be quite proper to give him a watch-fob, and even he might come to see you every Sunday evening. But don't go to serious love-making until you are nineteen and he is of age.

R. R., Council Bluffs, Ia.—You are making a mistake in trying to win the friendship of the girl by running after her as you do. Stop it, and if she likes you well enough to make a chum of she will let you know. If she doesn't, then you must forget her. You cannot make anybody be a close friend who doesn't want to be, no matter how much you love. And for goodness sake, don't ever act as foolishly about any young man, as you have about this girl.

Broken Heart, Jonesboro, Ark.—Eleven years your sweetheart, you twenty-seven and he forty, and he has never proposed yet? And he has money, too, and a motor-car? Well, my dear, if I were you I would not wait any longer on him, sure. The first thing you know, people will begin to talk and they won't say very nice things, either. Both of you are old enough to have better sense.

Blue Eyes, Troy-vant, Tenn.—My dear your one-time sweetheart is the kind of man who has love life, as one might say, that is, he is desperately in love for a while with one girl, and then drops it all for another. The Lord makes them that way and they can't help it. The only protection against them is for one girl to take warning from one who has been fooled, which girls so rarely do. Have no more to do with him, and tell other girls what kind he is. Now, don't let him fool you again with soft speeches, but listen to what I tell you.

Sunny Blue, Paris, Tenn.—If he loves you more than you love him, as you say he does, he would not keep you waiting three months for a letter, and you would not be asking me if you should write first. Suppose you don't love him at all and see how much better you will feel. (2) If you have offended it is for you to offer the apology. And he must wait till you do, because a gentleman can hardly suggest to a lady that she apologize to him.

Broken Hearted, Talladega, Ala.—Some girls' mothers should never have been mothers, and when those girls become mothers their mothers' example should be a lesson to them in their duty to their children, whatever the personal sacrifice. A mother whose children are dear to her will not make them suffer because her mother made her suffer.

Beauty, Load, Ky.—The young man must take you for a silly when he denies going to see other girls and says you are the only one for him. You know about one thing he will do for another, and if I were you I would not listen to him whatever he says. With a character like that and different religion, married life would be something awful to live.

Western Girl, Midland, Texas.—It may be all right for a seventeen-year-old girl and an eighteen-year-old boy to agree to marry when they are four years older, but don't bind yourselves by a formal engagement. Kids like you two are so apt to change your minds every six months or so.

Puzzled Girl, Ashton, Ark.—As your family are opposed to the young man and there is a cloud on his reputation, suppose you wait a year and see if the cloud disappears and if the folks won't get "over their mad spell." That's the safer way.

Pansy, Wolcottville, Ind.—Glad you found my advice so good. Now as to the young man who will not wear a collar or a necktie and never takes you out, but gets around to take you home and wants to be your steady company, take my advice again and cut him off your list of friends. I think you are deserving of a young man who is as nice in dress as he is every other way. (2) It is proper to accept an escort home when properly introduced.

M. D., Enloe, Texas.—My, you are a silly girl, but girls are often silly at sixteen about their beaux. Still, not so silly as you are who wants to marry your cousin, despite all opposition. And despite the fact that he smokes you, runs after girls who are not nice, drinks and uses tobacco and is otherwise objectionable. Don't you know that marriage with a cousin is illegal and not a marriage? Really you ought to be spanked and shut up in a room till you are old enough to have some sense, while your disreputable cousin ought to be chased out of the county. There, you know what I think about it. Now profit by the knowledge.

E. B., Crawford, Ala.—Fifteen years is not too great a difference in ages when two people really love each other, and eighteen is too young for anybody to marry. (2) Yes, a man has a right to ask a girl not to accept the attention of other men when she becomes engaged to him. But he should not be exacting and there are times when he should permit her to have other company. He should trust much to her own sense of fairness and propriety.

Curious, Hamilton, O.—Sixteen and nineteen are too young to marry. A sixteen-year-old girl is baby enough, but a nineteen-year-old boy ought to have a nurse. (2) If you see nothing wrong in being kissed by the young men and talked about among them because you permit it, all right, go ahead and do what you think is right. But the really nice girls are not that kind. (3) Your nineteen-year-old sister is almost old enough to know better than to have a nineteen-year-old beau.

Blue Eyes, Grayson, Ky.—I can't give you any advice how to manage a young man who has so little regard for himself and for a girl that he will get drunk in her presence. He is beyond management unless by the police or the authorities of an inebriate institution.

Four Girls, Paris, Mo.—I never think at all about all the foolish little things you ask me about, and when you are older, you won't. But, go on thinking about them now, for the portion of youth, and youth, even with its trifles that seem important, is something all of us old ones would like to have again.

Worried Mind, Dacula, Ga.—As you are engaged to the other man, there is no way for you to take your first lover back, except by settling the matter between them, the best way you can. If the man to whom you are engaged has good sense he will be glad to give you up.

Country Girl, Grant, Ia.—If you think the man you love will take the place of all the friends you have ever had, then you may turn down all the other young men you know. You may like that kind of a lover, but I wouldn't have him a minute.

There, my dears, all your questions have been answered, and I have been real nice and sweet about it, haven't I? Just scooted enough to put seasoning in my advice. Now run along and have a good time, if you can keep cool enough, until we meet again. May the good Lord hold us all in His hand. By, by, COUSIN MARION.

Home Dressmaking Hints

Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladding

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

and the chemisette is removable. Chic revers are an attractive feature. The skirt is a five-gored model with the closing at the front. It is one of the best designs of the summer and is simple to make. The whole appearance of the costume is stylish and delightful in every detail. Wash goods, silk, pongee, mohair or serge may be used for development. The waist-pattern, No. 5787, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires two and five eighths yards of 36-inch material and five eighths of a yard of contrasting goods for revers. The skirt-pattern, No. 5852, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure; medium size requires three and three quarters yards of 36-inch material. Price of above patterns, 10 cents each.

No. 5842—Ladies' Waist.—In this design we have an excellent suggestion for a charming waist that may be used for separate wear or may form part of a complete frock when combined with a becoming skirt of the same material. The waist is made with stylish sailor collar. It may be cut high or low at the neck and made with long or short sleeves. Linen, madras, pongee, silk or lawn may be used with the trimming of contrasting fabric. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material and three quarters of a yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 5817—Ladies' Empire Dress. The stylish Empire frock given in this model is delightfully carried out in pale blue or lavender linen with yoke and cuffs of all-over or white corded madras. The yoke is applied and there are two tucks beneath it at each shoulder in the front. The three-gored skirt has a double flounce. The design is simple to follow and many other wash fabrics are suitable besides the one mentioned. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires six yards of 36-inch material and one half yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

No. 5731—Ladies' Dress. This attractive frock was carried out in tan linen with ecru all over yoke and collar and trimming of string-color ball fringe. While inexpensive the model is one of the prettiest of the summer and is easy to make. The dress can be completed with or without the yoke facing. It has shoulder plaits which may always be depended upon for a becoming line and the skirt is cut in three pieces. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires four and five eighths yards of 36-inch material and one half yard of 18-inch all-over. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Questions Answered

REMODELING SKIRT.—MRS. ANNA FARIS, the only way to remodel a circular skirt cut with a large number of gores is to graduate each one until the skirt measures two and one half or three yards around the bottom. If it is large around the waist you can perhaps take a gore out from each side.

IRON RUST.—MRS. ALLEN WARD, remove the iron rust from your white linen dress in the following way: In an agate basin put one cup of water, the juice of one lemon and two teaspoons of salt; bring to a boil and dip in part of dress which is stained. Hold until spot disappears.

Throw Away Your Eyeglasses

HOW TO SAVE THE EYES

Is the Title of a FREE BOOK

Simple Home Treatment Does It

At last the good news can be published. It is predicted that within a few years eyeglasses and spectacles will be so scarce that they will be regarded as curiosities.

Throughout the civilized world there has for several years been a recognized movement by educated medical men, particularly eye experts, toward treating sore, weak or strained eyes rationally. The old way has been to fit a pair of glasses as soon as the eyes were found to be strained. These glasses are nothing better than crutches. They never overcome the trouble, but merely give a little relief while being worn, and they make the eyes gradually weaker. Every wearer of eyeglasses knows that he might as well expect to cure rheumatism by leaning upon a walking stick!

The great masses of sufferers from eyestrain and other curable optic disorders, have been misled by those who were making fortunes out of eyeglasses and spectacles.



Save Your Eyes, Get Rid of Glasses

Dr. John L. Corish an able New York physician of long experience, has come forward with the edict that eyeglasses must go. Intelligent people everywhere are indorsing him. The Doctor says that ancient never disfigured their facial beauty with goggles. They employed certain methods, which have recently been brought to the light of modern science. Dr. Corish has written a marvelous book entitled "How to Save the Eyes," which tells how many may be benefited, in many cases, instantly. There is an easy home treatment, which is just as simple as it is effective and it is fully explained in this wonderful book, which will be sent free to any one. A postal card will bring it to your very door. This book tells you why eyeglasses are needless and how they may be put aside forever. When you have taken advantage of the information contained in this book, you may be able to throw your eyeglasses away, and should possess healthy, beautifully, soulfully expressive, magnetic eyes that indicate the true character and win confidence.

Bad Eyes Bring Bad Health

Dr. Corish goes further. He asserts that eyestrain is the main cause of headaches, nervousness, irritability, neurasthenia, brain fog, sleeplessness, stomach disorders, despondency and many other disorders. Leading oculists of the world confirm this, and say that a vast amount of physical and mental misery is due to the influence of eyestrain upon the nerves and brain cells. When eyestrain is overcome, these ailments usually disappear as if by magic.

FREE TO YOU

The Okola Method, which is fully explained in Dr. Corish's marvelous book, is the method which is directed at making your eyes normal and saving them from the disfigurement of these needless, unpleasant glass windows. If you wear glasses, or feel that you should be wearing them, or if you are troubled with headache in the forehead, or nervousness when your eyes are tired, write today to Okola Laboratory, Department 33A, Rochester, N. Y., and ask them to send you, postage prepaid, free of all charges, the book, entitled, "How to Save the Eyes," and you will never regret the step taken.

MAKING BLACK INTO MOURNING.—MRS. D. E. L., your black dress piped with purple can be made very suitable. In place of the fancy lace yoke, put in plain black net. Over the colored pipings stitch narrow crossways bands of black silk or crepe, or a narrow dull-black braid. Remove buttons and sponge places with weak ammonia water. A close hat of fine dull-black straw trimmed with silk or crepe would look well with dress.

GIRLS' DRESS.—MRS. D. C. MORRISON, the little tunic dresses as shown in No. 5845 are very stylish for girls. They are often made with white skirts, while the tunic is colored. For instance, you could use your white linen for skirt, making the waist of same with high or low neck and with sleeves which are pretty three quarter length. This will serve as guimpe. Then make the tunic of the pink. The buttoned edges as illustrated are extremely pretty, but as it requires some hours to do them the busy mother looks about for a more simple finish. If you could match your pink in a striped pink and white linen, half-inch wide bands of this would be pretty; or a flat white half-inch linen braid.

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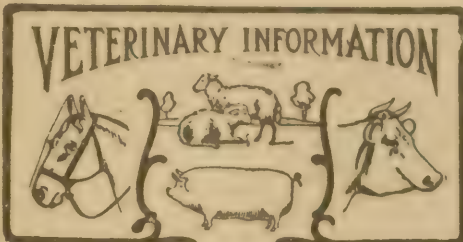
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MILK FEVER.—I have a cow that had milk fever this spring and I have been told by several that have had experience that she will have it every year now when she calves. Is this so, and is there anything I could give or do to prevent a return of the disease? She is a valuable cow and I do not like to lose her unless necessary.

A.—One attack does make a cow liable to similar attacks at subsequent calvings, but this may be avoided by letting the cow live a natural outdoor life, so far as possible, for six weeks or more before calving and not feeding any rich feed. Keep the bowels active by feeding bran mash. It is pampering, stuffing on rich feed and lack of exercise that induces milk fever, but it may also attack a cow pastured upon rich, new grass in spring. Do not use such pasture for susceptible cow that is nearing calving. Yard her and feed hay and mashes of bran. A full dose of epsom salts may be given in hot water as a drench when calving starts.

BOTS.—My horses are troubled with worms. They are about an inch long. What kind of worms are they? Will they come away without treatment? If not, is there any cure?

A.—Gad fly bots (Gastrophilus equi and G. circumscriptus) are passing out of the body, as they do at this time of the year and nothing need be done. In rare instances some of the red bots (G. hemorrhoidalis) hook onto the lining of the rectum and cause irritation and colicky pains. Where that occurs rectal injections of soapy warm water containing a cupful of tobacco decoction should be injected each night until the trouble subsides.

BONE SPAVIN.—I have a twelve-year-old mare that has a bone spavin on her right hind leg; and it is practically unnoticeable, only, by an experienced eye, still, the mare limps, when starting off, after standing for a while. I blistered the leg three times with a liniment prescribed by our home veterinarian but this seemed to do no good. What is the nature and cause of this disease, and is there a cure for it? If so, what will bring it about, and how does the remedy act on the disease?

A.—The spavin is a bony growth, excrescence or exostosis due to inflammation of the bone skin (periosteum) and induced by strain, sprain or concussion in animals having a hereditary tendency to such growths. The spavin implicates the small bones of the hock, being the great toe joint and the hock joint, the ligaments, etc. of the joint. Have the hock and spavin fired and blistered by a graduate veterinarian and then tie the mare up short in stall for at least six weeks. The treatment and prolonged rest cause the spavin to grow and unite the small bones with the cannon bone and so stop motion and consequent irritation. An affected mare should not be used for breeding.

DEAFNESS.—I have a fine mule about twelve years old that has become deaf. What is the cause of it and is there any cure for it?

A.—The firing of a shotgun close to a horse or mule often has caused incurable deafness. It also may come from abscess, a blow or catarrh. Usually there is no remedy, but the local veterinarian should make an examination and see if there is any removable or curable cause.

FITS FROM WORMS.—My pet cat vomits very much. Looks like foam. It has fits and is poor and no desire to eat much. The other day it vomited up a funny-looking flat worm about half an inch wide, and one foot long; it had sixty-two joints, and then yet smaller joints we could not count they were so small. Do you think it was a tapeworm, and do you think it has more that makes it sick? Is sulphur good for cats to take? What is good for distemper in cats? This cat does not cough or sneeze, or run at the nose. I have given it Castor oil and it vomits it up. J. C.

A.—The cat is harboring tapeworms and possibly other worms and they cause indigestion and fits. Treat as follows: Starve for twenty-four hours; then give from ten to twenty grains of freshly powdered arsenic nut and two to four grains of santonin in a saucer of milk. Follow in two hours by a full dose of Castor oil, adding five to ten drops of turpentine. Sulphur, in small doses is useful, for cats as a light purgative. It may be used in distemper; also small doses of bicarbonate of soda.

LAMENESS.—I have a fine young horse who was kicked one year ago on the fore leg. There is a hard lump on leg just above the knee making the leg look one fourth larger than should. Found him very stiff and lame a few days ago. Came on all at once. Could this leg have been the cause of lameness, and is there any way to reduce the enlargement?

A.—The lump cannot be removed and it was not the likely cause of the sudden attack of lameness, unless you know that it was kicked or otherwise injured. We are unable to advise in cases of lameness where the location and cause of the trouble is unknown.

SWELLING.—I have a fine four-year-old colt that has been blebbed for a year or more. It extends around her leg. The leg is some larger than the other. I use axle grease on the bleb which has helped it and turpentine and camphor to take the swelling out. She also has a growth, a white bump, just above her hoof. The leg is very thin on this bunch. Will you please tell me what to do with the above trouble?

A.—We cannot tell from your description just what the matter is or where it is located. Do not use axle grease. If the swelling extends from the foot to the hock or knee hand rub three times a day, then wrap leg with cotton batting and put a bandage. Nothing can be done to help the bunch on the hoof-head.

INDIGESTION.—I have a mare nine years old that eats with a ravenous appetite, but won't fatten. I have fed shelled corn, shorts, oats, Alfalfa and bran varied, with no results. She has shed good this spring however. She also seems sleepy and droops her head when standing, as if dozing, with her front feet in front of her as she can reach. Please tell me the what causes it and what to do, especially for the what causes it. She walks well when at work but just as sleepiness.

A.—Keep her clipped. Let her occupy a box stall in stable and see that she is worked or abundantly exercised every day. Have her teeth attended to by a veterinarian. As she no doubt has worms give her the powders often prescribed here and cut her rations until she is picking up and making weight, then gradually increase feed. You probably have been giving her far too much to eat. Feed whole oats, bran and best of hay. Give the drinking water before feeding. Do not feed any hay at noon.

JOINT DISEASE.—I have a fine heifer calf two weeks old. Four days ago she began trembling in her hind parts, and seemed to be stiff. Her back was very weak, and joints began to swell. The hind legs first. We gave her about one gallon of warm sweet milk. She ate well, but can hardly walk, or get up and down without help. Her mother was stiff in her hind parts before calving and could not lie down for a few days beforehand. We did not notice any swelling in her joints, and we supposed she was only troubled with a caked udder. After her milk came she was all right, but we noticed a yellow water kept it up for a day or two. Now she seems perfectly well and gives four gallons of milk. Could the mother's condition have had anything to do with the calf's? And if it should live and get well now, would it be subject to the same trouble again? We would like to see what I can do for the calf, and you please tell me what I can do for the calf, and the cow if she should be troubled again? (2) How can I stop the little calf's horns from growing and at what age?

A.—The swelling of the joints of calf's legs has come from infection of the navel at birth and probably

will prove incurable. Paint the joints with tincture of iodine if you find that it is swollen. The calf's condition did not affect the milk. Give her plenty of exercise every day and keep her bowels active before calving and she should not have a return of the stiffness. (2) Just as soon as horn buttons can be felt under the skin shave off the hair, dampen the skin above each button and then rub with caustic potash until a crust forms on skin. This will stop the growth of the horns.

TUMOR.—I have a young Jersey cow that has a lump under her jaw or rather on her throat about the root of her tongue. It seems to have a division in it near the center. I have noticed it about two months, and it seems to be getting larger. She is real hearty, was poor when I bought her but she is gaining flesh fast and gives a great quantity of milk. I would be very much pleased if you could give me some remedy for this.

A.—There is enlargement of a gland and it may be due to lump jaw or to tuberculosis. Have her tested with tuberculin and if she proves to be free from tuberculosis paint the lump with tincture of iodine each other day and it may disappear or soften and have to be opened.

TUMOR.—I have a cow; she is in good shape, and seems healthy every way, and gives five gallons of milk a day. When fresh last summer we noticed a large lump on her shoulder the size of a hen's egg, and a while after there were some small lumps just above the large one, and she has several on her hind legs just above the hoof. Some are larger than others. They seem hard and are under the skin. Is her milk fit for use? A neighbor that has a dairy here told us that he had seen lumps like them on cows but they did not hurt them. These seem to be getting larger and more coming, but they are only on shoulder and hind legs.

A.—We fear that these are metastatic cancerous tumors and incurable. The milk of an affected cow should not be used when the lumps are seen to be increasing in number and size and causing pain and emaciation. If possible have her examined by a graduate veterinarian and tell him what we have said.

SWELLING.—I have a mare that had a fistula. I got the fistula cured, but it left the neck large on each side, so I can't use a collar on her. Is there anything I can use to reduce the neck as I am anxious to get a cure? (2) I have a cow that has a hard lump in one of the teats up next to the udder about the size of a small marble, and sometimes that test will be hard. Please tell me what to do for it?

A.—We fear that pus may still be deep down in the tissues and that the abscess may form again. Clip off the hair and blister the enlargement with cerate of cantharides as this may either reduce the lump or bring the pus to the head that it may be liberated by cutting. (2) The lump can only be removed by cutting which requires a skilled surgeon. It would be best to dry off the milk flow in that quarter by leaving a little milk at each milking and rubbing well with a mixture of two tablespoonfuls of gum camphor and a cupful of melted lard.

HEAVES.—What is the matter with my mare? She is part Clyde, weighs about fifteen hundred pounds. She eats hearty and is kept in a clean, airy, stable and groomed each day. She is eleven years old. In February this year she commenced to cough a little; previous to that time, when I worked her she sweat a good deal, and now she doesn't sweat very much, and I don't work my horse hard. Now she pants when she stands in the stable, but not so much as when she works; this started about a week ago. I feed good clover hay, and two gallons of oats a day. She is in good condition, a kind, patient and very sensible animal. I have given her some oil of tar. P. G.

A.—She is developing heaves and that is incurable when established. Stop feeding clover hay as it is most likely to cause heaves. Feed wet oat straw in winter and in summer let her live on grass and for grain feed whole oats adding one sixth part wheat bran and dampen the feed at meal times. If the trouble persists give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until a quart has been given and then gradually discontinue the medicine.

CHOREA.—I have a colt three years old and when he goes to eat his fore legs and shoulders shake so he can hardly stand; he never shakes only when eating, and I never noticed it on him till he was broken to drive about six months ago. I would like to know about him.

A.—The colt no doubt has chorea (St. Vitus dance) and it is incurable. So far as possible let the colt live an outdoor life as there is just a chance that he may then outgrow the disease.

POISONED DOG.—Our dog, age one year and four months, was poisoned about two months ago. At first he was stiff and weak; then sores began to break out all over his body. We had a veterinarian doctor examine him and he gave the dog some medicine. He has improved and seems to be nearly well now, but is almost blind. His eyes have been troubling him for about a month. He is very thin, but has a good appetite and is regular in his habits. Can you give us any advice concerning his blindness?

A.—As the veterinarian saved the dog when poisoned and evidently is well qualified to treat the dog now we would suggest that he be again called in. It should be understood that we are not so well able as he to give an opinion and suggest treatment as he can make a personal examination which is necessary in such a case.

WARTS.—I have a yearling heifer that has warts on her head between her horns and around her eyes. Can you tell me what to do to treat off? E. S.

A.—Rub affected parts with best Castor oil or fresh goose grease once or twice a day and the warts will after a time disappear.

GARGET.—I have a cow seven years old. She has been giving milk two years without being fresh. She gives about two gallons at a milking. I get about three quarts from the left side and five quarts from the right. She has been that way about five months. Can you tell me what is the matter with her? (2) Also what is the matter with my pigs? I have a white and black pig, a black and white pig, and a black and white pig. This is the second litter of pigs. Part are white and part are black. The white ones have sore ears all over the back and down their backs and tail a strip about half an inch wide. They are two weeks old. The other ones were the same way. It stormed and they got muddy. I thought maybe that caused it.

A.—One side of the udder has at some time been attacked with garget and the condition is incurable. If she never has calves it would be well to fatten her for slaughter. (2) The pigs have sun scald from getting wet and muddy and then being exposed to the hot sun. Wash clean and apply a mixture of sweet oil and sulphur to sore places on skin. Then wash them out of rank green growths where skin will become wet.

Captain Frank

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

The combat was short, and not as bloody as might have been expected, for the outlaws were dismayed by the unlooked-for rush, and made but a poor show of fight. In a few minutes four of them lay dead on the ground, and three more were flying up a narrow gorge, a branch of the main canyon, which had hitherto been concealed from the view of the victors.

To use an "Irishism," it must be remarked that one of the dead men was not dead yet. He was "as good as dead," but he still breathed. This was no other than black-faced and evil-eyed Hernandez himself, who was recognized by his picturesque Mexican attire. At his side knelt Captain Frank, and fiercely demanded that he should tell her what he had done with James Bell.

With a devilish grin of triumph on his dark features, the dying outlaw raised himself on his arm, pointed up the narrow gorge, and fell back a corpse.

Uttering a wailing cry, Captain Frank rose to her feet and ran up the gorge. Several of her companions followed her, fearful that she might come to harm.

Less than a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the gorge she found the object of her long and perilous search.

Against the face of the cliff a man was hanging by a lariat that was made fast to a jutting rock above.

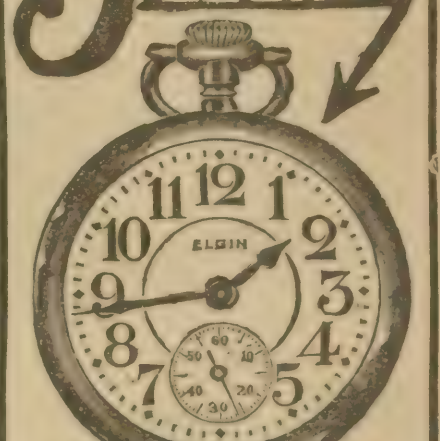
He was not hanging by the neck, but by the shoulders. But his head was sunk upon his breast; there was no motion in his limbs; his whole appearance was that of death.

Surely he must be dead.

Captain Frank fell upon her knees, bent her head, and gave utterance to her agony.

"Oh, Jamie, Jamie! my poor, dead darling! Have I come, then, too late? After all, am I too late? I have found you, but, oh, God, it is terrible to find you so!"

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Kansas City, Mo.

Without attempting to console or soothe her, the men hastened to take down the body.

This was a task of no little difficulty; but it was successfully accomplished at last, and the body of James Bell was laid at the foot of the cliff, at a little distance from his wife, and was carefully examined.

"Captain Frank! Captain Frank! Come here, quick!" shouted little Tom Wilson, who was feeling the heart and the pulse of the supposed corpse.

She came running to them, and dropped, almost insensible, at her husband's side.

"See!" exclaimed little Tom. "I think I feel a pulse, and I am sure that there is a heart beat here. He is not dead, and we may yet bring him back to life!"

The skill of the entire party was brought into requisition, and they were efficiently aided, of course, by Captain Frank. The result of their combined efforts was, that James Bell breathed, and that he opened his eyes, which rested fondly on his wife.

Then came the nursing, and for that purpose a permanent camp was established in the canyon. This was the more necessary as two of the victors in the fight with the outlaws had been severely wounded. It was a long time before James Bell was able to sit up and talk, and then he told the story of his misfortunes.

His prospecting had been successful, and he had made a valuable discovery. While engaged in examining it more closely, he was captured by some of Hernandez's gang and brought before their chief. He was accused of being a spy, but stoutly declared that he was not, and gave the true account of himself and his business. He was kept, during nearly two weeks, securely bound and guarded, while Hernandez and a portion of his men went on a plundering expedition.

On the return of the chief he was again examined, and was told that he had been trespassing on the property of Captain Hernandez, and that he must swear never to divulge his discovery, or anything that he had seen in that region. This he refused to do, believing that he saw a chance to escape. Afterward he seized the opportunity, but was unsuccessful in the effort. Having recaptured him, the robbers hung him up as he was found. His sufferings had been terrible, and he had prayed for death; but some fortunate circumstance had brought his wife to his rescue.

Captain Frank then told him of the dream that had sent her to his assistance.

"It was true," he said. "I did kneel on that ledge, just as you have described it, and stretched out my hands, and called to you with all my soul."

When the outlaw's victim and the wounded men were sufficiently recruited, the party proceeded to James Bell's discovery, which they prospected thoroughly. They found it exceedingly rich in gold with plenty of water and wood, and came in the hills.

Having taken out as much gold as they could reasonably carry, they returned to their homes, and James Bell and his wife were joyfully greeted by their children and friends.

A large party was made up to visit the new diggings, and emigration soon set in in that direction pretty strongly. Bull Mouth Canyon, no longer dreaded, became well known to tourists, and acquired a more romantic name, while quite a village sprang up at what was known as Ten Men's Diggings. It was generally understood, however, by all who prospered in that region, that their prosperity was owing to "Captain Frank" and her remarkable cure.

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A Moving Day

By A. W. Peach

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ALICE GWEN turned from her desk. "I am sorry, Mr. Redfield, but I couldn't go with you tonight." The man's face flushed. "Now, look here, Alice, this has gone long enough. I know you care a lot for that big John Severns, but that is no reason why you should refuse my invitations. I am just as good as he—and more than that I am something more than a foreman, and I intend to be more than I am in a short time. Now, let me give you something to think over: you had better use me while or—there's going to be a moving day."

Before Alice could answer, he was gone, leaving her with anger in her heart that reached up and brightened her gray eyes. He had threatened, but she could not just see what he meant. She with him made up the office force under the old superintendent, Ferguson. She understood that he meant by "moving day" her discharge, and the thought did sober her. Redfield did have great influence over the old Scotchman, and the influence was growing. She decided she would talk the matter over with John, who was foreman in charge of the cement makers, men of various nationalities and conditions, rough, hard, and belligerent.

So that evening she told Severns what the other had said. His strong face grew sober. "There is a lot in what he said, girlie. I have been suspicious of him for a long time. I don't know just what to do; but I think he has been trying to stir up discontent among the men. But come—let's not talk of this any more. As long as he is good to you, I will let him alone, but if we'll fix him."

So John had swung the conversation off on to things nearer his heart. The next day in the office, Redfield came into her room. He smiled his keen swift smile. "Well, I suppose you had a much better time with John than with me."

Alice turned on him, her voice quivering with anger at the broad infection he had given the word "John." "He may not be the assistant superintendent, but one thing he is—a gentleman!"

"Whew!" he whistled. Then he advanced a step and bent over. "I see that my chances are pretty hopeless of one thing, but there is something else that you can give me?" He waited.

She looked up questioningly, and saw what he meant as he bent nearer.

"You—!" and she struck him hard.

He whirled upon her, then controlled himself. "For that, my dear, you—go!"

A moment later Ferguson came in, his broad face beaming.

"You're discharged!" he snapped.

"But—" she interposed.

"There's no but—but you go. I've known all along that that sweetheart of yours was trying to stir up trouble among the men, and now I am convinced that you are giving him the secrets of the office to help him. Go—the quicker, the better."

She started to speak again as she saw Redfield's thin smiling face, but knowing Ferguson as she did, she kept silent, gathered her few belongings together and went out.

That evening she sought Severns the moment she knew that his work was over, and in the room of his mother's house, sobbed out her story on his shoulder.

Severns was strangely cool and quiet after she finished. Then he drew her still closer. "My little girl—I see light, thanks to you. Do you know what's up? Redfield is after old Ferguson's job, and is trying to stir up the men so that he can say the old man is getting where he cannot control the branch manufacturing, and that means Redfield gets his job—ah! I see. Well—hold on—what do you want?"

An excited man burst into the room, and in a language Alice could not understand began to sputter out some sort of a tale. She felt John's arms relax, and he sprang up.

His voice was hurried. "Tony here, tells me that in a few minutes the men are going to attack the mill. Old Ferguson has been staying late to finish up the season's business accounts, and that means that they will finish him if they get there. I must hurry. You stay here."

But Alice did not intend to stay there. She saw him hurry up the street with the little bow-legged Italian in twinkling pursuit. Then she hurried out, intending to take a roundabout way to the mills where her lover was hurrying.

As she drew near, she heard a low humming noise. She began to run faster, and the noise grew louder until as she turned the last corner a wild roar fell upon her ears; and in front of her was sweeping back and forth against the mill gates a seething crowd of men, carrying a great beam with which they were loosening the great gate at every stroke. Then her eyes swept to the office, and in the window she saw the white, grim face of the old Scotchman.

A sudden thought took possession of her. John had once told her of a secret way to enter the mill which he had discovered. She hurried around the big plant, and crawled in. Just as the wild, swaying mob surged through the shattered gate she ran up the broad steps of the office and in.

There stood Ferguson with a revolver in his hand. She gasped out to him to follow her, but the old man shook his head, grimly. The spirit and the strength of his home and crags was in him; he would not budge.

Like a girl in a dream she covered back as the hideous faces of the men whirled up the broad steps and snatched the office. As the old man lifted his revolver a sharp blow had crumpled his arm. Like wolves they swept upon him. Then there seemed to come a jar and the leaders settled back.

Alice turned and saw John standing in the doorway. In his eyes was the steel blue glint that gleams in the eyes of men who are leaders of men. "What are you doing here? Get out!" he snapped.

In his hands were poised—not the playing that Ferguson had held, but the dark sinister Colts that throw slugs that tear and rend. Some of the men remembered the riot years ago, when, merely a floor foreman, the big Severns had shot a path through the mob who tried to lynch one of their number who had run to him for protection.

The leaders were cowed, and slowly they backed out. Outside, the roar died away when John appeared. He beckoned for silence, and silence fell. Then speaking in their language, he soothed them and quieted them. Then he went on, and Alice began to see that they were being stirred. Suddenly a man near the center tried to break away. At John's shout, the man was seized by rough hands and thrust forward. As he staggered up, the hat fell off—and she saw it was—Redfield.

John seized him; with a wave of his hand, he started the men out the gates, and a few words he added brought a cry that Alice knew was a shout of commendation.

Inside the office, Redfield faced them. Ferguson was white with pain; but his lips set more grimly as he looked at Redfield.

John spoke. "Mr. Ferguson, here is the man you have to thank for this, he has been stirring up the men, and he succeeded, but I was told in time, though they had men set to watch for me. He wants your job."

Ferguson turned to Redfield. "So that's what you have been up to—getting out among the men, even disguise yourself and get into the mob and come to watch them? You—"

Ferguson raised his fist, but John held him. "I see you have nothing to say, Redfield."

"But I have," Ferguson interrupted, wrathfully, "you leave this place for good—you're fired

and ought to be jailed. Severns you take his job, and Miss Gwen, you come back for good." The old man turned to the telephone. "And if you get a job on the top of this earth, it'll be one I can't stop you from getting." He called up the Company's headquarters.

John turned to Redfield as he went out. "How about 'moving day'?" he said, softly; then to Alice—"My dear girl, what do you mean by coming here when I told you not to?"

But he gave her little opportunity to explain; he had something else more important to ask. The new position meant—a home.

Naomi's Olive Branch

By Huub

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"NA-ME-E!—Namy!" Mrs. Meeker's strident tones broke in upon a merry group of little ones gathered about a bright-faced girl of eleven or twelve and stilled their outbursts of happy laughter for Naomi Meeker was the central fun maker and it was Naomi who was called.

"Come! What have I told you? Haven't I said I would not have you 'sociate with those Gardner children? You bad girl, go up to your room!" And Naomi sorrowfully and submissively obeyed. Naomi was a sweet child, loving everybody who would let her and happy if she might only do a kindness or bring a smile. Mrs. Meeker was strenuous and aggressive, a fighter from way back, a good woman in her way but it had to be her way and when we consider that Mrs. Gardner, the mother of the Gardner children, was also a woman with a way of her own, it was natural that anything in the way of "a difference" between them was sure to be serious.

Mrs. Gardner and Mrs. Meeker had been friends from childhood and of course both belonged to the same social and benevolent order of the Daughters and Sisters of the Rising Moon, a gablest organization which Mr. Gardner dignified with the extra title of the Ancient Order of Old Crows and it was over the blackballing of a lady sponsored by Mrs. Gardner for whom Mrs. Meeker had conceived a dislike that the split occurred. Then it was war indeed and quickly developed into unrelenting, causeless, bitter enmity which supplanted the friendship of thirty years.

Poor Naomi had a good cry all by herself, not the first by any means, and then she got an idea! Yes—she really would!—So, next day, after school she poured out her trouble to her teacher. The teacher smiled and kissed her (and wiped her eyes for some reason) and spoke words of comfort and encouragement. "Try Mrs. Gardner—if you cannot do anything with your mother, go to Mrs. Gardner, she is a good woman and if you go to her as bearer of an olive branch, I am sure she will listen."

The next day was Saturday and early in the morning there were mysterious whisperings among the Gardner children and then all disappeared in the direction of the woods and shortly before noon a procession, consisting of Naomi Meeker and John, Peter, Grace and Dolly Gardner, each bearing green branches as large as they could carry, was seen marching upon the Gardner homestead like a miniature Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane.

Mrs. Gardner saw them coming and went out to meet them. Naomi led the way and when she stopped the four gathered round.

"Please, ma'am, we don't want you and Ma to go on fighting any more and teacher said that if we came to you with an Olive Branch you would do something. We couldn't find any olive branches so we've brought these maples, may be they'll do as well. Won't you do something? The Lord says for us to love one another and we do love one another, don't we? (Chorus of eager approval) and if Ma won't let us play together; we can't!—Boo-hoo-hoo—the feelings of the little deputation got the best of them and they severally hung onto their leader and voiced their sorrow and affection in tears.

Mrs. Gardner looked, choked a sob, and then acted, for Mrs. Gardner was independent and did not care what anybody would say and could act when she felt like it. She caught Naomi with one hand and Dolly with the other and with the rest trooping behind maples and all went straight to Mrs. Meeker's and met that lady at the door.

"Mazie Meeker, you and I be a pair of wicked fools and if we be the Lord's children we deserve that He should give us a good spanking—Come, give me your hand let me kiss you and let us be friends again as we used to be in the old happy days!"

And Mrs. Meeker did!

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

wretchedness in which it is now so hopelessly stuck and so make future Andies impossible. Andy knows that in some of the books in his libraries will be found the truth, and it is the truth that will set men free. Most people, however, who go to libraries, are after the latest fiction, and are not worrying about books that will uplift the poor, and regenerate mankind.

The men who are working in Andy's factories, twelve hours a day, seven days a week, earning the money to pay five per cent. on steel trust bonds, from which Andy draws his wealth, and by the means of which he builds his libraries, have neither time nor inclination to go into public reading rooms. If they have a minute to spare, they want to drown their troubles in the nearest saloon, and they have lots of troubles to drown. The Associated Charities of Pittsburgh in 1910 estimated that it would take \$769.00 a year to provide the commonest necessities of life for a workman's family, consisting of a husband and wife and three children. If the Pittsburgh working man works 365 days a year, twelve hours a day, his income will be \$766.50; so you see if a man worked every day in the year he would still be a dollar and a half short of what was necessary for mere subsistence, and he would not have a cent for sickness or recreation, and nothing for old age and funeral expenses. Men at forty in the steel industry are worn out and fit only for the scrap heap or the cemetery. The Steel Trust too, crushed union labor so the men must take what is given them, and no matter how enormous are the profits they create (and the profits are enormous, beyond the dreams of avarice), the workers only get sufficient to keep body and soul together. Had Andy insisted that the men in the plants from which he draws his income, been given living wages and reasonable hours of work, instead of being driven like mules until every bit of strength and ambition was crushed out of them, there would be more glory for Andy than if he had built a library on every square acre of land in the country.

It may interest our readers to know (and this is a matter of history known to everyone in the U. S. A.) that a few years ago Andy was quite willing to sell his steel mills for a hundred million dollars. Later on Mr. Morgan, who knows more about money making than Andy or any other man in the country ever knew or ever will know, floated the great Steel Trust, making seventy million dollars out of the deal for himself, and Andy got three instead of one hundred million dollars for his steel holdings, and the men who get \$1.75 a day are earning the interest that is paid on this enormous sum of money, and the public are paying their share in the high prices of all steel and iron products. However business today, and it is a good thing that Andy got the three hundred millions instead of some other people. I know. There are many ways, however that the shrewd Scotchman might have

spent his money than on libraries and other things. For instance, Andy might have spent some of his millions in explaining how a property which he valued at a hundred million dollars, could be conscientiously sold to the public for three times that amount. He might have written a book and given a copy to everyone in the U. S. setting forth just how two hundred million dollars' worth of water was pumped into the Steel Trust stock and explain further just how white wage-slaves can be expected to earn five per cent. dividends on three hundred million dollars when the plant they are working is valued by Andy himself at only a third of that amount.

Then too, Andy might have spent some more of his money on getting out a pamphlet instructing Steel Trust workmen how to spend their Sabbaths in church and be in the steel mills at the same time. He might add a few chapters on how to support a family of five on wages that won't provide for three. Andy might also spend a few millions to improve the waters of the Monongahela, which the steel workers have to drink, and which is emptied the sewage of Braddock, McKeesport and Duquesne, with the result that thousands of miserable humans, mostly Steel Trust employees, are swept to their graves by typhoid. A lady who spent six months investigating conditions among the Steel workers says: "Old young, young old, disease stricken women spend their days in dirty, crowded, half furnished rooms, windowless and unventilated. Three, four, five people sleep in the same room. Oh, it is sad." All these facts have been put in a book entitled "Homestead." Andy might put a copy of that book into every house in the land, it would help to educate and enlighten the people, as to the conditions under which millions of our citizens are forced to live, and money spent in a campaign of national education along these lines would do more good than a bushel of libraries. There are nearly seventy thousand people killed or injured every year in the state of New York while engaged in industrial pursuits. It is said that for each sky-scraper in New York, a life has been sacrificed for every floor. The whole city reeks with the blood of slaughtered workers, and what is true of New York is true of every other section of the country. In Europe all manner of safety appliances are used to protect the workers, and government inspectors enforce the laws without fear or favor. Andy could have spent some of his millions in protecting workmen who made his millions. Now, think too what might have been done in the way of fighting tuberculosis. Andy's millions could practically have stamped out that disease in this country, or reduced its ravages at least one half. If all the Carnegie libraries could be converted into sanitariums for the treatment of tubercular patients, tens of thousands of lives would be saved. The British government is waging war on tuberculosis, our government is too stupid to do anything of that kind, and so we have to get our big millionaires to do what we could and should do ourselves, and which we elect pin heads to office instead of men. Andy could have fought political corruption by sending trained lecturers to every town and hamlet in the United States, to tell the people how they are being robbed and misgoverned, and showing them the way to right their political and economic wrongs. Andy could have started big newspapers to fight corruption. He could have saved a hundred thousand lives yearly by putting a trained nurse in every county in every state in the U. S. These nurses could have gone into the homes of poor and ignorant people and taught them how to care for their babies and children, and the frightful infant mortality that prevails in this country is sufficient proof that at least half the mothers do not know how to take care of their children, and particularly how to take care of a baby in the first year of its life in this germ-infested world. Andy could have provided mattresses, surgical necessities and wheel chairs for every needy invalid in the country. He could have torn down half the disease-breeding tenement buildings in New York, and have erected model tenements on their sites that would have paid him a profit on his investment, and made tens of thousands of miserable souls, happy and well. He could have founded the greatest institute for medical research in the world. Carnegie could have warred on disease, poverty and ignorance. To have accomplished all the things I have mentioned would take nearly all the wealth in the country, but if Carnegie's money had been spent along some of the lines I have mentioned it would have done infinitely more good than in the erection of libraries, although the libraries will do a lot of good. However, we must all take off our hats to Andy. It is easy to tell people what to do, but there are tens of thousands of men who read this, if they had Andy's money, would not give one cent of it away, but would hog it for themselves, or leave it to a bunch of fool children to spend after they had gone. When we get a little sense we shall do for ourselves what Andy is kindly and conscientiously doing for us, for in the days that are

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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if you have not tried this wonderful remedy for woman's ailments, which has been a blessing to thousands of sick, suffering women.

Orange Lily is a standard remedy for many forms of diseases peculiar to women, such as Leucorrhea, Ulceration, Irregular or Painful Periods, and Inflammation, Displacement, or Falling of the Womb. Try this treatment and we are sure you will be convinced. Write today.

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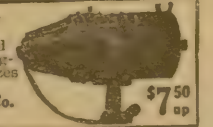
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CAN BE CURED. My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. STOPS THE ITCHING and cures to stay. WRITE NOW—TODAY.

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With our Diamond Post Card Gun; takes pictures without Negatives—Postals, Buttons, all sizes in One Minute—Large profit. International Metal & Ferro Co. Dept. 478 Chicago, Illinois



BEEF BLOOD VIRO FOR THIN PEOPLE

MAKE PINK FLESH. Marvel of all Flesh Builders. Six times the strength of strong healthy but lean blood. Gain 15 to 30 pounds, new plump form. For Indigestion, Nervousness, Constipation. To prevent wonderful powers we will send free trial package for 10c and our SPECIAL TEST OFFER with POSITIVE GUARANTEE. Write today, now.

THE VIRO COMPANY, Dept. 5, Clarinda, Iowa.



Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

coming those who produce the nation's wealth will have sufficient of the wealth they produce to provide for all their needs without waiting for benevolent millionaires to do things for them. In the good days of the Carnegie type to give millions away, and no ignorant half starved humans waiting for the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, no millionaires and no tramps, just happy, healthy, wholesome people, working for themselves and for one another, and daily returning thanks to Almighty God for the joy and privilege of living. Until those good days come be mighty thankful for your Andrew Carnegies and men of his ilk, for they do give back in public benefactions to labor a generous part of what labor creates and that is more than hundreds of other of our idle rich do.

WHITE EARTH, N. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

Will you allow a North Dakota bachelor in your charming circle? I will describe this country a little. It is a rolling prairie, the principal industry is farming and cattle raising. I am within six miles of the G. N. R. R., but back from the railroad there are a lot of ranches. I am near an Indian reservation. The Indians are mostly civilized. Our state has two Normal schools, one agriculture college and one university. No saloons but lots of blind pigs. It is quite cold here in the winter, but one forgets all about that when summer comes and one sees the big 500 acre fields of grain, and as he gallops over the plains while the gentle breeze and sunshine keep kissing his tan face beneath his broad brim sombrero one thinks that it is a pretty good old world to live in. I feel sorry for you, my poor city cousins, you do not know what life is, you only exist. Why don't you get out of the city smoke and come out in God's free sunshine? There are millions of acres of land waiting for the ambitious young man to master, and it will return you riches, and you will gain health and happiness likewise. You may think there is no fun out on the plains, but you city chaps don't know what true, honest fun is.

I am six foot tall, weigh one hundred and sixty pounds and have dark hair and eyes between twenty and twenty-five years of age and unmarried. I extend a hearty invitation to the cousins of the fair sex to come to Dakota.

I would like to hear from all the cousins and will answer all letters and cards I possibly can.

Your cousin, FLOYD KNAPP.

I'll gladly admit a North Dakota "bachelor," Floyd, if you will tell me just what a "bachelor" is. Billy the Goat says bachelor is a single man who has no intention of getting married, while a bachelor is a man who would like to get married and can't. I think Billy is joshing. Spell it bachelor next time, Floyd, and the whole batch of us will be delighted. You say that your state has lots of blind pigs. I am exceedingly sorry to hear this, as blindness is a terrible affliction for man or animal. I hope these poor pigs will recover their sight. If they were only blind I'd gladly raise the money to buy them and give them spectacles, but of course glasses would not be of any assistance to a blind pig. Billy the Goat says I'm crazy. He informs me that a blind pig is a place where liquor is illegally sold. If that's the case, Floyd, I hope your pigs won't recover their sight, and I shan't send them any glasses for I guess they have got all the glasses they need. It seems to me that the law-abiding citizens of North Dakota ought to be able to drive these blind pigs out. State officials can enforce laws if they want to. The trouble is they don't want to, and won't. That's a beautiful picture you draw, Floyd, of life on the prairie, and I'm sorry we can't all be on hand to see the sun kissing you under your sombrero hat. I am glad that something takes compassion and kisses you poor old bachelors. I am glad to hear that the land in North Dakota is ready to return riches to those who cultivate it. I am afraid that some of those who have been cultivating this same land for years have a different story to tell. In your description of yourself Floyd, you say you have black hair and eyes between twenty and twenty-five years of age and unmarried. My hair, like yours is unmarried. I have only one hair, and consequently that hair must be single. I'm glad to know that your eyes are not married yet but you never know when they may embark on the matrimonial seas. All right, Floyd, we'll accept your invitation to come out to North Dakota. Before we come you will have to look up the blind pigs, and see that your eyes don't get married and leave you, or you might be a blind—well just a blind "bachelor," and that would be an awful predicament for a nice boy like you to be in, you would be as bad as the blind pigs.

CALDWELL, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will ask a favor of you. I am to ask a rich farmer for his girl and don't know how to do it. I am to write him a letter and ask him, so please Uncle Charlie give me your advice how to write this letter. I know you can give me good advice so please do this for me and I'll thank you a thousand times in advance for it as I know it will be a nice letter and get results.

Yours truly, HARRY C. M.

Harry, your letter is a little ambiguous, and though I am most anxious to advise you, I can hardly do so without further explanation on your part. You say that you have to ask a rich farmer for his girl. Now, of course, that is all very clear to you but it is anything but clear to me. A farmer's girl might be the farmer's sweetheart, as there are many rich bachelors, farmers as well as men of other trades. She might also be his hired girl or his daughter. Now the question naturally arises which do you want to ask the farmer for, his sweetheart, hired girl or daughter? I might write a nice letter for you, asking the farmer for his daughter's hand in marriage, only to discover that the farmer had no daughter at all and that it was his best girl you wanted. I have no doubt that you mean the farmer's daughter, but I cannot believe that you would be so lacking in respect for the fair sex and so ignorant of the rules of propriety and so unchivalrous, uncouth and unmannerly as to refer to the farmer's daughter as his girl. However, as I want to advise you and all who are in a similar fix just how to proceed under such circumstances, and as I feel confident that it is the farmer's daughter whose hand and heart you are seeking, I advise you to address him thus: "Dear and honored Sir—I wish to address you on a matter that is very near to my heart, a matter which deeply concerns my happiness, and your decision in this matter will affect my whole future life, and make me either the happiest man on earth or the most miserable being that exists beneath the great canopy of heaven. For some time, my dear Sir, I have had the privilege and pleasure of knowing your most adorable and beautiful daughter, Amanda Ermytrude Wilhelmiana Samantha Corncomb. To know her, my dear Sir, is to love her. I did not really realize just how beautiful she was and just how much I adored her until someone put me wise to the fact that you were worth two hundred thousand dollars, and when I heard that she was your only daughter and would inherit your riches, and that you were in poor health, the intensity of my passion for her increased a million fold. The freckles seemed to vanish immediately from her face, the squint disappeared from her eyes, her umbrella like ears contracted and became shell like, the inflammatory thatch which covered her, think tank, and which was like a bunch of carrots on fire, became soft, wavy, glossy, silken and auburn like in appearance. Her figure, which resembled a bag of meal was transformed into sylph like proportions. Her feet, which had hitherto spread aggressively over the entire landscape suddenly shrunk to a size fantastically small. In fact, my dear Sir, the knowledge that you possessed a wad over which a greyhound could not jump without breaking a neck, magically changed your daughter from repulsive homeliness into elegant pulchritude. As to my qualifications, my dear Sir, I can with-out egotism say that no man living could be

more worthy of the confidence and esteem of yourself and the love of your daughter. As to my personal character I will not long leave you in doubt. I am known in every penitentiary in America and have been in the electric chair so often and am so full of currents electric and otherwise, that I contain all the ingredients for a first-class pudding of the current variety. As to my prospects, they are exceptionally good. I robbed a bank last night, and have excellent prospects of going to jail. I have accumulated considerable property, having enough real estate under my finger nails to cover several city lots. As regards my health I am so strong I can lift my knife and fork to my mouth without assistance. I've acquired considerable fame in my time and recently while visiting a city in Kansas a dog was named after me. The honor was too great, for the next day the dog died. Financially I am well provided for, as I have three cents in a snow bank which sum I expect to get when a thaw comes. I am exceedingly energetic, never having been known to miss a meal when anyone else was willing to pay for it, and can always be relied on to crawl to the grub pall without assistance. I've held several responsible positions, such as booze tester in a brewery, flea catcher in a dog hospital, swill mixer in a hog pen, soup cooler in a bean house, pill swallower in a medicine show, etc., all of which positions I have filled in a way that brought honor to myself and credit to the community. Under the circumstances then, my dear Sir, I trust you will without hesitation consider favorably my application for your daughter's hand, heart and other anatomical exhibits which go to the making up of her entrancing and delightful personality, and I trust that you will as conveniently as possible get off the earth, so that I can get my lunch hooks into your dough pile and add to the joy of nations by scattering the wad which you have so laudably and laboriously accumulated, I am, my dear Sir, ever sincerely and respectfully yours, H. C. M." Now Harry, there's a letter that will surely clinch the old man. You ought to put one over on him with an epistle like that. If that won't do the business nothing on earth will. Try it on him anyway, and let us all know with what results. All of COMFORT readers I feel confident will be interested in just what does result, so let us hear from you.

CHATOLET, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I live on the Cour-d'Alene Indian Reservation. I'm ten years old. My birthday was the 11th of July. We have three horses, a calf, a dog and a cat. We did have a nice cow but she committed suicide over on the railroad track.

Uncle Charlie come out and we will go fishing. We live only about one mile from the beautiful lake of Chatoleet. This is a beautiful country here. It is a timbered country, there are pine, fir, cedar, tamarack and I guess that is all the trees there are around here.

It is all homestead land and all taken up now. There are no schools or churches within five miles of us. We are only about one mile from the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound R. R.

Will the cousins write me letters and post cards. Especially the living in Michigan as that is my birth state. Will not promise to answer all, but will do the best I can.

Your loving niece, CARLY CAMPBELL (No. 34,826.)

P. S. Uncle, you thought I was a boy and put it on my membership card as though I were.

Delighted to hear from you, Carly. I must apologize for making your card out as though you were a boy instead of a girl. Yours is rather an unusual name. All the same it's a very pretty one. I'm very much concerned about that poor cow of yours. Her ending was a sad one indeed. I've been trying to figure out the whys and wherefores of her committing suicide. Billy the Goat says for a cow to commit suicide is cowardly. I hold different views on this subject for to me it must take a great deal of courage to meet death in the way your poor, dear old cow did. I hope she wrote a note before ending her life and told you just why she had resolved to wind up her earthly existence in this desperate and deplorable manner. I suppose she had reasons good and plenty for what she did, or she would not have done it. Not even the most reckless cow goes out and tries to stop a railroad train running at full speed, unless grief and worry have made existence intolerable, I suppose.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Remedies

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

ling equals quinine and apple brandy. I have known several cases cured by it, besides myself. Have the doctor put the quinine in capsules, then you may safely take it. Use brandy as you can best.

GARGLES.—A tea made from yellow root. Another beneficial gargle is made from chinkapin oak.

SAVES FOR BOILS.—Melt beeswax and add the same amount of Gessor oil and stir until it gets cold. You will have a fine creamy salve which will draw a boil to a head in a few days at most and with very little pain.

This salve is excellent to put on a fresh cut to draw out the poison before healing.

Mutton tallow and rosin makes a salve almost as good. Pulverize the rosin and mix with a lump of tallow the same size of the rosin.

CATARH IN HEAD.—Take a pint of warm water and make a salt or yolk of egg soup. Bend the head forward and pour out some in the hand and sniff it up your nose, drawing it clear up in the head till it will drop in the throat. Use the pint each time and do this three times a day. You will be better in a few days and if kept up a cure will be effected.

NAIL WOUND.—Cut a slice of salt fat bacon, spread with sugar, and wet with turpentine and bind on. This will keep it from getting sore.

MRS. FLORA B. PADGETT, Battletown, Ky.

LINIMENT.—(For Mrs. Ester Dayton.) Put five cents' worth each of turpentine and ammonia into a quart bottle, and add one fresh laid egg. Shake all together until white. Rub well into the back and cover with a very hot flannel of several thicknesses.

BURNS.—Apply soft mud (taken from a clean place). Renew often until the fire is drawn out and there will be no scar.

MRS. MARY BLAKER, Junction City, R. R. 7, Texas.

BOILS OR RISINGS.—Bind on fat salt pork over night, and if necessary change and continue until relieved.

MRS. I. V. BROWN.

PIN WORMS.—Inject into the bowels a tea made from quassia chips. Retain as long as possible.

MRS. CORA KINZER, Cadillac, R. R. 2, Mich.

And a Little Child Shall Lead Them

Mother dear I want my papa,

Why did you send him away,

For you know I love him dearly

And I want him to come home and stay,

You must not be angry with him mamma,

Every night I long for him and pray;

He'll come if he knows we're lonely,

Surely come and kiss your tears away.

And a little child shall lead them,

Lead them gently on their way,

And a little child shall teach them

How to love more dearly every day,

And she'll bring them close together,

So they'll ever care to stray.

She's an angel sent from Heaven

And will lead them gently on their way.

Just outside a little cottage,

Stands the father all alone,

He has heard his baby pleading

For her darling papa to come home.

Softly, gently, he calls, "Come my angel,"

With a sob he folds her to his breast,

"I will love your mamma always,

Little golden heart be now at rest."

Submitted by Mrs. F. O. Walker, Coventry, B. B., Box 3, E. I.

GET THIS OFFER

All the clothes you want. All the money you want.

To learn how you can have this

stunning swell tailored suit absolutely

free, not a penny of cost

to you (we prepay the express): to learn

how you can make \$5.00 to \$10.00 a day

every day of your life, to find out what

beautiful tailoring really is, to offer

styles that everybody goes wild about, to

get all of your own clothes always free,

do this today, now, this minute, write

us a letter or postal and say, "Send me

your New Wonderful Tailoring Offer," and

receive by return mail, free, the most

astounding tailoring offer you ever heard

of, a beautiful set of samples to pick

from, styles that will set your country

afire, an offer so surprising, so new, so

liberal, so wonderful, you can hardly be-

lieve it.

You don't need money or experience. No

matter what you are doing, selling books,

cutlery, groceries, soap, tailoring for others,

or just working, be sure to get our offer,

it's so much better than anything else.

You will succeed sure, make big money

and wear fine clothes! Write now.

BANNER TAILORING CO.

Dept. 688 CHICAGO, ILL.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a

custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more con-

venient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange List you are

enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union

and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your

name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of

two fifteen month 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and

fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty

Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the

next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected

to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Lena L. C. Woorner, 425 N. Market St.,

Frederick City, Md. No comic cards. Mr. Ray West,

Seven Mile Ford, Va. Miss Dona Buesker, Canton, R.

R. 2, Kans. Mrs. J. D. Lenke, 610 E. St., Santa

Ana, Cal. Miss Emma Groatie, 1145 Spring St., Bur-

lington, Iowa. Miss Edythe Hillman, Winchester, Ill.

Ferdinand Hochstetter, Wishek, Box 143, N. Dak.

Mary K. Goodman, Inza, Mo. Edward Black, Donny

Brook, R. R. 3, N. Dak. Miss Avis Downs, Inde-

pendence, Iowa.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscrib-

ers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your

notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives column, include

a club of three 15-month 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are

already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new

15-month 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the

notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer

notice is required, enter two additional 25-cent 15-month

subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted, information regarding whereabouts of

Johan Peterson, Spangland, Torlef Johaneson, Anna

Maria, Maren Herlands Kroger, Address Ole Peterson,

Beville, Bee Co., Texas.

Want to hear from my brothers or their families,

W. S. Noe, and C. A. Noe. Write to Mrs. A. C.

Breeden, Cartersville, Mo.

Wanted information of my husband, W. A. Hansel-

man, last heard of was at Page, Okla., April, 1912.

Write to Mrs. Fannie Hanselman, Allene, Ark.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of my brother,

Charley Poole, please write his sister, Mrs. L. M.

Sivley, Trinity, Ala.

Want to correspond with any relatives of Clem

Moster, my father. Address Mrs. M. J. Hardy, Saint

Jo, Texas.

Information of Robert McMillen, last heard of in

Stanton Co., Neb., in 1876. Write his sister, Sarah

Jane McMillen (nee Bradford), Blaine, Wash.

Since John Quit Drinking

By John's Wife



I'm the happiest little woman,
In all this little town;
And my merry laugh and singing,
Takes the place of sigh and frown.
For JOHN HAS QUIT HIS DRINKING
And is like himself once more,
And the world is just a paradise
With such happiness in store!

One day I read some verses—
"Mary's Miracle," the name,
And I said, that's John exactly,
And I'll send and get the same.
So I sent for GOLDEN REMEDY,
(As sly as sly could be)
And I put it in John's supper
And I put it in his tea.

And it didn't taste a little bit;
Had no odor, so, you see—
It was smoothest kind of sailing
For little Doctor Me.
And I watched and prayed and waited,
(And cried some, too, I guess),
And I didn't have the greatest faith,
I'm ashamed now to confess.

And John never thought a minute,
He was being cured of drink,
And soon he's as well as any one,
It makes me cry to think!
Just makes me cry to think!
I'm so proud to be his wife—
Since he is cured of drinking,
And leads a nice, new life.

"Since John he quit a-drinking!"
I can't say it times enough!
And hates and loathes a liquor
As he would a poison stuff.
And when I say my prayers at night
As thankful as can be—
I pray for John the most of all—
Then GOLDEN REMEDY.

Home Treatment For Drunkards

Odorless and Tasteless—Any Lady Can Give It Secretly at Home in Tea, Coffee or Food.

Costs Nothing to Try

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company,
3055 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

MARVELOUS, PERMANENT CURE OF DOUBLE

RUPTURE

An old sea captain cured himself of a bad case and a multitude of other hernia sufferers have been cured completely by the same method. Successful in many cases of all kinds—single, double, navel, scrotal, also rupture after operation; young or old. Not merely relief but complete cures often reported. Free trial package mailed FREE by Capt. Collings, Inc., Box 44, Watertown, N. Y. Better write today!

Tobacco Habit Banished

DR. ELDER'S TOBACCO BOON BANISHES all forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 hours. A positive and quick relief. A home treatment easy to take. Hundreds of letters from satisfied patients. We guarantee results in every case or refund money. Send for our Free Booklet giving full information. Write today, this hour. ELDER'S SANITARIUM, Dept. 576, St. Joseph, Mo.

RHEUMATISM

I have a simple herb recipe that cured me and has cured many others since. Knowing how we sufferers question all so-called cures, I propose to send this recipe Absolutely Free if you need it. Write W. L. Sutton, Chemist, 2651 Orchard Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

CANCERS

Removed root and branch before paying out one cent. My cures guaranteed. Printed literature Free. Address DR. C. ROYNTON, LAWRENCE, MASS.

GALL STONES

Good for any Stomach, Liver or Gall Trouble. Write Today. GALLSTONE REMEDY CO., Dept. 273, 219 S. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

STAMPING OUTFIT OF 100 DESIGNS

With Book Illustrating and Teaching Twenty-Five Different Stitches in Embroidery.

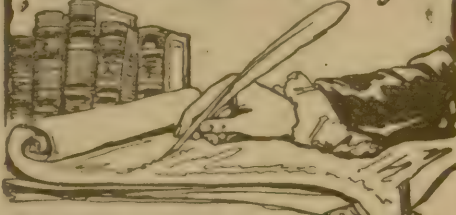
A Remarkable Offer THESE ONE-HUNDRED designs are embroidery to sell—perhaps a little home industry—for they include both large and small pieces, something that will satisfy the most fastidious.

Being new and up-to-date designs, they represent something you cannot afford to be without for your Own and Family use. With the growing popularity of fine needlework, it has become an ideal gift for the bride and for presents, and what a helpful array of suggestions you can have with these 100 designs before you including the latest ideas in Shirt-waists, Dutch Collars, Sofa Pillows, Tray Cloths, Handkerchiefs, Glove and Necktie Cases, Photo Frames, Centerpieces, Sideboard or Bureau Scarfs, Pin Cushion Covers, Fancy Bags, etc. besides three sets of alphabets for working purposes, these designs are perforated on seven sheets of imported bond paper, each measuring 22x28 inches. We also give you a seven-inch embroidery hoop, a felt stamping pad, and a tablet of French stamping preparation.

MORE STILL, we give you a most valuable book for those who know how to embroider and for those who are just learning. It teaches with illustrations forty-nine embroidery stitches, which include Eyelet, Fllet, Shadow, Wallachian, Herringbone, Long and Short stitch, Solid Kensington, Stem, Outline, Overlap, Couching, Satin, French Laid, Solid Buttonhole, Briar, French Knot, Chain and seventeen others. These directions and illustrations are so plainly given that no other teaching is necessary to learn to embroider. Did you ever read so extensive a SPECIAL OFFER? I am sure you never have, and all this may be yours by sending us only two fifteen-month subscriptions to Comfort at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

A. E., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that if the property set apart be a homestead, selected by the court from the separate property of the decedent, the court can only set it apart for a limited period, to be designated in the order, and the property remains subject to administration, subject to such order, but that if the homestead selected by the husband and wife, or either of them, during coverture, and recorded while both were living, was selected from the community property or from the separate property of the spouse selecting or joining in selection, it vests on the death of the husband or wife absolutely in the survivor, and that if selected from the separate property of either the husband or wife without his or her consent, it vests upon the death of the person from whose property it was selected, in his or her heirs or devisees, subject to the power of the superior court to assign it for a limited period to the family of the decedent.

F. R. D., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman leaving a husband and one child surviving, and leaving no will, her husband would share with the child in her estate, but that it would be necessary for the husband to survive his wife before he would have any interest in her separate property.

Mrs. W. W. McG., South Dakota.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the homestead of the head of every family resident in this state, whether owned by the husband or wife, so long as it remains a homestead, is exempt, except for taxes and debts created for the purchase thereof. If within a town it must not exceed one acre in extent, and if not within a town it must not embrace in the aggregate more than one hundred and sixty acres with the house and buildings appurtenant thereon; and is limited to five thousand dollars in value; if claimed under the laws of the United States relating to mineral lands, or has been acquired by a claim, it is still further limited as to size. We think such exemption continues after the debtor's death for the benefit of the surviving husband or wife and children; and if both husband and wife be dead, till the youngest child becomes of age.

A. D. M., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that children may be disinherited.

Mrs. B. H., Ohio.—We do not think any of the states of the United States, or that the United States Government provide for old age pensions, and we do not think the size or sex of the family you raised would make you entitled to a pension under our laws; we think that a few years ago a law was passed in England which provides a small pension for their old people who have no means to support themselves.

L. G. H., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that neither husband nor wife has any interest in the property of the other except that the husband must support his wife, and they have dower in each other's property; we think that in the property drawn ante-nuptial agreement the prospective parties to the marriage can bar each other from any interest in the estate of the other. We do not think non-support is a ground for an absolute divorce in your state, but we do think that gross neglect of duty is a ground for a divorce.

D. G., Arkansas.—We are of the opinion that marriages between cousins are not prohibited in Alabama, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia and Wisconsin.

S. M., Missouri.—We are of the opinion that an illegitimate child legally takes the mother's name. We think that in order to entitle a stepchild to inheritance in the estate of a stepparent, it would be necessary for some provision to be made by will for such stepchild, or that the child be legally adopted by judgment or decree of the proper court; we think it is the common practice for stepchildren to be known by their stepfather's name without legal adoption in cases where the mother marries such stepfather during the early years of such children. We think the same rules would hold in cases where such children are of illegitimate birth.

Perplexed, Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will, and leaving a wife and children by two marriages, his widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate, and one third of the personal property, absolutely, the balance of the estate going in equal shares to all of his children; that he can disinherit by will any or all of his children, but not his wife. I think that such cruel or barbarous treatment or personal indignity as shall render the condition of the applicant intolerable is one of the grounds for divorce in your state.

Inquirer, Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that illegitimate children have no rights of inheritance from their father's estate.

Mrs. W. M., New York.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the conveyance of real estate by deed running to both husband and wife creates a tenancy by the entirety and that upon the death of one the whole property goes to the survivor, and that the same would then upon the death of the survivor go by the terms of the will of such survivor.

vivor, or in the absence of a will, would go to the heirs at law of such survivor, and that the child, by a former marriage, of the one dying first would not be an heir at law of the surviving stepfather or stepmother.

Mrs. A. E. G., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man leaving no children or descendants the widow would receive all of the personal property, and if the estate was solvent dower of one half of the real estate for life, the balance of the real estate going to his relatives, if he leaves no relatives the whole estate would go to the widow. (2) We do not think you have much, if any chance to recover real estate which belonged to your father at the time of his death in 1885, unless some steps have been taken before this time to protect your rights therein.

O. A., Michigan.—Under the laws of Ohio, we are of the opinion that every executor or administrator is required to file an account within twelve months after his appointment and every twelve months thereafter, and at such other times as the probate court may require; in case he does not do this we think any party in interest can compel him to do so in a compulsory proceeding brought before the probate court for that purpose.

No Name.—We do not think the father, who gave a pair of horses to his son, can, at his pleasure, rescind such gift; we think that a father can demand and collect the earnings of his minor child, but that he is not entitled to the savings or property of such minor, after the title has once vested in said minor.

I. L., Louisiana.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that all persons (males and females) are considered as minors until twenty-one years of age, that when over the age of eighteen years they can (with consent of tutor, and under some circumstances without it) be relieved of all disabilities which attach to minority, this is granted by proper judge after examination as to their fitness for emancipation; power to administer their revenues only. This emancipation is granted by the father or if he be dead by the mother, and consists of a mere declaration before a notary and witnesses. This can be revoked. Emancipation also takes place by marriage of minor, but does not relieve entirely from all disabilities of minority until minor reaches eighteen years of age at which time a minor who has been emancipated by marriage is relieved of all the disabilities of minority.

WHAT GRACE SAID

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

go home with her; but Mazie was game, she would not hear to it. The danger was past, she said, and she had given us trouble enough already. Finding her determined, I helped her into the buggy and gave her the reins. She thanked me very prettily for what I had done, and said good by to us with a smiling face, though, indeed, she was very pale.

"I had no idea Mazie was so plucky," I observed, in honest admiration after she had driven off.

"I've no doubt you will have a good chance with Mazie now, even though she is engaged," suggested Grace maliciously. "In fiction, a man always marries a girl after he has saved her life." "I wish to Heaven it had been your life, then," I burst out savagely, in a sudden flame of anger. That reference to fiction maddened me.

To my amazement, Grace flushed hotly and let her eyes drop.

"It—it was glorious—the way you stopped that horse," she stammered, in an effort to divert my attention from herself.

She was too late. Already, I had her hands in mine. What I said or how I said it, I have never been able to remember, but what Grace said was "yes" and her manner of saying it was eminently satisfactory.

AGENTS

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I am a woman.
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I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whittish Discharge, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles, where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a Complete Ten Days' Treatment Entirely Free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book "WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To mothers of DAUGHTERS, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectively cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sick-ness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. This is no C. O. D. scheme. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, as you may miss this offer again. Address MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 315 - - - NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.

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His Hearing Was Restored

Veteran Could Not Hear His Beloved Bugle.

Tells How Deafness Was Overcome.

Below is a picture of Henry Farrar, a Civil war veteran who is a natural born musician, and whose bugle has led troops to many a victory. With the approach of old age and the infliction of various disorders, he gradually became more and more deaf until he could not hear his own bugle which he had been accustomed to play on various occasions throughout the year. He also became harassed with those head noises which so often accompany the advancement of deafness. This infirmity distressed Mr. Farrar greatly. He is a man of activity despite his age—in fact, he looks much younger than the 70 years that he is.



The loss of his hearing was a sad misfortune and the future looked very dark. Of course, Mr. Farrar had tried one thing after another; he had followed medical advice, had consulted specialists and had adopted various devices and remedies, but all to no avail. He felt that he was doomed to end his life in that melancholic stillness which is decreed by all who are inclined toward deafness.

Mr. Farrar has always been popular, and all his friends were exceedingly sympathetic, but even these kind attentions did not appease his deep dejection. One day, however, he happened to learn of a simple and harmless home treatment, which he decided to try. He did not have much hope, because he had been disappointed in his previous attempts. Yet in this case, to his surprise and joy, he found that his hearing began to improve almost immediately, and it continued until he became so well that he has recently done jury duty, listening to the various witnesses and the court proceedings without the slightest difficulty.

Mr. Farrar is so delighted with the manner in which he was liberated from the thralldom of deafness and head-noises, as well as the way in which his health was generally improved, that he is giving information about this wonderful treatment to all who write him. He has nothing to sell, but he will cheerfully send full particulars of how his own hearing was restored, and will tell how others may get the same treatment. Persons of all ages—men, women and children—have followed the information given by Mr. Farrar, and many cures of deafness have been reported after all else has failed. To obtain the desired information it is only necessary to write to Mr. Henry A. Farrar, 7 S Main Street, Hanover, Mass., enclosing a stamped envelope for reply.

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Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—Sent FREE

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that the pains at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 671 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

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A BOON TO WOMANKIND Made from the purest softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Ask your druggist or send us \$2.00 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Descriptive circular, FREE.

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FITS Treated with remarkable success. Many people who had given up all hope say my medicine cured them. Chas. B. Cecil, of Waynoka, Okla., says: "I can give your medicine great praise—I cured my son." I will send a Free Trial Bottle (14 oz.) to every sufferer who will give name and describe case. DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 106, KANSAS CITY, MO.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Evangeline, Grafton, Nebr.—The character of historical personages in novels is largely colored by the personal opinions of the writers. Much more so than by impartial historians, if there be such. As to Burr and Hamilton, it is fair we think, at this time, to say that Burr is not quite as black as he is painted, nor Hamilton as white. The character of historical personages may be arrived at most satisfactorily by the reader by accepting no one writer's statement. Get as many as you can and form your own conclusion. (2) A knot, or nautical mile, is 2,029 yards, that is, 269 yards more than a land mile.

A. M., Turner's Falls, Mass.—Foreign stamps are worth something, but not a great deal, when cancelled. Domestic stamps not. See advertisements of stamp dealers in COMFORT and write to them for price lists. They are reliable, even if you do have to pay for the lists.

Inquirer, Butterfield, Minn.—Diamonds are tested by experts and if you have what you think are diamonds, you should send them to, say, Tiffany & Co., New York City, and get a definite answer. Your own local jeweler should be able to give you a fair opinion, but some very good judges of diamonds are deceived by the excellent imitations now made. Even with real diamonds, quality and value vary.

L. M., Round Mountain, Texas.—Before finding a hospital or nurses' training school, have a talk with a physician to learn if you are qualified to become a nurse. Many are not, and they only learn after losing time and money. It is a very trying position and most young women are not fitted for it. A physician who is acquainted with you is the best judge and he will tell you, and also tell you where to go if you have the proper qualifications.

R. C. W., Hillsboro, O.—As the season will soon be here when dealers are beginning to figure on their Christmas tree supply, we will say that unless you have trees enough to get a fair freight rate to the cities, you should sell your small lots to local dealers who make up large shipments. You may not get city prices, but you don't have to meet all sorts of expenses that take the profits. Talk to your local dealers and have them tell you what kind of trees they want.

C. L. A., Baeth, Mont.—Robert, son of Abraham Lincoln, holds no government position that we know of. He is a lawyer in Chicago.

Mrs. G. McA., Denver, Colo.—Good land in northern Pennsylvania is worth from a hundred dollars an acre, up to distance from railroad lessens value of equally good land. Farms may be had as low as twenty-five dollars an acre, but you are enough farmer to know that it is not worth even that much. There are a number of abandoned farms, so called, in parts of New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania, but it will cost money to put the land in producing condition, though the buildings on it could not be put there for what the whole farm would cost. Write to Hon. R. A. Pearson, Commissioner of Agriculture, Albany, N. Y., for information about these and other farm lands in New York, and to Hon. N. B. Critchfield, Commissioner of Agriculture, Harrisburg, Pa., for farm information in that state. Of course, you will understand that you should not buy land until you have looked it over. You might get a good thing sight unseen, but the chances are you would not.

Mrs. M. K., Tyrone, Ark.—Every state has its own orphan asylums, some more than others, according to wealth and population. Children are admitted under certain regulations, which you must learn for yourself, but it makes no difference where your children were born, so long as they live with you now in Arkansas. Talk to the sheriff, or some official of your county, or to some clergyman, or lawyer who knows about you. They will tell you what to do and help you to do it. There are denominational orphan asylums but the state institutions are for all denominations and all needy children. You are wise to put your children where they can be cared for as you cannot care for them, and be educated as you cannot educate them. By and by as you can reclaim them. But don't, unless you can do better by them than the asylum does.

Mrs. I. A., Mariaville, Maine.—The day of making home-made articles of any sort, except of the artistic class, for the general market has passed. Manufacturing by machinery has cheapened all articles so much that the hand made cannot compete. What many women can do, though, and some do, is to turn a pretty penny by making home-made jams, jellies, preserves, apple and peach butter and other sweets, as no machine can turn out, and supplying local customers. The making of preserves, as you suggest you wish to do, can only be successfully done by an expert with money. The other can be done by any woman who knows how to produce and market her wares. Very little money is needed; only industry and skill.

L. P., Wootey, Ga.—There is no society of The Knights of the Black Ring of general character in the United States, though some town or other may have such, as there are innumerable small organizations all over the country. There is a Wrightstown in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, but none along the Atlantic coast, and none big enough to be on the map. There is no such place as New Egg in New York, or elsewhere in the U. S.

Gus, Cray, N. Dak.—Enlisted men are sent to various army posts in the country for training. One branch of the service is better than another according to the taste of the recruit. If you are a musician who can pass the navy examination, enlist as a musician.

A. E. O., Galesburg, Ill.—There are schools where linotype operating is taught in the large cities. If you are a printer you can get next to the machine by actual practice much better than by school training.

J. K., Osceola, Kans.—In no state is insanity, which manifests itself after marriage and from subsequent causes, a cause for divorce, but in Georgia, Mississippi, Utah, Idaho and Washington mental incapacity to contract marriage is ground for divorce. In Arizona, California, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Georgia, Illinois, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Jersey, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont, Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming, the laws concerning the marriage of insane persons, or persons in whom insanity is hereditary, are such that marriages are often voidable. If both parties to the contract are aware of the insanity, not yet developed, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to void the marriage. It is criminal for persons of known insanity to marry. A divorce might be obtained on the ground of fraud if a person in whom there was insanity did not so inform the other party to the marriage.

Green Snow, Portland, Oregon.—There is no little green snow, or red or any color, that it has no particular habitat. When colored snow does occur it is due to some local cause, usually the presence of animalculae of microscopic smallness.

CANCER and TUMORS (external) treated by medical method. No knife used. 30 years' experience. Descriptive book free. Address: Weber Sanatorium, 17 W. 8th St., Cincinnati, O.

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Every Reader of COMFORT Who Is Run Down, Nervous or Underweight, to Get Fat at Our Expense



Don't be "The Skeleton at the Feast." Sargol makes Puffy, Peevish People Plump and Popular.

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We'll tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the food you eat—that puts good, solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight, no matter what the cause may be—that makes brain in five hours and blood in four—that puts the red corpuscles in the blood which every thin man or woman so sadly needs.

How can we do this? We will tell you. Science has discovered a remarkable concentrated treatment which increases cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made—a treatment that makes indigestion and other stomach troubles disappear as if by magic and makes an old dyspeptic or a sufferer from weak nerves or lack of vitality feel like a 2-year old.

This new treatment which has proved a boon to every thin person, is called Sargol. Don't forget the name—**"S-A-R-G-O-L"**. Nothing like it has ever been produced before. It is a revelation to women who have never been able to appear stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness. It is a godsend to every man who is underweight or is lacking in nerve force or energy.

If you want a beautiful and well-rounded figure of symmetrical proportions, of which you can feel justly proud—if you want a body full of throbbing life and energy, write The Sargol Company, 13-V, Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., to-day, and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c. box of Sargol that will prove all we claim.

Take one box with every meal, and in five minutes after you take the first concentrated tablet of this precious product it will commence to unfold its virtues, and it has by actual demonstration often increased the weight at the rate of one pound a day. But you say you want proof. Well, here you are. Here is the statement of those who have tried—who have been convinced—and who will swear to the virtues of this marvelous preparation:

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEIMER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes 24 pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before."

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so well pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy for me."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 47 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 26 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up three days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it don't hurt me and I have no more headache. My weight was 130 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop! Write us at once and we will send you absolutely free a 50c. package of the most wonderful tablets you have ever seen. No matter what the cause of your thinness is from, Sargol makes thin folks fat, but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and enclose 10c. in stamps to help cover the distribution expenses, and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you the most valuable package you ever received.

COME EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE.

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter to-day, with this coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 13-V, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and

PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.



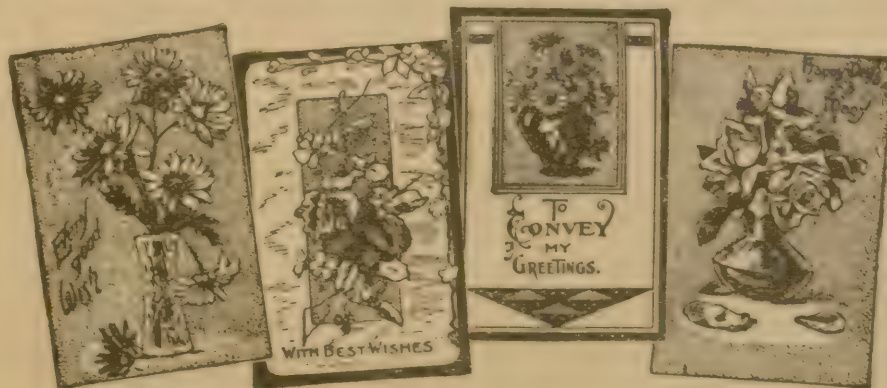
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bad teeth, foul breath, lassitude, lack of ambition, weakening and falling out of hair and many other disorders. It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco and snuff habit by radically stopping—don't do it. The correct method is to eliminate the nicotine poison from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves and generally overcome the craving. You can quickly and easily quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health. Mr. FRANK book tells all about the wonderful 3 days Method. Inexpensive, reliable. Also Secret Method for conquering habit in another without his knowledge. Full particulars including my Book on Tobacco and "Snuff" Habit mailed in plain wrapper, free. Address:

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This selected set of beautifully designed, rich and naturally colored greeting-cards contains twenty-five high-grade cards that are suitable for every occasion, be it Birthday, Anniversary, Wedding, Easter, or any seasonable day. As simple message-cards they cannot be surpassed. Each card is entirely different from any other in the set and is finely printed on a selected stock of cardboard, and heavily embossed.

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It was horrid, she thought, to have to practice, when what she wanted to do was to go out and sit on the lowest front step, and watch the big white fluffs floating in the sky, and listen to the cunning little birds, and count the violets,— and do all the other lovely springy things. Her new piece was so hard, too—very pretty, but so

"Anything in the world but larry-uns," she said to herself. "Oh, dear, I suppose I've got to do it again." And two minutes later—(one.) Two.

"Three.—Four.—Five.—One—oh, dear me, I can't do that run!" and she put her curly head down on the piano and was just about to cry when suddenly she sat up as quick as lightning!—"for she had heard something so very odd!" It was the tune of the piece she had been trying to play, but it sounded so queer, and so lovely—lovely; very high and soft and sweet, all the notes as round as O's, and as rippling as the song of the wren,—only *much* softer. Where did it come from? Who was doing it? She ran to the window and it grew softer, then to the door and she couldn't hear it at all, then she looked in all the corners and under the sofa, but she couldn't find it. At last she came back to the piano, where you could hear the dear, dainty music best of all. It stopped just then,—suddenly,—and a tiny, mis-

"Oh, where are you? What is it?" she whispered, a little scared perhaps. Then she almost fell off the piano-stool, she was so surprised, for looking up, she saw that all over the top of the piano were *fairies*. She knew they *were* fairies, because they looked just like one she had seen in a book,—only these were ever so much prettier. They were all dressed in little short-waisted dresses like her own, and their eyes were golden and their hair was like the hair of the golden boy. Most of the little dresses were pale blue, rose pink, apple green or violet, but one fairy had on a dress of silvery stuff, which looked as soft as cobwebs, and one was dressed in a golden-flowered chiffon, and this fairy had on a little diamond crown. Their wings spread out like big snowy butterflies and gleamed with something that looked like the spangly stuff you hang on to your mas trees. They were all had their hair, golden hair, which waved into thousand lovely ripples and their hands and feet were smaller and lovelier than the petals of an apple-blossom. Every fairy carried a long string of tiny silver or gold bells, all strung on a chain as fine as a hair.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

County..... State..... Express Office..... 532

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The Family Doctor
So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address **The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

E. G., Phillips, Wis.—We believe it is the general opinion among medical men that tobacco when used moderately, sensibly, that is, is not harmful. Tobacco chewing to excess is very likely to produce indigestion as it exhausts the saliva necessary to mix with the food. It will also affect the nerves, and these in turn will react upon the digestive organs. Smoking is even worse in its effects than chewing, though principally on the nerves, and through them upon the entire system. This is true only in the majority of cases when the use is excessive. Moderate use is not hurtful to most persons, but what moderation is depends upon the person, as some men will smoke half-a-dozen cigars and feel less ill effects than one will produce upon others. While tobacco is undoubtedly a great comfort and pleasure to many people, the very fact that it is an acquired habit and a stimulant that nature does not demand in the beginning is sufficient evidence that mankind would be in better condition without its use.

Prince, Fresno, Texas.—Blackheads can be kept away permanently, by careful massaging of the skin to promote circulation, by washing thoroughly in hot water and pure soap, and by some care not to eat too much rich food and have indigestion as a result. (2) To get fat we would say that we have recently met a man of fifty years or more, who built himself up from one hundred and sixty pounds to two hundred and forty by taking every night at bedtime two teaspoonfuls of the best condensed milk in a teaspoonful of hot water with a little salt put in, and eating a cracker or a bit of dry bread. It is a very simple method of fattening and we hope you will try it and report to us every three months until you weigh one hundred and eighty pounds, the weight you want. We would like to hear also from any other thin COMFORT reader, man or woman, who tries it faithfully.

A. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—Neuralgia is a disease of the nerves, as far as can be learned, and its cure is thus far still unfound by doctors. Temporary relief, except in very severe cases, may be had by local external applications, and about the best remedy known is chloroform liniment. Saturate a cloth with it and hold tight over the affected part till you feel the blister coming, then remove for a minute or two, or move it to a fresh spot. It is due in some to climate, and damp air is always bad for it. If you could go to the hot, dry air of Arizona you would probably be as free from it as anywhere in the world.

J. L., Mina, Neb.—Generally speaking the hardening of the arteries, when there is no predisposition, is due to intemperate eating and drinking, and it is characterized by calcareous deposits which interfere with the circulation of the blood, sometimes stopping it which causes death. It ordinarily comes only in later years and may not be the cause of death. The progress of the disease is slow, but its ending is often abrupt.

J. E. D., Hurst, Ill.—Chronic bronchitis almost always follows continued acute bronchitis, though it is less severe and possibly less dangerous than that, as it seldom kills. It manifests itself first in winter and in time is practically constant, with a cough which is often very severe, though oftener more annoying than severe. In old persons it is incurable and can only be alleviated by alcoholic stimulants, plenty of good food, dry air, mild climate and warm clothing. A great relief is painting the chest with iodine. Consult a physician.

Mrs. B. S., Lonsberry, N. Y.—It is a wonder that the doctor who told you you did not have heart disease did not know enough besides to tell you that you had indigestion and put you on a diet. Stop taking medicine except a dose of glaucous salts, once or twice a week, and live on rice and eggs and hot milk and chicken or lamb and whole-wheat bread, or oat meal, and drink no coffee or tea. Chew every mouthful of a pulp before swallowing. Take a pinch of soda in a half glass of water when you get up, and half an hour after eating if you feel a fullness or sourness in the stomach. Ask your doctor what he thinks of this treatment.

W. H., Lonsberry, N. C.—If you are of nervous disposition and have any doubt about your eyes, you hadn't better study to become a chauffeur. Good eyes and strong nerves are an absolute necessity. Your best plan is to try it a while at some garage and see what you can do for it.

B. V. R., Maplewood, Ohio.—The pains in your back are rheumatic, and are due to congestion. If you will take exercise which will reach your back and start the circulation going you will find relief. If the pains get very bad, apply chloroform liniment on a flannel cloth, holding it over the part till you feel that a blister is about to come, then remove it for a minute or two and transfer it to another spot. This liniment is hot and will blister if you are not careful. The pains in your eyes and head are probably due to defective sight and you should have your eyes examined for glasses, whether you are young or old.

L. E. C., Loveland, Iowa.—As near as we can judge we should say it is not eczema, but a nervous affection resulting from too much strain, hard work, perhaps. Zinc ointment is a common remedy for the skin trouble, but the patient should be examined by a competent physician and treated properly. No one but forty-two has a right to suffer through ignorance, carelessness, or wish to save money. Health is worth more than any other thing.

J. M., Briggs, Mont.—Any person suffering from nervous debility and general breakdown should go to a hospital or institution where such troubles are properly treated. It may be more expensive than home doctoring, but it makes the patient well and strong, or lets him know what he is to expect. Any of your local doctors can recommend the nearest best place for you.

J. B. I., Aqueduct, N. Y.—We certainly should recommend that a man broken down from excessive office work, typewriting or other, should quit it and go to the good, fresh air of a farm, and especially so as he has a helpful wife who is anxious to live on a farm. But we should not recommend your present location, as we understand it is low ground. Better take to the hills of New Jersey, or better still, go out to Arizona, where the air is dry and warm, or to Colorado, where it is dry and cold, and a small fruit and chicken farm will put you right in no time.

E. O., Wendell, Ida.—If you will read our advertisements in COMFORT, you will find an answer to your question and a remedy as good as any doctor can give you.

G. M. H., Rhea, Ark.—To you and all others who suffer with nervous troubles, we say have them examined by a physician who is competent. Many headaches and nervous troubles are due to defective eyes, which can very easily be remedied by proper treatment. In very many cases glasses will correct the trouble and be a permanent cure. Don't try to fix them yourselves, but let a doctor see them and tell you what to do. Your eyes are too valuable to neglect.

R. B., Svea, Minn.—For your sweaty and aching hot feet bathe them twice a day in warm water and use a powder composed of half ounce of oxide of zinc, thirty grains salicylic acid and one ounce talcum as a dusting powder.

Mrs. J. H., Hillsdale, N. Y.—A woman weighing 195 pounds, unless she is six feet tall, is too heavy for comfort and we think if you would reduce to 140 your varicose veins, discolored ankles and tightness of chest, shortness of breath and irregular heart action would very largely disappear. Stop taking medicine and begin a course of judicious starvation. You will find it difficult at first, but go at it slowly and cut down the food supply until you feel an improvement in your condition and you will find a great improvement in your condition. And when you have reduced yourself, don't start in to eating again as you now do, but eat just enough

to maintain your weight at about 140 pounds. All fat women are not alike, but most of them are.

I. E. W., Richmond, Va.—There has not yet been discovered a "good simple" remedy for corns and bunions. A prevention in most cases is proper care of the feet, including proper foot wear, early in life. Corns once started can only be kept in shape by paring and such plasters as you can buy at any drug-store. Of course, it is understood that when one is old enough to know better than to wear tight shoes, they should not be worn. Bunions are worse than corns and about the only relief is in wearing easy shoes. A plaster sometimes removes the pressure and with care, an average bunion can be kept almost comfortable. A bad one, though, is a sorry companion in one's journey through life.

The Fairy Music Lesson

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

the ones for the "Fairy-bell Schottische!" and with that she jumped up and rang all her little bells, and the rest of the fairies gathered around her, and they began to dance. To and fro, and round and round they went, stepping eye, and so lightly their dresses swishing around in a foam of blue and pink and gold and silver, their wings shining, their hair flying, and all the time the little bells ringing out the tune of Margie's piece.

"Oh, how beautiful,—how beautiful!" cried Margie. "Oh, if I only could make it sound like that! If I only could."

The fairies stopped dancing and began to fan themselves with their wings. "Well, now you know how it ought to sound," said the queen-fairy, and she flew right down, feet first, into a beautiful vase of rainbow glass. "You can soon do it that way, if you'll practice hard every single day, and she spoke so earnestly, and nodded her head so hard, that the vase, being a very tight fit anyway, fell over and crashed into a thousand pieces. Then all the fairies gave a soft, frightened cry, and with an excited fluttering of their wings, disappeared immediately, just as Margaret's mother came into the room.

"Oh, daughter, look," she cried, "just look, dear, the wind has blown my lovely vase over, and broken it all to pieces!"

Margie knew better than this, and she told her mother the fairies had done it, but her mother just laughed and pulled her ear, and said: "Oh, Margie, you little fat girl, you went to sleep over your practicing!"

But when Margie took her next music lesson, she played her piece so beautifully that her teacher said:

"Why, honey, that's fine—you made it sound just like fairies sure enough!"

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

pose your poor cow was getting on in years and was no longer attractive to the male members of her species. Probably her loss of youth, bloom and beauty was preyed on her mind, one can never tell. Possibly she was worrying because all her daughters had got married and deserted her, or a couple of her sons had been sent to Chicago and converted into beef. Maybe too, her husband might have deserted her or divorced her and gone off with a more attractive member of her sex. Maybe she got tired of having the milk taken from her without getting a rake off on the profits. Maybe she objected to railroad trains in general and tried to hold up the traffic by putting one off the track, and got the worst of the deal. Possibly she had seen so many of her children converted into veal, and that had broken her great big mother heart and decided her to get off the earth. Of course it's all a great mystery, and we shall never know just what forced her to take this awful step, unless, as I mentioned before, she left a letter behind stating her reasons for committing Susan Syrup, I mean suicide. Any way, poor dear old soul, she has gone to the land where all good cows go, a land where I trust grass is plentiful and beef trusts do not exist. I am sorry to hear that all your homestead land is taken up. Considering that land is the only thing on which we can live it's a crime to think the people should take it up. I hope the people who took up that land will have decency enough to put it back where it belongs. I hope they have fenced round the place where the land was taken out so that you won't fall in the holes, Cary. What's the use of people agitating for the conservation of our natural resources if we allow thousands of people to take up the land in this disgraceful and piratical manner. My lands I wonder what they will do next?

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Will you admit a Michigan cousin into your charming circle? Just imagine a girl of nearly sixteen summers, with a crooked nose, which was caused by a calf kicking her medium brown hair, pale blue eyes, light complexion, height five foot three inches, and weighing about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. I live of a farm of eighty acres. We raise nearly all kinds of grains.

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Well Uncle, you might send Billy the Goat down here and then I will hitch him up and drive over to see you, which I am sure I would enjoy. Will try to answer all letters received.

With love to all the cousins and Uncle Charlie.

Your loving niece and cousin,

EDITH BECKHOLD. (No. 34,401.)

Glad to hear from you, Edith. I congratulate you on your fine penmanship. I am exceedingly sorry you have a crooked nose, as I know crooked noses as a rule do not add to one's personal beauty. It does not improve one's appearance to have one's nose turning around and winking at



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one's left ear as the case, may be. I knew a man who lived in a boarding house in which I used to reside. He had a crooked nose, with a decided twist to the left. The kitchen was in the basement and on the left-hand side. This gave him the advantage over all of us, for as we went down stairs he was always the first to get a sniff of the hash. We all envied that man, but one day a man came to our boarding house whose nose was all tilted over to the right side, and we all had the laugh on him, as he was always the last to smell the hash. One day, however, he got ahead of the bunch of us and turned the laugh on us by walking down stairs backward. So you see sometimes a crooked nose has its advantages. In your letter you say: "Imagine a girl with a crooked nose which was caused by a calf kicking her medium brown hair." I don't see how you could have got your nose twisted by having your hair kicked, unless your medium brown hair grows all over your face. That calf must have had quite a big hoof to have kicked both your hair and your nose at the same time. I have got my opinion of a calf that would kick a nice girl like you, Edith. Billy the Goat is of the opinion that you have got mixed in your punctuation, and that has caused it to appear that the calf made your nasal organ crooked by kicking your hair instead of your nose. Ours is a queer language. I know I had lots of trouble when I once tried to write items for a local newspaper. The editor of the newspaper did not know much more about English than I did, and at that time I did not know much. I sent in an item that read thus: "Mrs. Jones was bitten yesterday, by a mad dog in the back porch." Then a week after that I had an item in: "Mrs. Smith was

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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the itching around sore. Cures while you work.
DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE.
Bayles Co., 1323 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

FOUR PIN WAIST SET
Roman laid gold plate, soft rich
gold finish, in a velvet pad box. We
show but two pins to give you the
size; there is one large pin and three
smaller ones, one Neck or Waist Pin
and the others for collar, cuff or lace
pins, equally useful as Baby pins.
We warrant these pins not to break,
which is an exceptional guarantee on
a pin subjected to such constant and
hard use.
Other uses for such a combination
set of Four Pins will occur to every
lady reader of COMFORT, and we
doubt if there are many who can say, "I
have no use for them." They are indis-
pensable. Several sets will not be too many
to have about, especially if there are children
in the family.
Club Offer Send us only one new 15-
month subscription to COMFORT at 5c for one of these Four
Pin Sets Free. It positively must be a new
subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in
all, if for your own subscription or a renewal.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

INITIAL EMBOSSESS
Slight impression puts your own initials on your station-
ery, leather, cotton or woolen goods for embroider-
ing and lots of other uses. It is fashionable to have your
initials embossed on your letter stationery, and much less
expensive to purchase plain stationery and emboss it
yourself than to pay exorbitant prices. WITH
THIS DEVICE you can with a VERY SLIGHT PRES-
SURE, name a using piece of stationery, IMPRINT YOUR
INITIAL on a letter sheet, and you at once get a sharp
embossed character. No matter what your initials are we
can supply it at once as we have the ENTIRE ALPHABET
in stock IN QUANTITIES.

The single plain letter is excellent; the LETTER and
WRATH will appeal to others; you may have your
choice. Ladies who wish to embroder an initial on a
handkerchief will find this an excellent and much quicker
and cleaner method than stamping with compounds, and
the sharp embossing is very easily followed with the
needle. Many uses for the Initial Embosser will suggest
themselves and you will be enabled to put your initials on many
things—not heretofore possible. All the city stores sell
Embossers at 25 and 50 cents each. They are used by
everyone and one cannot distinguish the impression from
that done by an engraver.
Club Offer. Send but one new 15-month 15-month
subscription to COMFORT for one Initial Embosser, and one 15-month 15-month
subscription for the nickel-plated steel embosser with
wrench. Mention Initial preferred.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Confort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

scratched last week, by a cat on the front stoop." Later on I added this item: "Mr. Robinson while staying at the American Hotel, shot himself in the rotunda; his wife hearing the sad news, secured a gun and shot herself between the bureau and the folding bed." After these items appeared in print the editor had to shut down his plant, and I had to leave town. The English language is beautiful but it gets you into some queer tangles at times. So you possum brew is a fine thing to fatten B. B.'s is it? They don't waste possum brew on these pesky insects in Maine, they let them feast on the summer boarders. They are a wise bunch down in Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an active League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-month subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15 month subscription to COMFORT, also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to reach the League.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Ruthford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the headquarters of the department for which they are intended.

Shut-in and Mercy Work for August
"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Special Notice

Written testimonials from a physician and a postmaster most positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed. John T. Mackey, Covadale, Ky. A helpless invalid with tuberculosis and kidney trouble. Is only twenty-seven years old. Has wife and child. They are without means. Very sad case. Excellent references. Do your best for them. Jesse Turner, Marion, R. E. 1, S. C. Helpless for three years with rheumatism. Has a family of five children. Highly recommended. Do what you can for this poor fellow. W. N. Allison, Maccrady, Va. Met with an accident last November and has been unable to work since. Has undergone several operations. Is fifty-one and lives alone with his old mother who is dependent on him for support. Mrs. Fannie Eather-ton, Windom, Minn. Is urgently in need of an operation, which, if successful, may restore her to health. Has five small children two of them badly ruptured, and sadly in need of surgical attention. Husband deserted her some months ago. This is a heart-breaking case. Will our Minnesota readers come to the rescue of this stricken family? Finest references. Mrs. Wilkes, E 2011, Glass Ave., Spokane, Wash. Mrs. Wilkes is very sick, and only a surgical abdominal operation will relieve her. Her physician testifies to this. Will our western readers interest themselves in this case? Eula Due, Hadley, Okla. Eula has four little brothers and one little sister, and is unable to send them to school as they lack clothing. Mother is dead. Ages of children not given. Don't send any clothing unless expressage is prepaid. Ellen Kinney, Willoughby, Ohio (late of Brockport, N. Y.) Incurable invalid. Will be grateful for any assistance. Mrs. Sarah M. Howell (56), Gainesboro, Tenn. Helpless invalid for more than twenty-five years. Who will send some sunshine into her life of suffering. She sadly needs a wheel chair. Who will help her get one? J. D. McLennan, Guilford, Fla. Old, sick and feeble. Incapable of working. Any help sent him will be greatly appreciated. Rebecca Thomas, Tucker town, N. C. Mrs. Thomas is sixty-two years of age and has been an invalid for over twenty years. A great sufferer from rheumatism. She is needy and will be grateful for any help. Miss Tavia W. Collum, Mulberry, R. E. 1, Ark. Invalid for many years. Grateful for any assistance. Emily Whitfield, Finleyson, Ga. Another rheumatic victim, unable to earn her support. Grateful for any assistance. Magie West, Box 124, Adrian, Mo. Helpless invalid for twelve years. Confined to bed. Leg was amputated and has necrosis of the bone. Parents are very old. Highly recommended. Send her the sympathy that buys bread.

Postals and Cherry Letters Only
Stella Wine, Tarkis, Mo. Invalid. Would like postal cards and cherry letters. Highly recommended. Mary Fuller, Box 2, Kelly, Ky. Would like cherry letters, postals, stamps, silk pieces, embroidery, etc. Ayton Shilt, Dillwyn, Kans. Helpless invalid. Send him cherry letters and postal cards. Alexander Johnson, Increase, Miss. This poor boy is a helpless invalid. Was frightfully mangled in an accident and is only sixteen. Send him cherry letters, picture postal cards or anything that can brighten his sad, hopeless life. Mrs. A. L. Buzbee, Winterhaven, Fla. Invalid, confined to bed. Will be grateful for good reading matter. Mrs. Emma Key, Troup, Texas. Would like cherry letters and reading matter. Lois Turner, Adam, Mo. Invalid. Would like silk and velvet pieces, postals and cherry letters. Angela Bogart's address is Madisonville, R. E. 6, Tenn. Instead of Minnesota.

It is useless for invalids to keep writing to us for help unless written references are sent from a physician or postmaster or both. Those who want help should remember it is their business to submit proof of their worthiness; and not

Uncle Charlie's Poems Will Keep You Laughing All the Year Round!
A lot of doubting Thomases say there is no such person as Uncle Charlie. They say that he is a fictitious personage faked up for commercial purposes. Get Uncle Charlie's wonderful 160-page book of screamingly funny poems bound in lilac silk cloth, every line a laugh, every verse a scream, every page a tonic, then you will know who Uncle Charlie is and where he lives. His poems will make you yell. The story of his life which you will find in the book, will bring tears to your eyes, and the pictures with which the volume is illustrated, will show you how he looks and how he works. This superb book of fun free for a club of only four fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Work for it today.

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It contains songs that are being sung all over the world. Out in the Philippines the military bands are playing and the boys in blue are singing Uncle Charlie's songs. For a club of only two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each you can secure this magnificent folio, filled with twenty-eight vocal gems—songs that amuse, entertain and inspire, with full music for voice and piano, a book that is worth a five dollar bill, free for an hour's easy work. It costs you nothing remember but a little effort. Both books free for a club of six. No home complete without them. Work for them today.

A CURE FOR RUPTURE

Success Attained At Last—How Trusses May Be Thrown Aside.

Those who are afflicted with hernia and who have been compelled to wear torturing trusses, will be pleased to learn that a valuable and interesting book has been issued, of which a copy will be sent free to any rupture sufferer who writes to its author, Dr. Rice, 1033-N Main Street, Adams, N. Y. It tells you how a person may be speedily and lastingly rid of rupture in any form and gives much other important advice of true worth.

FREE! Read This OFFER!!!

Hottest Tailoring Offer Ever Made!
Get busy—don't miss it—Hurry. Send post card for full particulars right away. We'll start you in a money making business FREE!
\$2,500 Handsome Suit, Cash, Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry—ALL FREE
Classy Clothes to wear; a pocket full of money. Take orders for our nobby suits. It's easy.
We Prepay All Express Charges
You take no risk. We pay everything. Everything guaranteed—orders turned over to you. You make money.
\$50.00 to \$75.00 a Week
Keep your present occupation if you wish. Agents swarmed with orders on NEW plan. Paragon Suits sell like wildfire.
Write Today for full particulars and beautiful samples—ALL FREE. Learn about our great free offer. Send us your name and address on post card today. No obligations—so send at once.
PARAGON TAILORING CO., Dept. 304Z, Chicago

Are You FAT?
I Was ONCE.
I Reduced MYSELF.
I was Fat, Uncomfortable, Looked Old, Felt Miserable, suffered with Rheumatism, Asthma, Neuralgia. When I worked or walked, I puffed like a Porpoise. I took every advertised medicine I could find. I Starved, Sweated, Exercised, Doctored and changed climate but I ruined my digestion, felt like an invalid but steadily gained weight. There was not a single plan or drug that I heard of that I did not try. I failed to reduce my weight. I dropped society, as I did not care to be the butt of all the jokes. It was embarrassing to have my friends tell me I was getting Stout, as no one knew it better than myself.

SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE
I began to study the cause of FAT. When I discovered the cause I found the remedy. The French Method gave me an insight. I improved on that. Removed the objectional features, added more pleasant ones, and then I tried my plan on myself for a week. It worked like Magic. I could have

SCREAMED WITH JOY
at the end of the first week when the scales told me I had lost ten pounds by my simple, easy, harmless, Drugless Method. It was a pleasure then to continue without a penny. Just sent your name and address. I found the Simple, Sane, Common Sense WAY of reducing my weight and I applied it. I have tried it on others. My Doctor says I am a perfect picture of health now. I am no longer ailing. I am now a happy, healthy woman. Now I am going to help others to be happy. I have written a book on the subject. If you are fat, I want your name and address. I will tell you all about my Harmless, Drugless Method. To all who send me their name and address I mail it FREE, as long as the present supply lasts. It will save you Money. Save you from Harmful Drugs. Save you from Starvation Diets. Harmful Exercises, possibly save YOUR LIFE. It is yours for the asking without a penny. Just send your name and address. A Postal Card will do and I'll be glad to send it so that you can quickly learn how to reduce yourself and be as happy as I am. Write today as this advertisement may not appear again in this paper.
HATTIE BIEL, 310 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

mine to hunt up their records. Never make trouble for those who are trying to render you a service. If you do you will be ignored and not helped. Hundreds are applying to us for assistance, but only those who obey our rules as to references will receive attention. Remember I want written testimonials, and not a list of names. Now be good for I want to help you.
Lovely yours,
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Four Wheel Chairs in July

156 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

We gave four wheel chairs in July, and that is not so bad considering the oppressively hot weather we have had. It is the more encouraging because it is three more than we were able to send out in July, 1911.

As these chairs go by freight and it takes some time for them to reach their destination, I have hurried the orders for their shipment because I am anxious to have the poor, suffering cripples begin to enjoy the inestimable benefit of them as soon as possible and save them every day of shut-in misery that I can this dreadfully hot weather.

Besides paying for the wheel chairs I always pay the freight, which is quite an item, so that they are delivered to the shut-ins absolutely free. I paid full seven dollars freight on the chair which I sent to Kettles Falls, Washington, for Mrs. O. P. Nelson in June. But I am glad to do it, and I only wish that you would send wheel-chair subscriptions so fast that I could distribute ten times as many wheel chairs each and every month.

Following are the names of the recipients of the four July chairs, and after each name is the number of subscriptions which the friends of each have sent in aid of the Club:

Edgar McGary, Hickory Grove, Ky., 150; Mrs. J. H. Baker, Gibbon, Nebr., 132; Mrs. M. O. Dowdy, Texas, Ga., 100; Bennie Long, Civet, Okla., 62.

August is the vacation month, the quiet season when almost anybody can get a day off from business or work. How many of you that are sound and well will take a day off this month and give it to charity, devoting it to mercy work by getting subscriptions to the Wheel-Chair Club? Don't you think it your duty to give some of your spare time to helping the shut-ins? This is an easy and effective way and costs you nothing. Remember that we have over two hundred shut-ins on our list waiting for wheel chairs. Will you not do something for them this present month? Every person you induce to subscribe will receive in fifteen months of COMFORT many times the value of the subscription price, 25 cents for a single subscription, or 20 cents each if sent in clubs of five for the Wheel-Chair Club,—5 fifteen-month subscriptions for a dollar, the special low rate which I make to help the Wheel-Chair Club. Send in a club of five and get your name in our Roll of Honor next month.

Surely the following letters of thanks from recipients of COMFORT wheel chairs will touch a tender spot in your heart as well as show you how much good we are doing. You will also be interested in this month's Roll of Honor.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Her COMFORT Wheel Chair Runs so Easily she can Get Around Nicely with it
1517 S. 12th St., SHEBOYGAN, WIS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
My wheel chair arrived safely, and I am so pleased with it, and thank you very much for it. It runs so easily and I can get around with it nicely. I also want to thank all who helped me get the chair. May God bless Uncle Charlie, and Mr. Gannett for their kindness in helping invalids and shut-ins.
Gratefully yours,
CATHERINE DEGAN.

Would Not Take a Thousand Dollars for her COMFORT Wheel Chair
CANTON, TEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I got my wheel chair yesterday, and I think it is simply grand. I would not take a thousand dollars for it. I wish to thank all who helped me get it, and may God bless Uncle Charlie, Mr. Gannett and COMFORT'S readers in their good work.
Your grateful friend,
MISS D. V. BARNES.

Her Wheel Chair Such a Help and Comfort to Her
WHITESBORO, TEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received my wheel chair safely, and I want to thank you, Mr. Gannett, and all those who helped me get it. It is such a help and comfort to me. I am twenty years old and cannot walk. May God bless you all for your kindness.
Your grateful friend,
MISS DAISY FAYER.

Expects to go to School in his COMFORT Wheel Chair
JASPER, GA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received my beautiful chair yesterday. I am so well pleased with it. I can go where I please now without having to crawl around as I used to. I think with the help of my younger brother I can go to school now. With love and gratitude to you all I remain
Your afflicted friend,
OSCAR MORRIS.

The Children Wheel This Poor Helpless Cripple in His COMFORT Chair
SAINT JO, TEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
We wish to thank you for the COMFORT chair received yesterday for Travis Reed. He surely is enjoying it, and I only wish you and all of COMFORT'S readers who helped get this chair for him, could have seen his happiness when it came. Travis has the use of only one hand, and so can't guide his chair, but he can be wheeled in it by the smaller children of the family. As he cannot write himself we take this opportunity to thank you all for the sunshine you have brought into his life. God bless you, Mr. Gannett and all of COMFORT'S readers, and wishing success to you all,
Gratefully yours,
MRS. R. A. REED and family.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Mrs. M. O. Dowdy, Ga., for own wheel chair, 100; Mrs. May Boone, Tex., for baby carriage, 73; Edna McGary, Ky., for Edgar McGary, 60; Maude Martin, Ky., for Edgar McGary, 50; Mrs. Albert Ryder, Wash., for Mrs. O. P. Nelson, 43; Adah Boyd, Ind., 36; Mrs. R. E. Goodwin, N. C., for own wheel chair, 35; Mrs. R. P. Woodard, Va., for Mrs. E. Fannie Ogden, 32; Walter Moore, W. Va., for Earl Harsh, 25; Sula Stjarna, Ore., for Mary Kynal, 21; Iola Gardner, Ky., for Edgar McGary, 20; Mrs. Jeff Stapleton, Neb., for Mrs. J. H. Baker, 20; Harry Lufkin, W. Va., for Earl Harsh, 20; Alice M. Gramby, Neb., for Mrs. J. H. Baker, 20; Miss Gertrude Howard, Neb., for Mrs. J. H. Baker, 20; L. M. Johnson, N. Y., for Forrest A. Wood, 18; Sattle Downey, Ky., for Edgar McGary, 14; Mrs. O. L. Cross, W. Va., for Earl Harsh, 12; Mrs. Laura Sanders, Neb., for Mrs. J. H. Baker, 12; Johnnie Kerns, W. Va., for own wheel chair, 11; Mrs. W. S. Hafer, Tex., for Silas Hafer, 11; N. U. Williamson, Ark., for The May,

FORTUNE GIVEN AWAY

To Introduce New Remedies Large Proof Treatment Sent FREE to First Ten Thousand Who Write



A Wonderful Treatment

After years of experience I have perfected a wonderful system of treatment for all chronic diseases. My method of treatment met with remarkable success from the start. My practice has grown until now it is by far the greatest in the entire world.

Have Cured Thousands

I have cured thousands of men and women in this and foreign countries, cured them of chronic Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, Diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Catarrh and all Throat and Lung Diseases, Piles, and Urinary Disorders, cured them of practically every disease, no matter how long affected. I have thousands of letters from cured patients to prove that my treatment *Positively Cures*—often where others have failed. We are receiving hundreds of similar letters every month.

My Offer to You

I will send you a large proof course of my Special Treatment with plain directions, a special letter of advice, and my book, "The Ills of Humanity," all by mail, postage paid and *absolutely free*. All you need to do is to fill out the coupon opposite or if your disease is not mentioned or you are in doubt about it, write a short letter describing your symptoms in your own words. Send the coupon or your letter to Dr. James W. Kidd, Fort Wayne, Ind. You will be under no obligation to me in any way. If after you have used the proof treatment you wish to continue, it will cost you very little—very much less than your local doctor would charge.

Why I Make This Offer

In order to more thoroughly introduce my successful method and medicines I have decided to at once give away \$10,000 worth of my scientific treatment. I want to give it to those who need treatment, especially to serious chronic cases, to the ones whom others have failed to cure. I want to give it to those who will give it a fair trial. My success has been wonderful. My treatment is known in hundreds of thousands of homes. But there are thousands of families who do not know of my superior, successful treatment. They continue to suffer. Doctors, patent medicines, and home remedies alike have failed to cure them. I want to prove to them that my treatment *Positively Cures*—cures thoroughly and completely.

I want this known in every locality. I want you and your friends to know it. This is why I am making this offer. This is why I am willing

to give away \$10,000 worth of treatment. If you are afflicted with any disease, if you are run down, worn out and despondent, fill out the coupon below or write to Dr. James W. Kidd, Fort Wayne, Ind., and take advantage of this offer.

Home Medical Book Free

I will also send you with the treatment a copy of my medical book, "The Ills of Humanity," a 192-page book, describing in plain language 150 different diseases, their cause, symptoms and cure. It tells how to prevent disease, what to and what not to eat, and how to cure many diseases at home without a doctor. It is well illustrated and contains much valuable advice. If you are sick I will gladly send you a copy with the special treatment. All Free.

I also publish a special book for men, which will be sent on request.

CUT OR TEAR ON THIS LINE. WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY

Coupon A-635 For Free Proof Treatment

DR. JAMES W. KIDD, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA:

Please send me a Proof Course of Treatment for my case, and your 192-page book, "The Ills of Humanity," all free and postage paid, just as you promise.

Name.....

Post Office.....

State.....

Street or R. F. D. No.....

Age..... How long afflicted?.....

Do you want my Special Book for Men?.....

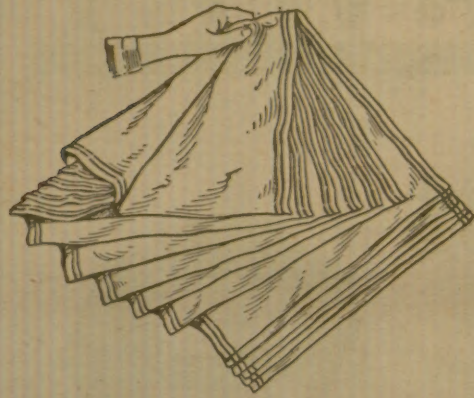
Give any other symptoms on a separate sheet. Correspondence in all languages.

Make a cross (X) before all diseases you have—two crosses (XX) before the one which you suffer most.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Rheumatism | <input type="checkbox"/> Impure Blood |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lumbago | <input type="checkbox"/> Anemia |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Catarrh | <input type="checkbox"/> Pimples |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Constipation | <input type="checkbox"/> Eczema |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Piles | <input type="checkbox"/> Neuralgia |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Diarrhoea | <input type="checkbox"/> Headache |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Torpid Liver | <input type="checkbox"/> Dizziness |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Indigestion | <input type="checkbox"/> Nervousness |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stomach Trouble | <input type="checkbox"/> Obesity |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Kidney Trouble | <input type="checkbox"/> Female Weakness |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bladder Trouble | <input type="checkbox"/> Womb Trouble |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Weak Lungs | <input type="checkbox"/> Ovarian Trouble |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chronic Cough | <input type="checkbox"/> Irregular Periods |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Malaria | <input type="checkbox"/> Painful Periods |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Asthma | <input type="checkbox"/> Delayed Periods |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hay Fever | <input type="checkbox"/> Hot Flashes |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Heart Trouble | <input type="checkbox"/> Bearing Down Pains |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Poor Circulation | <input type="checkbox"/> Leucorrhoea |

People subscribe to COMFORT when the features and the price are explained. Try it and see how readily you secured a Club and some of these grand premiums offered on this and other pages. Send for Sample Copies to canvass with.

Yard Long Ready-Made Towels



Excellent quality crash, each towel one yard long and ready to use. For kitchen, office, factory and shop use this is a durable, rough-and-ready towel; will wipe well, wear well and wash well. For dishes and hands this is the best; for many purposes about the house good crash toweling finds its use and the good housekeeper always has a supply. The men and boys will enjoy such towels as these. The natural linen color and blue line border make them very attractive. Satisfaction guaranteed.

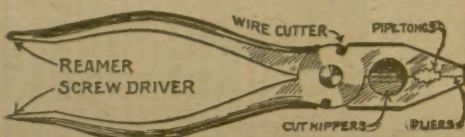
Club Offer. A club of only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secures four of these Towels.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

STONE SIGNET GOLD RING



Introduced this season for first time and at once displaces old style initial signet ring. Stone mountings of every kind are now worn exclusively. Nearly all rings except plain band now are given the added touch of a stone of some kind. This engraved ring has artistic lines, is heavy and durable, a new style in every way, enhanced in beauty by the single imitation chip diamond setting in center. This is a well-thing for young ladies, or old; it can be worn as a man's ring with taste. One of, if not the best of our new rings.

Club Offer. Send only four subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and give finger size. We will send ring at once in an attractive ring box.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



STRONG STEEL PLIERS Nickel Plated

As useful as a hammer, and just as necessary about the home, farm, shop, school, store or office.

These six-inch pliers are a combination tool, embracing pipe tongs, cut nippers, side wire cutters, screw driver and reamer as shown in illustration. We guarantee every pair to be made of very highest grade materials, and to last a lifetime if not abused. By an advantageous purchase we are enabled to offer these Pliers at a bargain and remember we warrant them.

Club Offer. Send only three subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months for one pair six-inch nickel plated steel warranted Pliers.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Fancy Chased and Plain Band Gold Shell Finger Rings.



Newest designs of chasing and correct widths. For persons of all ages; a refined and dignified ring worn on all occasions. They are 14K gold plate, will wear a long time.

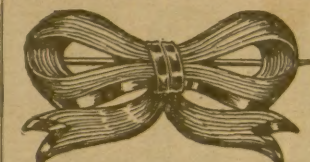
CLUB OFFER. For 21 months, subscribers at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of one of these rings. Send finger measurement.

Gold Band Wedding Ring.

A suitable wedding ring most used for the occasion. It is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate wears long and satisfactorily. Many years have they been used as wedding rings, the quality is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having selected one if you order today.

CLUB OFFER. We send one in a plush lined box free of all expense for a club of four 15-month subscribers at 25 cents each. Send finger measurement.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

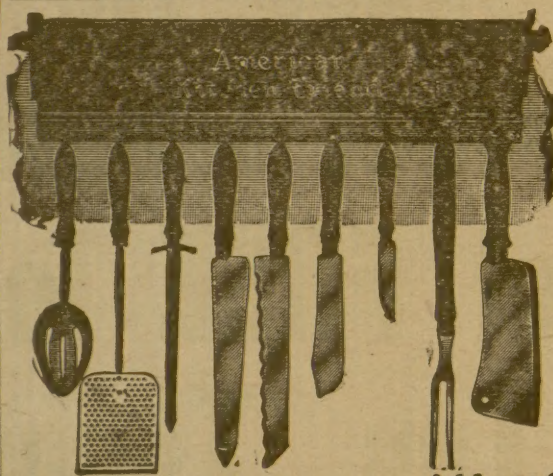
ENAMEL BOW KNOT PIN



Violet Enamel and Bright Finish Gold inlay, makes this a dainty, dressy Pin. Ladies who choose with taste their clothes or jewelry, will appreciate this modest Bow Knot Pin.

Although very fashionable, it is a choice Pin and not loud or conspicuous in any way. Illustration is exact size of Pin, but does not convey the delicate, artistic coloring, nor the contrast of the Violet Enamel and Gold which is very effective. Hard Enamel wears indefinitely, so we guarantee the Pins, and for young or old have nothing in our catalogue more desirable. We give one for a club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months. Present subscribers may send 35 cents for 15 months' extension of their own subscription and one Pin. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

10 Piece Kitchen Outfit.



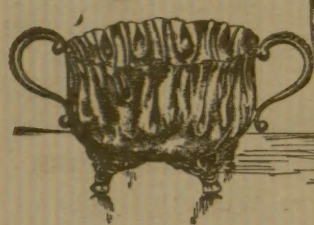
This complete kitchen equipment consists of a Bread Knife, Butcher Knife, Slicer, Emery Steel, Perforated Cake Turner, Slotted Mixing Spoon, Paring Knife, Long Fork and Larger Cleaver. All these pieces are made of the highest grade of crucible steel, carefully tempered, ground and polished by the latest improved process. Rubberoid finish, hard wood handles, and all mounted with nickel plated ferrules.

Entire outfit occupies little space, each article hangs in its proper place with rack for kettle covers, trays and other shallow articles.

Club Offer: Send only five subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for complete Outfit.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SPLENDID THREE-PIECE SILVER SET

The Smaller Round Dish for Candy, Olives, Nuts, Whipped Cream or Pickles.



The Seven-Inch Dish for Salad, Fruit, Nuts and Candy.



The illustration represents only the general style of the three-piece set. One gets no idea from this of the unusual beauty, nor of the effectiveness of this ruffled silver effect. The whole set or single pieces will prove exceptionally useful. A cream pitcher, sugar bowl and the large dish make up the Set. The large dish may be used for berries, fruit, nuts, whipped cream, jelly, preserves or other purposes, or if preferred as an ornament for the table or mantle, but the pitcher will be useful daily on the dining table, or may be kept for best, and the same with the sugar bowl, which will oftentimes be of use for other things, such as olives, nuts or whipped cream. These sets are unusually large, full size, practical size, the big bowl is seven inches in diameter, four inches high, with capacity of at least three pints; the sugar bowl and cream pitcher are of just the right size, have four feet and handles. Each piece is gold lined and will positively wear for years and give entire satisfaction.

Club Offer. Send only 3 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for this Gold Lined Silver Set of three pieces, which will be sent by mail or express prepaid.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Juvenile Handkerchiefs

Three in a Pretty Gift Box with MOTHER GOOSE DECORATIONS in Colors. Unequalled practical gift for birthday or any other occasion, all the year round.

Twelve Familiar Mother Goose Quotations Four on Each Handkerchief



Mother Goose Melodies are dear to the heart and imagination of every child. The unique idea of illustrating these sayings in colors on children's handkerchiefs appealed to us so strongly we imported a certain quantity for our subscribers and friends.

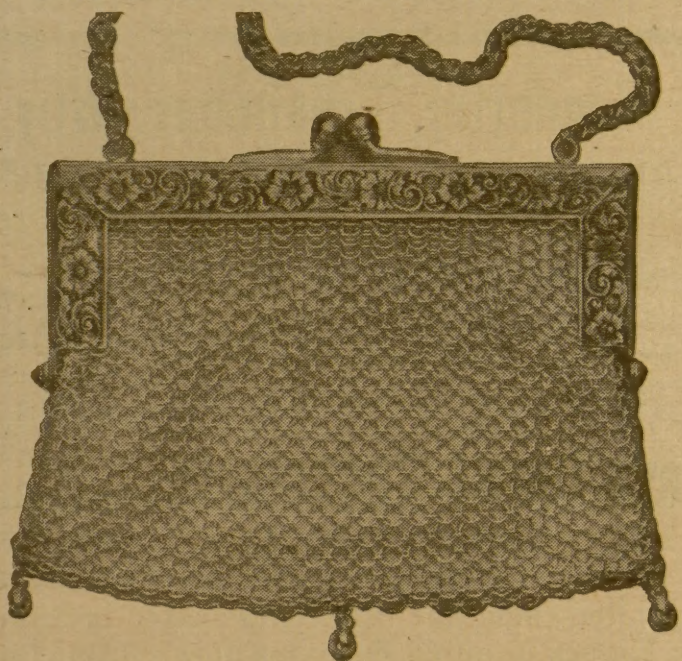
Each handkerchief is full size ten and a half inches square with 1/2 inch colored hem-stitched border. In each of the four corners of each handkerchief there is a cute Mother Goose quotation with illustration in colors, as shown by our illustration and a few of the twelve quotations are:

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
Little Boy Blue came blow your horn,
The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuft,
Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Little Tommy Tucker sings for his supper,
Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow.

Each handkerchief is attractive and the set of three in box will delight every child and prove most excellent gifts.
Club Offer. For a club of but two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months we will send post-paid a box of three Mother Goose handkerchiefs.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Beautiful German Silver Mesh Bag

FOUR INCHES WIDE, OVER THREE INCHES DEEP, SIXTEEN INCHES LONG LINKED CHAIN, ENGRAVED FRAME AND LINED WITH SOFT WHITE KID.



You have seen and admired these fashionable SILVER MESH BAGS. So extremely popular are they that you see them everywhere you go. In the shop windows, in every catalogue, and carried by all the ladies and misses. Such a bag as we show above actually retails for \$2.50, and is an extreme bargain at that price. Only by purchasing in quantities are we enabled to offer them for so few subscriptions to COMFORT, for only a limited quantity and limited time. Each bag is made of best German Silver, solid, heavy frame. No sham or imitation about it, tastily engraved, the illustration does not half convey to you the excellent appearance of the bag.

We are so confident this Bag is such a real value, so first class in all respects, that we guarantee them in every way, and you are at liberty to return any bag not meeting with your approval, and we will refund money without asking a question. What could be more fair? Until the quantity we obtained is gone we shall accept orders on following liberal

CLUB OFFER: Send only eight subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months, for one bag free. Any lady unable to solicit a club of subscribers may send \$2.00 for a bag providing ONE NEW 25c. fifteen month subscription to COMFORT is sent in addition.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SWEETHEART STAMPING OUTFIT. 80 NEW DESIGNS ON TWELVE SHEETS BOND PAPER.



Every design distinctly perforated to give a clear working pattern on most any material. Our tremendous success with other Stamping Outfits makes us realize the importance of very careful preparation of this New Outfit, and we believe you will be delighted with our effort. Great care has been exercised in selecting the patterns, and we present the following list of the many designs embraced in the SWEETHEART OUTFIT.

1 Pillow Top design, size 18x18 inches; 3 Different styles of ladies' collars; 1 Round pincushion; 1 Design for nightdress; 3 Vase designs for shirtwaist and skirt; 1 Centerpiece 18x18 inches; 1 Dolly design, size 3x3 inches; 3 Sideboard or bureau scarf designs; 1 Violet design; 1 Shirtwaist design for eyeset and solid embroidery; 1 Baby cap; 1 Baby cape; 1 Pair of shoes; 2 Designs for handkerchiefs; 1 Ladies' Belt; 1 Table-cover design; 1 Corset cover design; 1 Shirtwaist design; 3 Designs for hemstitched scarf, etc.; 1 Tray Cloth design for eyeset and solid embroidery; 1 Spray of Violets for hemstitched squares, etc.; 1 Spray each of daisies, etc.; 1 of roses; 1 of carnations and Violet; 3 Borders for lingerie; 1 Misses' Dutch Collar design; 1 Complete set initials, 3 in. high, suitable for bed linen, etc.; 1 Complete set initials, 1-2 in. high, old English for table linen, etc.; 1 Centerpiece, size 12x12 inches, for solid embroidery; 1 Centerpiece, size 6x6 inches, for French eyeset embroidery; 2 Border designs for towels or pillow ends; 2 Border designs for lingerie, etc.; 1 Bowknot design; 1 Border design for table cover; 1 skirt panel design; 2 Butterfly designs; 1 Bird design, size 2-2x5 1-2 inches; 1 American Flag; 1 English Flag; 3 Leaf designs; 1 Corner design for pillow top; 1 Opera Bag design; 1 Poppy design, size 3x4 inches; 2 Small border designs; 2 Anchor designs for sailor suits; 1 Star design for girls' dresses; 2 Vase designs for ladies' hose; 1 Large butterfly; 1 Daisy design, and many others.

This is an entirely new Outfit, with new designs and new ideas throughout, gotten up exclusively for COMFORT, it represents the latest productions, also we have used highest quality white bond paper, paid particular attention to the careful perforation of every sheet, adding free a seven inch Embroidery Hoop, a piece of stamping preparation and one felt pad. With each Outfit we also include free a copy of "Stitches in Embroidery" by Mme. Du Parquet invaluable to all needleworkers. You can unhesitatingly send for this Outfit with all assurance of entire satisfaction.

Club Offer: Send only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months, for one SWEETHEART STAMPING OUTFIT post-paid as shown and described. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

- 426 Bide of the Tomb. Sequel to "Queenie's Terrible Secret."
269 Brunette and Blonde.
113 A Crushed Lily.
64 Dora Tenney.
198 Gny Kenmore's Wife. Sequel to "The Rose and the Lily."
501 Her Husband's Secret.
106 Lillian, My Lillian.
22 Little Coquette Bonnie.
207 Little Golden's Daughter.
25 A Little Southern Beauty.
279 Nina's Peril.
192 Old Man 's Daughter. Sequel to "Jaqueline's"
34 Pretty Geraldine.
67 Rosamond.
20 The Senator's Bride.
5 The Senator's Favorite.
91 Sweet Violet.
517 They Looked and Loved.
- Adelaide Stirling**
- 461 ABOVE ALL Things.
583 A Forgotten Love.
493 The Girl He Loved.
541 Her Evil Genius.
500 Love and Spite.
131 Nerine's Second Choice.
473 A Sacrifice to Love.
630 Saved From Herself.
448 When Love Dawns.



SPEAR Will Trust You Wherever You Live—Write For His Free Catalog

A Personal Word

The rich and prosperous class can always command the luxuries of life, but the average home lover needs the Spear System of Credit to the Nation. I want 1,000,000 families to say of me: "He helped us to furnish and beautify our homes." I ask for no higher tribute to my life's work.

Write for my Free Catalog today.

SPEAR
of Pittsburgh

To the Home Lovers of America

Spear of Pittsburgh wants to prove to you, no matter where you live, the wonderful advantages of beautifying your home on his Long Time, Open Account, Easy Credit System. Hundreds of Thousands of Home Lovers from Maine to California now buy their Home Furnishings from the House of Spear. These regular Customers tell their friends and neighbors about Spear's High Quality, Low Prices and Wonderfully Liberal Terms, and that is the real reason why Spear has built up the greatest Home Furnishing Business in the World.

But there are still some people—you may be one of them—who do not send to Spear of Pittsburgh for their household needs. Many, no doubt, hesitate because they think he is too far away. But this is not true, as you will clearly see, when you understand how simple and easy it is to trade with Spear, selecting your goods from his Mammoth Bargain Catalog right in your own home. Wherever you live—North, South, East or West—Spear invites you to enjoy all the benefits of the Spear Credit System. His catalog contains everything for the Home.

Thousands of Spear Bargains

It is so easy to trade with Spear! Just drop him a postal or mail the Coupon for the Big Spear Catalog. It comes right back in a hurry—Free to you—filled from cover to cover with an amazing array of wonderful bargains for your home—a vastly greater and more varied stock of home furnishings than you could find in even the greatest city store. And no one can compete in price and quality.

In fact, Spear brings right to you a bigger selection than you could probably get in the combined stocks of 100 average furniture stores. Spear shows you his wonderful assortment of Carpets, Rugs and Draperies in the colors, patterns and designs from photographs of the original goods. Just sit down quietly at home with your family at your side, if you choose, and select anything you want from this great Exposition of Household Bargains, including everything in

Furniture,
Carpets,
Rugs,
Stoves,

Ranges,
Refrigerators,
Clocks,
Dishes,

Sewing Machines,
Washing Machines,
Lace Curtains,
Portieres,

Mattresses, Bedding,
Springs,
Silverware,
Go-Carts.

Spear Shows Pictures of Everything

Spear spares you all the worry, all the uncertainties, all the extra expense you have met in trading with other concerns. The Spear System of Home Shopping is the simplest, most enjoyable, satisfactory and economical way ever invented. Spear's Bargain Book shows splendid big pictures—actual likenesses of everything! You don't need to guess—there right before your eyes as plain as day, you can see every article you need for the home, with exact, complete and truthful descriptions that leave nothing to be desired. With the Spear Catalog before you, all sense of distance is lost—you feel that you are just as close to the House of Spear, as if you were actually to walk into his Mammoth Institution at Pittsburgh.

Spear Word Is Backed By \$1,000,000

Remember, Spear must live up to every promise! You get it all in "black and white", before the goods are shipped, and then if everything is not exactly as Spear says, you can return any article at his expense and get your money back. Can you do this with a store? Spear's guarantee of satisfaction is good, because it is backed by over \$1,000,000 in cash assets and his reputation for fair and square dealing.

Your Credit Is Good With Spear

Spear Says, "Select what you need—pay when you like." Why deny yourself a beautiful home, furnished with every comfort, when the Spear System of Credit Shopping makes it so easy for you to have what you like and pay when most convenient?

Use your credit with Spear. No matter where you live, his liberal, open account, easy payment plan gives you every possible credit advantage enjoyed by the most favored and well-to-do customer of any city store. Spear trusts all honest people, everywhere, regardless of their income. He charges nothing extra for Spear credit, either—not a penny—so don't hesitate—just select what you want from the Mammoth Spear Bargain Book, paying for it as you please, without interest, and in small payments as convenient.

Spear Prices Are Lowest of Any

While Spear's credit terms are the most liberal in the country, yet his prices are the lowest. This is because Spear buys goods in such vast quantities that he secures better prices than would be possible to smaller concerns. By extending his business to hundreds of thousands of customers all over the country, he can afford to accept just one small added profit from each sale.

Spear of Pittsburgh allows no store or factory on earth to undersell him. Get his prices and be your own judge of whether or not he can save you from 30 to 50 per cent on your home furnishings.

Those who take advantage of the Spear System of Credit Buying not only get the benefit of highest quality in the home furnishings they buy of him but also make an actual saving of from one-third to one-half on every order. That is why Spear's Business is growing by such wonderful leaps and bounds.

Spear Says—Take 30 Days to Decide

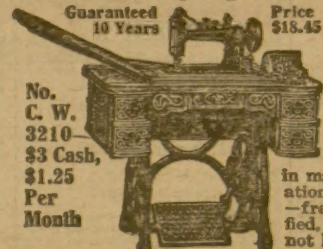
Spear of Pittsburgh will ship anything you select from his wonderful Bargain Catalog on approval. You can keep the goods for a 30 day's home test. Then, if after a whole month you are not fully satisfied, return the goods at Spear's expense, and he will refund your money. You see Spear's idea is that his home furnishings must sell themselves to you after you have actually tried them for 30 days.

Isn't that about the fairest way in the world to sell goods? Could Spear of Pittsburgh afford to do it, if his goods were not everything and even more than he claimed? You know full well that Spear would not have the biggest business of its kind in the country unless he made good on every promise!

Send Spear YOUR Trial Order Now

You needn't wait for Spear's Catalog. If you want a Rug, Set of Dishes, Go-Cart, Rocker or any of the articles shown on this page, just send Spear a trial order right now, and let him prove to you once and for all that no other concern in the country can possibly give you the wonderful values that he can. You have already heard of Spear, even though you have never yet done any shopping with him. Everybody knows Spear of Pittsburgh as the originator of the Easy Payment Plan of Home Furnishings. Although many now imitate the Spear Advertising and Spear Methods, none can duplicate his remarkable bargains or fair, square treatment. This is why Spear leads and others follow. Remember, the few articles illustrated above are only drops in the vast ocean of unapproachable bargains shown in the great Spear Catalog. They are shown here only for your convenience, as specimen values, to save you time and give you the quickest proof of what it means to trade with the old, original House of Spear, the Mecca of American Home Lovers and World's Greatest Home Furnishing Bargain Centre.

"Steinway Special" Sewing Machine



No. C. W. 3210
\$3 Cash,
\$1.25
Per
Month

Guaranteed 10 Years
Price \$18.45
Fitted with High Arm Improved Drop Head, Ball Bearing Iron Stand. Beautifully Carved Quartered Oak Case, highly glossed. Automatic Lift Head—Dust Proof Case. Full equipment of steel attachments and accessories. This High-Class Steinway Sewing Machine is guaranteed perfect in material, workmanship and operation. Try it 30 days in your home—free—and if not absolutely satisfied, return to Spear and you will not be out a penny.

Wonderful Unifold Davenport

No. C-1521—Price (Including Mattress) \$26.55
\$4.50 Cash—\$2.00 Per Month

Beyond question the greatest Bed Davenport ever offered by any one at the price. Two useful articles in one—a full size, comfortable bed and a beautiful luxurious davenport. Of solid quartered, golden finished oak or Northern birch, mahogany finished. Upholstered over full steel coil springs in our celebrated Imperial Leather. A truly wonderful bargain! Money back if not absolutely satisfied—factory on a 30 days free trial.

Big Rocker Bargain



Order No. C. W. 531—
Price \$4.95—
75c Cash, Balance 50c Monthly

A large, roomy, comfortable, solid oak Rocker with high, wide back, fully tufted and buttoned. Seat is large and roomy, upholstered with high grade black Sylvan leather over full steel springs and beautiful ruffled edge to match back. Construction is solid golden oak throughout, with high gloss golden finish. Wide arms, front posts of handsome design. We guarantee satisfaction or money promptly refunded.

A beautiful, high color Brussels Rug, red rose design, with either green or tan ground. Guaranteed full 6-wire tapestry Brussels with wool facing. This is the greatest genuine Brussels Rug value you ever saw. It is perfectly safe to order direct from this, as we positively will refund your money if on receipt you are not perfectly satisfied. Mail the Coupon below today with \$1.50 cash.

No. C. W. 4602
—Size 9x12—
Price \$11.95—
\$1.50 Cash—
Balance 75c per Month

Spear's Library Table



No. C. W. 3774
Price \$8.95—\$1.50
Cash—75c a Month

This handsome, Colonial Design Library Table is guaranteed to please you or money back. Large, heavy, 24 x 42 inches, made of American quartered oak, fitted with drawer. Highly glossed finish. A splendid ornament and useful addition to any home.



No. C. W. 201—
Price \$11.65—
\$1.50 Cash, Balance 75c Monthly

This handsome Metal Bed is Spear's exclusive design, and is an extraordinary bargain. A Complete Bed Outfit, consisting of heavy, perfectly constructed iron bed, any color, 4 feet 6 inches wide, a good woven wire spring with coil supports; 60-pound cotton top mattress and 2 pillows, all for \$11.65. Money back if not delighted. Order by lower left hand corner Coupon.

Spear's Famous New 'Special Plymouth' Range

No. C2601—Price 19.95, Without Reservoir
No. C2600—Price 23.95, With Reservoir
Cash \$3.00—\$1.50 Per Month

This is the great range that has caused such a sensation as the most amazing bargain ever offered. Easily worth \$35. Yet our price is only \$23.95 (without reservoir \$19.95).

It is a masterpiece in construction. Every feature is complete and perfect. Over of same proportions and construction features found in the most expensive ranges. A very small deposit sets this famous bargain in your kitchen for free 30 days test. If it don't give absolute service, we refund your money.

Spear's New Semi-Collapsible Go-Cart

No. C. W. 118, Price \$4.75—
75c Cash, 50c per Month

Frame made of best steel, nicely finished. Leatherette covering, comes in dark green. Cart is full size. Has 10-inch wheels—heavy rubber tires. When folded it may be run on two wheels, if desired, instead of carrying. Will be shipped for 30 Days' Free Trial, with privilege of returning same if not found satisfactory.



Spear's 55-Piece Dinner Set

No. C-2930—Price \$5.65—75c Cash—50c a Month

The high quality, exquisite shape, dainty art decorations and low price of this magnificent Dinner Set have made it one of our most popular offerings. Decorations are in pure gold in continuous border effect wonderfully pleasing and effective. This set is made in our West Virginia Pottery, which is conceded to be the largest, most modern in the world. It is so good that the real wonder is how we can possibly sell it at the price, 55 pieces for only \$5.65.



Mail Your Order On This Coupon

SPEAR & CO., Dept. T15 Pittsburgh, Pa.

I enclose herewith \$.....to apply as first payment

on.....
(Give Name and No. of Article)

I agree to pay balance of \$.....at rate of \$.....per month. It is understood that I am to have the privilege of returning the goods at any time within 30 days from date of shipment and you agree to refund the money paid and also freight charges both ways if I am not perfectly satisfied with them.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

How To Use Spear

Remember, it will be perfectly safe for you to order any article shown above direct from this announcement, as you have the privilege of returning the goods at any time within 30 days, and your money will be refunded if everything is not perfectly satisfactory. If you wish to order right now, without waiting for Spear's Mammoth Bargain Catalog, just fill out carefully and mail the Order Coupon on left, with remittance for first cash payment by Draft, Money Order or Registered Currency. If you do not wish to order now, but simply want Catalog only, mail Coupon on right.

Spear & Company
Dept. T15
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Coupons Mail This Coupon For Catalog

SPEAR & CO., Dept. T15 Pittsburgh, Pa.

I have read about the Wonderful Spear Bargains in Home Furnishings, and I would like to know all about the Spear Open Account, Easy Payment Plan. Please send me your Mammoth Free Catalog, Prices, Terms, etc., without the slightest obligation on my part.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....